July

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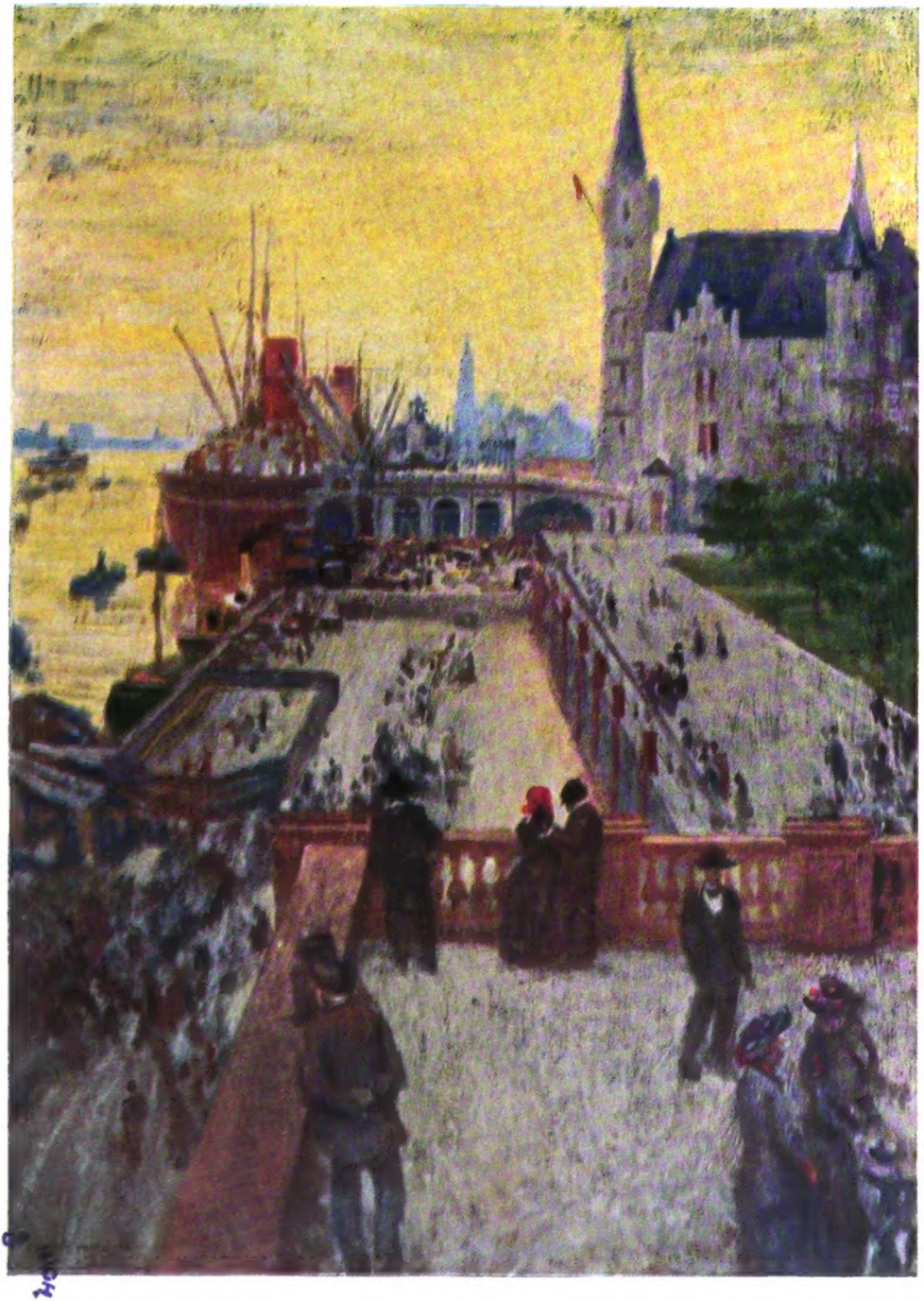

THE DOCKS OF ANTWERP, ALONG THE BANKS OF THE SCHELDT. ANTWERP HAS REALIZED TWO OF THE BEST CIVIC IDEALS OF A RIVER CITY—A COMPETENT SYSTEM OF DOCKS AND A SYSTEM OF WATER-FRONT RECREATION PLACES. AT THESE DOCKS THE LOWER STORIES ARE WAREHOUSES, EQUIPPED WITH HYDRAULIC CRANES, AND THE UPPER STORIES ARE GIVEN OVER TO BROAD PROMENADES AND CAFÉS.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL XXIII NO. I

JULY 1910

A CITY'S DREAM OF A CITY

by ERNEST POOLE

FROM our airy pinnacle, high above, we were looking down into the city.

"In less than a hundred years from now," said the engineer beside me, "such cities as the one down there will have vanished from the civilized world, remembered as monstrosities, replaced by other cities, which will be to Paris as Paris is to this."

He belonged to that new profession of rude, gigantic surgery which in recent years has suddenly come into prominence in scores of our crowded cities and towns. For the past twelve months he had been employed to diagnose a city, to find where and how to operate, and to draught a plan for the city's future growth. His offices were perched at the top of a twenty-two story building. And we had stepped out on the roof to have a look down at his patient.

The patient seemed in great distress. Heavy columns and billows of smoke rose up from every direction, rose up and whirled and eddied, and settled in sluggish, sprawling clouds that veiled and befouled the light of the sun. Noises rose. The very air was alive with a muffled, quivering roar. And, looking down through the scurrying smoke—at the streets that were long, tumultuous tides of people and things; at the buildings of all shapes and ages squeezed and wedged together into a grimy, mammoth hive, some of them suddenly towering as though for a breath of air—the whole aspect of the mass below was that of congestion and fever.

"Cities fit to live in," the engineer began, "don't grow by themselves. They have to be made, molded, planned to suit humanity's needs. They are being so made in Europe. Paris didn't just grow by itself. It has already been remolded several times. Napoleon Third in two short years spent fourteen hundred million francs in opening boulevards, radial avenues, and streets—and the work in Paris is by no means ended yet. It has been the same in Vienna; the German cities have taken it up; even old London has become fearfully busy of late. And now over here, in at least a score of cities, the work has already begun—*the work of molding our cities instead of allowing our cities to mold us.*

"The health of a city," he went on, "like the health of your body or mine, depends on its circulation—that is, its veins and arteries—its streets. In this city the circulation is clogged.

"Look down again, and you will see that all its streets run due north and south or east and west, with rectangular blocks between them. We call it a 'Gridiron City.' The first and chief promoter of the Gridiron was no less a man than William Penn. Having seen the tortuous, winding streets of the ancient cities abroad, he decided that crookedness was a work of the devil, and that in decorous Phila-

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Man can Live
3 Weeks without FOOD
3 Days without WATER
3 Minutes without AIR
We Spend Millions on Food Inspection
We Spend Millions on Water Supply
and we spend Nothing on Air.
This is Why
every 3rd or 4th
Adult Dies of Tuberculosis

Courtesy of The Charity Organization Society.

TUBERCULOSIS EXHIBIT SHOWN BY A COMMITTEE OF THE CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. ONE OF THE WEAPONS IN THE WARFARE FOR A HEALTHY CITY.

delphia the blocks should all be squares. It seemed a sensible idea. The newer American towns began copying Philadelphia. Soon it became the regular thing. And now at least nine out of ten of our cities and towns are of the Gridiron type.

"The dreary ugliness of the scheme, the monotony of hundreds of blocks all shaped exactly alike—is only a part of the trouble. The most serious part is this: Down there in the heart of the city to-day are nearly a million people, workers and shoppers, who will soon be going home. Half of them, at most, those whose homes lie due east or west or north or south, will have direct routes home. But the homes of the other half are northeast, northwest, southeast, southwest—and to picture the homeward route of this luckless half million, you need only imagine an immense field two or three miles square, over which you wish to go from the northwest to the southeast corner. You are not allowed to cut straight across. *You are forced to take a zigzag path or else to go all the way around.*

"So much for William Penn's idea. About a century later, another American planned a city. His name was George Washington—*and he was an engineer.* So *far-sighted* a builder he was that his conception for the capital, worked out by Major L' Enfant, was an object of amusement to *short-sighted* men for generations—and is now a model for all of us to follow.

"To follow—not to copy. For we are beginning to learn, these days, that every city has its own topography, its own peculiar needs and possibilities, and therefore must be studied by itself.

"But to clear out a city, relieve its congestion, the plan of our first great engineer is acknowledged now as the best by authorities the world over. To treat the heart of the town as the hub of a wheel, to open up broad diagonal thoroughfares (like the spokes of a wheel) straight out in all directions to the regions where the people dwell—this is the idea in the rough, to be varied according to need. This radial scheme has already been adopted in part in many big cities of Europe. And a study of the plans recently put upon paper for a score of American cities will show an almost universal agreement that *these radial thoroughfares must be ploughed out here.*

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"Carefully study a city's needs, map out these vital channels along strategic lines—and you have a basic plan for your traction scheme to follow.

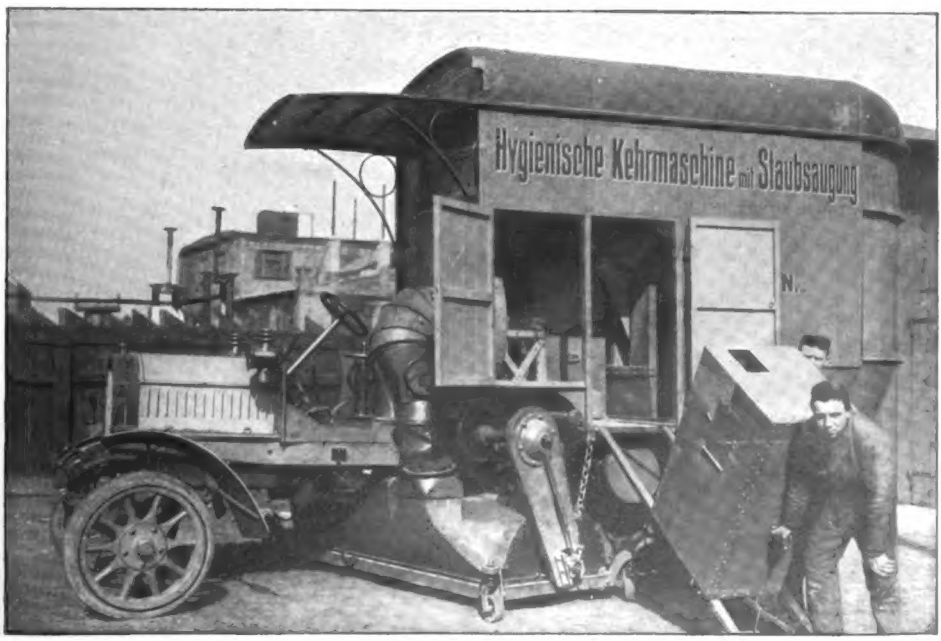
"The city of the future will have no elevateds, no unsightly train yards, no trolley lines, no long lines of clattering trucks and drays. Its people, and its freight as well, will be transported underground. The ground beneath the city will be honeycombed with subways, one, two, three tiers deep.

"The railroads from outside will come in underground, will connect at their terminals with the local subways, and their passengers and freight will thus be taken to their destinations or transferred to other terminals or docks, without crowding the surface streets above.

"This subway system will not only absorb the railroad traffic; it will also give swift and easy egress in the rush hours at night to those who work in the heart of the city—feeding into the great *radial subways* which will run outward by the *shortest routes*, that is, under the *radial avenues* that I have already described. The population will then naturally flow outward to those suburban zones where the city's future millions are to live.

"And in these outer regions of homes, the builders of our cities will have at last a free hand. No remolding, no patchwork here to make the best of a job started wrong. They will be able to take a fresh start, *to plan before the growth begins*. There will be careful regulations, as there are in cities of Europe to-day, to keep the real-estate speculator within proper bounds, to prevent the erection of block upon block of crowded, sunless tenements, to keep the mills and factories to districts of their own. There will be ample provision for parks, playgrounds, water fronts. There will be broad connecting boulevards, radial avenues, graceful curves—the old Gridiron dreariness forever left behind.

"And from these resident zones there will be easy communication not only with the centers of work but with the regions of pleasure, too. To theatre centers, the larger parks, and the water fronts, access will be swift. Boulevards and subway lines are not the only means to be employed. Already in Chicago, the engineer at work (the same man who built that astounding White City) is proposing to make of the Midway Plaisance a broad canal, its banks girdled by green, to reach far up



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A STREET-CLEANING MACHINE, NOW IN USE IN BERLIN, WHICH SHOULD HELP REALIZE THE DREAM OF A CLEAN CITY. THE DUST IS SWEPT UP BY A REVOLVING BRUSH, SUCKED INTO COVERED BOXES, AND EMPTIED THROUGH COVERED CONTRIVANCES.

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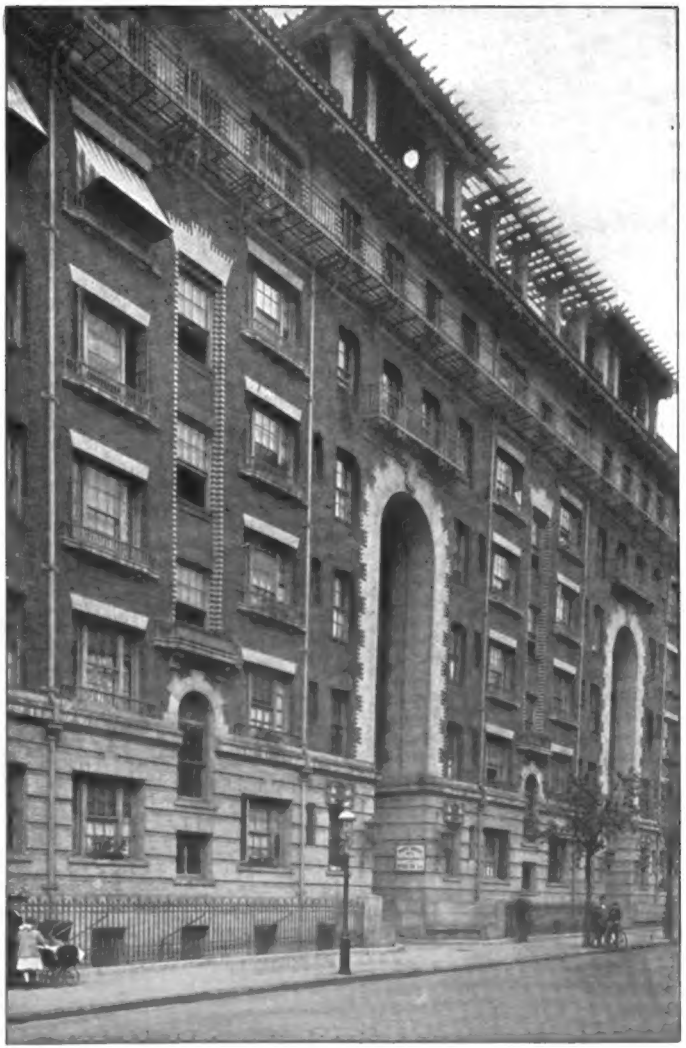
into the congested living centers and so give to the people there a chance to go down to the lake *by boat*. The lake front, which extends for over twenty miles, he is planning to make into one continuous park. Imagine a dozen waterways all along this line, reaching up into the crowded regions—and you have one hint, just one, of the city that is to be.



Photograph by J. J. Evans.

PHIPPS MODEL TENEMENT, NO. 1, NEW YORK CITY—A START TOWARD THE CLEAN, LIGHT, AIRY TENEMENTS OF THE FUTURE CITY.

"Another inspiring possibility in this city of the future is the location of public buildings. How many noble structures, erected in America by hundreds every year—state capitol buildings, halls of city administration, libraries, museums, cathedrals, churches, auditoriums, opera houses, and the like—are robbed of half their effect by wretchedly cramped surroundings—by our old friend, the Gridiron scheme. The plans of our newer cities, and of the outer regions in old ones, will allow ample room for all these public centers. They will face out upon parks, or lake or river fronts, upon public squares or playgrounds; or, better still, they will stand at the end of broad boulevards, with vistas like that in Paris from the Arc de Triomphe down the Champs Elysées.

"There will be smaller community centers as well. The old idea our fathers conceived of grouping public buildings around a village 'commons' will be revived in another form. Scattered at close intervals all through the dwelling regions will be small parks and playgrounds of anywhere from five to a hundred acres each, like those with which in the last six years the South Side of Chicago has been studded. Here will be gathering places of many kinds to accommodate both young and old in the neighborhood around—public schools, kindergartens, and *crèches*, gymnasiums, swimming pools, and baths, ball fields, sand courts, small lagoons, band stands, public libraries, club rooms, halls for music,

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lectures, dances, and other social gatherings —all those different forces, in brief, that make for a wholesome community life. A wild vision you may call it, a vision of some age remote. But in the Chicago playgrounds you may see these community centers to-day —for there they have all come into life *in the space of six short years.*"

For some moments I gazed reflectively down into the billowy smoke and the monstrous grimy mass below.

"Who's going to pay for all this?" I asked. I turned and caught in the engineer's eyes a curious quizzical light.

"Just for a moment," he said, "I thought you believed that I was one of those men called dreamers."

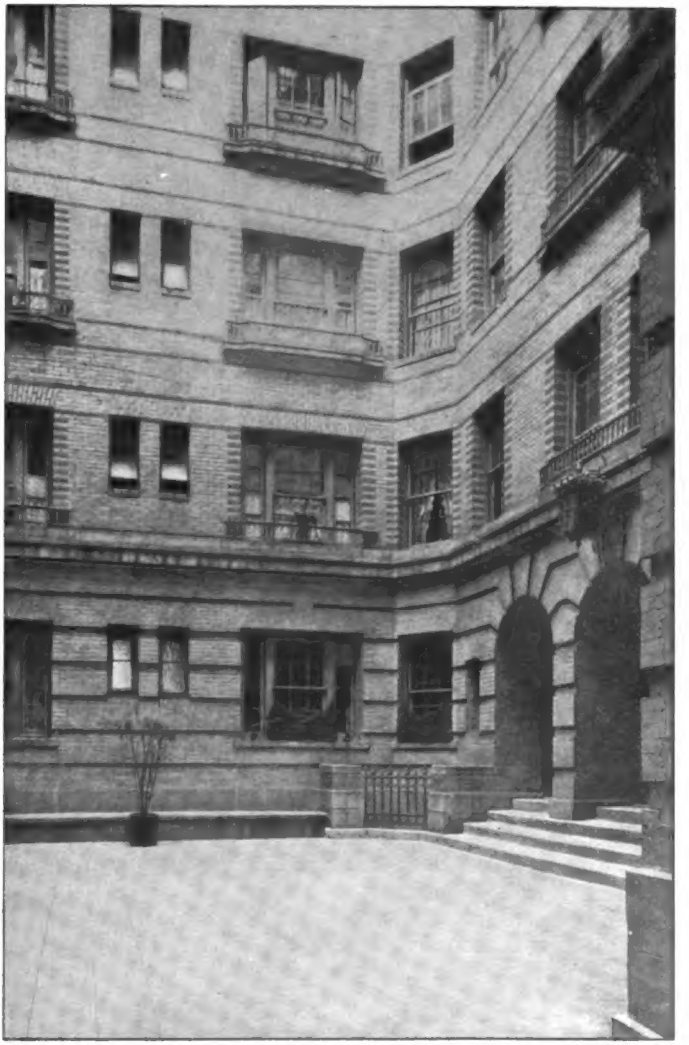
"Not at all, not at all!" I stoutly replied. "*You* are a *practical* man." But I could feel that over my face there had crept a guilty look. The engineer smiled.

"The changes I've been speaking of," he said simply, "are going to pay for themselves."

"How?"

"As they have done in Europe. The famous Ringstrasse in Vienna, Kingsway in London, in Paris the Avenue de l'Opéra were all made to pay for themselves by one very fair and simple device. The city condemned and purchased not only the land for the street itself but also a broad strip of land on either side. When the wide and beautiful street was completed, the city sold the adjoining land at triple and quadruple the prices for which it had been bought, and the money thus secured was enough to meet the cost of the entire improvement.

"To whom was any injustice done? To the former property owners? Not at all. They received full value for their holdings—I mean they received what their holdings were worth *before* the city made the improvement. The *city* had made it, *they* had not. And the city,



Photograph by F. E. Ivins

THE COURT AND ENTRANCE OF THE PHIPPS MODEL TENEMENT—PROVING THE POSSIBILITY OF ORDER, CLEANLINESS, SPACIOUSNESS IN A CONGESTED EAST SIDE DISTRICT.

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like any other business corporation, simply took the values that it had made.

"This device, or others like it (a land tax, for example, which secures to the city the greater part of the land values created by public improvements), has been judged by the great cities of Europe fair and business-like, and the only way out of the tangle. And something of this kind, as time goes on, will surely be adopted by our American city voters.

"It will apply to streets and boulevards, to parks and squares and playgrounds; and, still more important, it will apply to all the new subways that are now so sorely needed. For the subway raises land values tens of millions of dollars in a single year. And through some just taxation the greater part of these values will go back to the city to which of right they all belong. In the city of New York the commission appointed by the mayor has already commended this principle; and enabling laws have already been passed by two of our state legislatures.

"The whole thing comes down to this," he concluded: "Shall the whole growth of the city be left to go on helter-skelter, for the immediate profit of a few individuals, no one of whom has first in mind the good of the city as a whole? Or shall the *city map, which tamely follows*, be changed to the *city plan, which leads*—leads by slow, progressive changes to the ideal city far ahead, where health and convenience and beauty will be forever secured?

"In this story of dreams you propose to write, my dream is simply this: Out of chaos —order. From a map—a plan."

"All this seems rather far away."

I had come to the small consulting room of a friend of mine, a physician, who lived and worked in one of those tenement districts where humanity is packed in tight, two thousand to the block. He had come from a round of professional calls. It was late at night. And to strike at once to the subject, I had been sketching for him, in the rough, the engineer's gigantic dream.

"That chap works up on the mountain peaks," the doctor said, half smiling. "Down here in the jungle it's hard to see so far ahead.

"Just a few minutes ago," he continued, "I was with a man who is going to die. He is going to die because, since the day six years ago when he came over from Russia, he has spent his days and a part of his nights in a dark, germ-breeding sweatshop, and his sleeping hours in an equally dark, germ-breeding tenement room. He is dying from tuberculosis. Meanwhile, in his bedroom and the kitchen close adjoining, his wife and her old father and five ill-nourished little children have been packed in beside him, breathing day and night, for some eleven weeks, the foul, germ-laden air. So tuberculosis spreads.

"Of course your engineer is right. To get rid of disease you must clear out the cities, open them up to the sun and air, the two great microbe killers. But there are other dreams in which some of us indulge.

"He looks from his pinnacle through a field glass, so to speak, and the things that he sees are tremendous. But down here in the jungle, I look into a microscope, and the things I see are small. His vista is of boulevards, great public buildings, parks. Mine is of objects infinitesimal, invisible to the naked eye—microbes by the billion, waging through the years *a war unseen, unheard—but never ceasing day or night.*

"In this invisible war, we are searching out those microbes friendly to the human race and aiding them in the struggle to exterminate their foes. Already, through quarantine, we have barred out or imprisoned the most savage of the enemy—cholera, for instance. Let any man who has lost his faith in humanity's progress read the descriptions of scenes not more than a hundred years ago, a whole city driven mad with fear by a cholera epidemic. Such frightful scenes of terror and death have forever passed away.

"Through quarantine and vaccination we have practically put an end to the ravages of smallpox. Inoculation with friendly germs is now doing the same for diphtheria. And in the years not far but very close ahead, pneumonia, typhoid, tuberculosis, cancer, and other invading microbe hordes will be repelled by similar means—until in the course of a hundred years these plagues will, I believe, have become as rare as leprosy and other scourges of the past.

"And we shall do more, in this city of the future. We shall eradicate blindness, deafness. We shall do away, to a large extent, with the deformities seen to-day. And as, through the work of the engineers, the air and the light of heaven floods in, and the sunless tenement buildings are replaced by beautiful, wholesome homes—the science of city hygiene will also have made gigantic strides. The problems of sewerage and of water supply, of milk, of meat, of every kind of food and drink

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A KINDERGARTEN AT EPIPHANY CHAPEL SUMMER SCHOOL, NEW YORK – A DEADLY FOE TO THE DEADLY CITY STREET.

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CHILDREN'S LUNCH ROOM IN A NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOL—PART OF A GREAT AND HOPEFUL WORK FOR CITY CHILDREN.

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will have been adequately solved. And with pure food and drink, with sane, wholesome living, and with our microbe armies of defense—to the average person born into the world will be given from ten to fifteen years of added life. And not only length—he will be given abundance of life. For the size, the strength, the vitality of our bodies will be immensely increased.

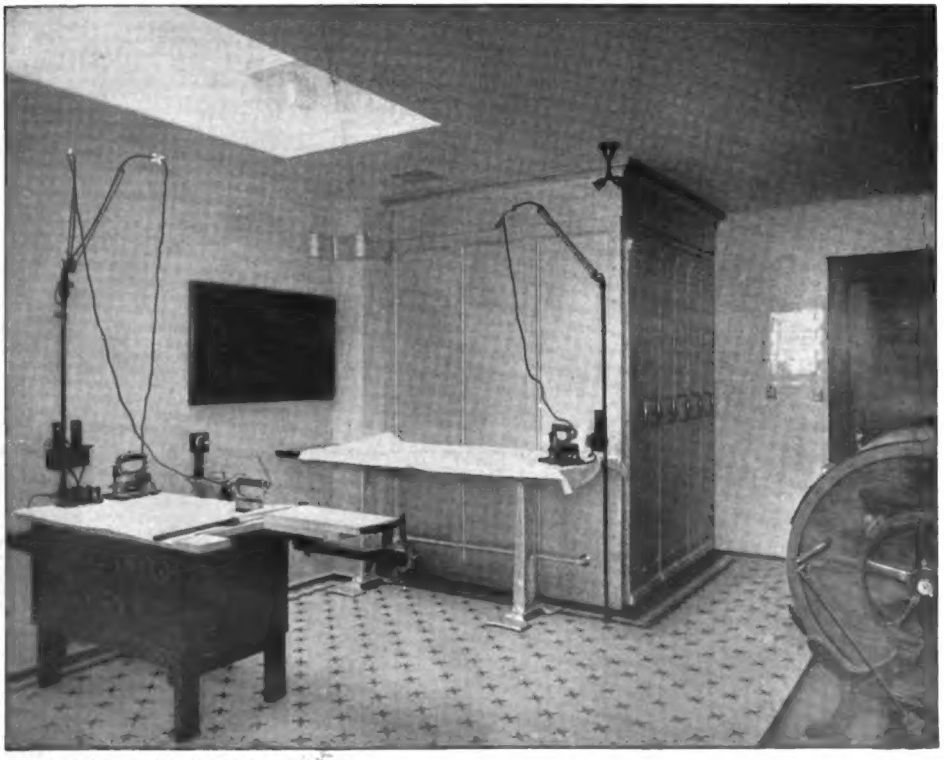
"Strong bodies, beautiful, healthy bodies—that is the end of my part of your dream."

Some days after this I went to the laboratory of a man in high repute for certain discoveries. It had been hard to secure this interview. And as I entered the long, low-ceilinged room, with its rows of shelves thick-lined with jars and bottles, its tables crowded with more bottles, batteries, retorts, a couple of tiny furnaces, and tools and other appliances, to my untutored mind came a gloomy premonition that for dunces such as I there was little "story" here. The master wizard of the place lost no time in heightening this impression. He was a dried-up little man, but his voice had a mighty gruffness.

"To attempt to give to the Great American Public," he began drearily, "*any* idea of *any one thing* we are doing, is almost a hopeless job. Some of us labor for years to explain our work in books. Who reads the books? The Public? Not a line. Instead of that, they send us young reporters who grasp it all in a half-hour talk. . . . Are you a reporter?" he ended.

I explained to him my scheme. And suddenly over the chemist's face swept a look of deep relief.

"Now that," he said in a genial tone, "is a course that I approve of. If all reporters



Photograph by the New York Edison Co.

A MODEL ELECTRIC LAUNDRY, SHOWING DRIERS AND IRONS—A FORETASTE OF THE POSSIBILITIES IN SIMPLIFYING LABOR.

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would imitate you, and frankly call their articles 'Dreams,' even men of *my* profession would read with real delight.

"My dream of a future city," he went on—"and by *my* dream I mean the vision of *all* the men out of whose united work the great inventions come—is a dream so utterly wild and bold that it will stagger even you. The whole shape and size of cities, the industries that give it life, its homes, its social habits, community rules and customs—all are in my hands."

"I'm staggered," I admitted.

"Now I'll explain," the little man went on. "First, have a look at the industries that give to a city the means of life—the Coal Trust and the Meat Trust, for example. What a howl you writers have set up about the grip of monopolies on this fair land of ours! What's coal good for? Heat. How many years do you think will pass before we discover other heat producers, make heat almost as cheap as air? And where then will your grip of monopoly be? As to meat, do you think that the human race is forever to go on butchering cattle, hogs, and sheep—bleating, squealing, bellowing—at the rate of a million or so a day? Doesn't that seem just a bit barbaric? And when the chemist has once learned how to make a substance far better than animal flesh, more nutritious and *more palatable*—where then will the grip of the Meat Trust be?

"Now take the Greedy Landlord. What are most city buildings made of? Brick and steel. Who made steel? The chemist. Has the chemist stopped, do you think? Is his job in this world ended—*or is it just beginning?* The price of steel is high. Monopoly again. But how about *concrete* and all the other substances to be discovered as time goes on—each one cheaper and stronger and more durable than the one before, until in a generation or two the cost of our offices, shops, and homes—*and also their rents*—will be less than half what they are just now?

"But city rents, you may say, depend mainly on land values. The landlord is another chap with a hard monopolist grip. We want to live in cities, and he has grabbed the land. But suppose we find, in the course of years, that we can live wherever we please, on the mountains, at the seashore, and come to the city in less than an hour, by an almost miraculous trip through the air. What then would become of the city landlord's grip?

"I confess," he went on, "that all this talk of the engineer about new streets and subways bores me to extinction. Useful enough in its way, I suppose, but to the inventor who looks far ahead what mere makeshift all this seems. In less than a hundred years from now, people will travel over the earth or the water or through the air above at a speed of at least two hundred miles an hour, and with a safety compared to which our present railway travel is sheer slaughter.

"Now go back to coal. It heats our homes and offices, drives our machines—and also covers the city with the foulest soot and grime. But in the future city, and the beautiful suburbs all around, the rumbling, clattering coal truck will be replaced by a modest unobtrusive wire running underground. Through this wire will pass, from some huge central dynamo plant, an electric current—*power*. This power will heat our homes, light our homes, clean our homes, cook our food, black our boots, carry us upstairs, slave for us in a hundred ways. Every machine in the city will be run by the same tamed giant. In this city to-day there is a law that no man may keep hogs in his back yard or in his house. In the years before us, the same law will apply to coal, which is worse than forty hogs. And the cities of the future will have not so much as a wreath of smoke between them and the heavens.

"I spoke of cooking food. What of the food itself? Meat we have already covered. But what of fruits and vegetables? 'I agree,' you may say, 'to artificial meat.' The idea of tearing hogs to pieces, after all, isn't nice. But peaches and lettuce made by machine are somewhat more than I can bear.' Very good. Have 'em made by manure and mud, if that process seems more dainty. The point I want to make is, that you can have 'em *cheap*.

"The *science* of market gardening has only just begun, but, even in these first few years, the chemists in this line have shown us hints of astounding possibilities. And in the famous gardens that circle the city of Paris, the amount of fruits and vegetables, *green* vegetables, produced on a small three-acre plot *outdoors* straight through the winter months (150,000 heads of lettuce, for example, on one three-acre plot from Christmas to the first of June) gives you some little hint of what the future has in store.

"Crude as yet, and the produce at fancy prices still because transportation is slow, the gardens must keep close to Paris, and there the rents are high. But give, by the

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means I have mentioned, swift and cheap communication between a city and the country for hundreds of miles around, and give the horticultural chemists fifty years more to find what can really be done with artificial earth, *earth made by machinery*—and there is left not the shadow of a doubt that the future people of cities, whether they live in town or in some beautiful suburb a hundred miles away, will have fruits and fresh green vegetables, at prices next to nothing, winter and summer alike.

"So much for my dream," concluded the chemist. "As to the methods of reaching the dream, I cannot express to you my deep relief to find you are willing to stick to dreams and not go into ways and means. For the methods are rather hard to explain."

He turned to a huge sheet of paper on which was a most bewildering mass of formulas and diagrams. I gladly left the room.

I described all this soon after to a politician. As I talked, there slowly spread over his face a look of pleased reminiscence. Far from being astounded, he seemed to feel completely at home.

"Like talk before election," he remarked at the end.

It was a summer's evening. We sat on the narrow rear porch of a cottage surrounded by shops and mills. Over a mass of buildings, between us and the smiling moon, loomed a huge black chimney tower, rolling its smoke up toward the stars. I had known the man for several years. He was Scotch by descent, American by birth, and a democrat to the core, one of those small political bosses who in recent years have grown tired of the tyranny of the big ones.

"I read the papers quite a good deal," he began. "And as to these great experts, these inventors, and professors, and wizard engineers, I've been struck by just two things. They beam upon the future of the whole great human race—and work for corporations at salaries of anywhere from five to fifty thousand a year. I don't blame 'em, not a bit. For the things they discover or plan or invent have to be 'promoted.' And Bill Jones, who shovels sand down into river barges, he ain't of the promoting kind.

"But the result of it is that in this quick development of all the riches of the earth, I see in all the years ahead long, fat strings of contracts, jobs, deals on the quiet, little polite committee rooms filled by the Cream of Society. And if it's dreams you're looking for, the one I've been indulgin' in is—well, a sort of a question. How are the mass of the people going to have a say in all this? I believe that's kind of important. It's so easy to get left—in this eternal march upstairs.

"How are we going to have a say? *Not till we get together.*

"I'm something of a chemist myself," he continued slowly. "That is, I'm a mixer. In this ward before the last city election there was a big fight on. The boss of the ward, who stood in with the boss of the city, who stood in with the franchise crowd—had his slate. And we, representing only the people, had ours. There were certain traction issues up, plain and clear enough to be dangerous to the boss's crowd. So the boss was working the old game of keeping the voters apart. The voters of this ward are American, Scotch and Irish, Germans, Lithuanians, Polacks and Eyetalians, Bohemians and Huns and Jews, and a sprinkling of Greeks. *Our* job was to mix 'em, make 'em feel they belonged together, wanted the same things. The boss's job was to make 'em feel they hated each other like poison, wanted nothing in common and therefore couldn't get nothing, and so had better just stick to him and get two dollars apiece for their votes and maybe a job for their cousin in the street-cleaning department. The boss's slate won out—but only by a margin so close it made his eyes look queer. *He was thinking of two years from now.*

"In the mills just south of here you can see the same thing going on. About a dozen breeds of foreigners, and there ain't a year goes by without pouring in a fresh dose to add to the stew. It's the job of the boss of the mills to keep these foreign breeds apart. I don't blame him, not a bit. As a business proposition it's sound. Because you can't get away from the fact that the union means that the boss will have to pay more to his men and give 'em shorter hours. So he tries to keep 'em apart.

"And he succeeds—as long as these foreigners stay contented. For the first year or two after they come, they can't see why in thunder a man would want more than six dollars a week. Most of 'em are youngsters who have no wives and kids, they sleep seven and eight in a room on the floor, and all eat their supper out of one big bowl.

"But this contented crowd begins little by

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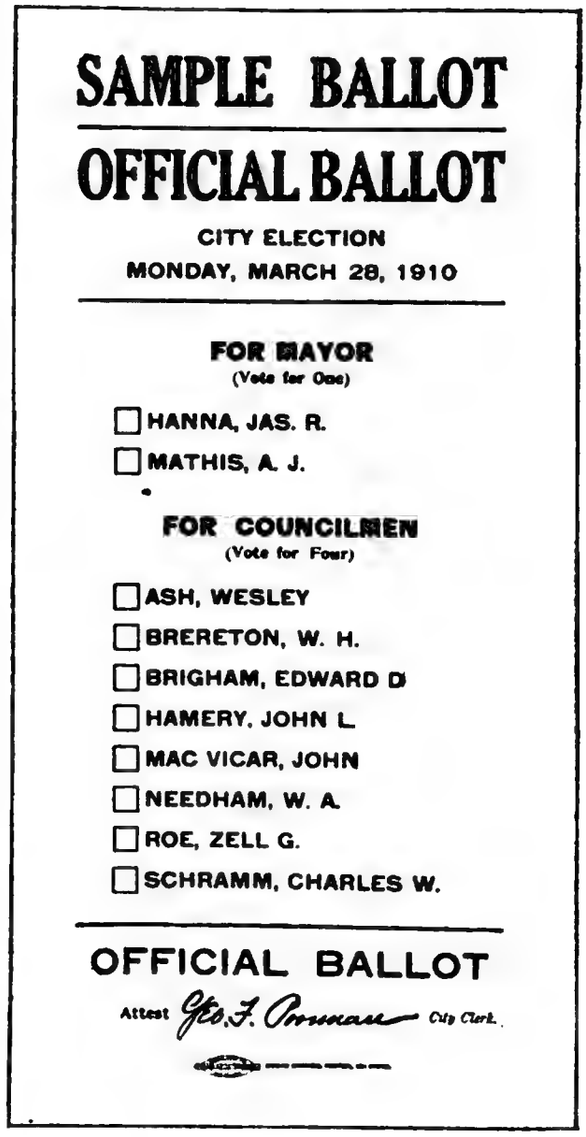
little, month by month, to be pestered more and more by the talk of agitators. By agitators I don't mean the labor leader kind. I mean the tens of thousands of other immigrants, chaps who have been here long enough to get American ideas of such things as beds and beefsteaks, ham and eggs, forks and knives, shoes, loud-colored socks, brown derby hats, a bath now and then; fellers who have married and have kids that go to school, and whose kids and wives see the darnedest lot of things they want *—and they agitate to get 'em.* All these curious critturs begin to catch the greenhorn's eye. He learns to read newspapers, he looks into the windows of the shops at night, sees lovely women made of wax, says, 'There's the kind of a wife I want.' *And all of a sudden he begins to agitate himself.*

"Then he begins to mix. The whole crowd gets together. In a year or two there is a strike. And the men don't get all they struck for, but they get enough to make the stew kind of settle down again—contented till the next time.

"So the mixing goes right on—at the polls, in factories and mills, and in all kinds of places. When I say the people need to mix, I don't mean just the men who work in overalls with tools. There's clerks in this here city, maybe a hundred thousand, and they've been squeezed between two sides. The trusts have raised the prices of things, and the unions have raised wages. But most clerks have had no unions, and their wages have stood pat. Of course, they're better off *as yet* than the unskilled labor crowd—the Eyetalians, Greeks, and Poles. But put 'em beside workmen who are Americans like themselves, and the case of the average clerk looks bad. The average skilled workman gets close to twenty dollars a week. The average clerk gets anywhere from eight to fifteen dollars, *and he has to dress genteel.* It ain't only clerks. There's the girls in offices and stores. There's the crowd who are running small stores of their own and getting squeezed hard by the big ones. There's all kinds of people working on low salaries, trying to be ladies and gents in the darnedest little flats.

"I'm talking of nine-tenths of the people who live in this here town. I believe that year by year a healthy American discontent is pushing the whole crowd, slowly opening their eyes to the *alleged swiftly cheapening* riches of the earth, slowly making 'em see that to make these riches *really cheap* they must get a real hold on City Hall and other halls still higher up—and that to get that hold they've got to learn to mix. The union of voters is needed just now more than anything else in sight.

"And this union of voters is bound to come. I believe that, to begin with, we're going to get Direct Primaries, and also the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall—mighty fine institutions, because they put big questions right up to the voter and so tend to make him think. But these ain't the only weapons. I've been a good deal of a boss myself in a humble way in the last ten years. I've been too close to politics to think we can do without a machine. And I want a *new* machine, one that is run from the bottom up. That sounds simple, but it ain't. It's the toughest political job this town has ever tackled. It'll take years of getting the


SAMPLE BALLOT

OFFICIAL BALLOT

CITY ELECTION
MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1910

FOR MAYOR
(Vote for One)

- ☐ HANNA, JAS. R.
- ☐ MATHIS, A. J.

FOR COUNCILMEN
(Vote for Four)

- ☐ ASH, WESLEY
- ☐ BRERETON, W. H.
- ☐ BRIGHAM, EDWARD D
- ☐ HAMERY, JOHN L.
- ☐ MAC VICAR, JOHN
- ☐ NEEDHAM, W. A.
- ☐ ROE, ZELL G.
- ☐ SCHRAMM, CHARLES W.

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Attest Geo. F. Penrose City Clerk.

THE "SHORT BALLOT," USED IN DES MOINES, IOWA—ONE RESULT OF COMMISSION GOVERNMENT FOR CITIES. IT ENABLES CITIZENS TO VOTE INTELLIGENTLY.

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crowd together in a dozen kinds of ways.

"A new political party, or an old one made over again, so built that whether its leaders want to or not they've got to stand for the people, all of 'em all the time. A new political party—and organizations of all kinds to bring the voters together, and then make 'em think, make 'em open their eyes, and make 'em keep on wanting more and more of the aforesaid *swiftly cheapening* riches of the earth.

"Along about fifty years ago, a certain agitator framed up the following little speech:

"'Of the people, by the people, for the people.'

"That'll do for a dream of a city for me."

Having gathered these various dreams, it suddenly occurred to me that some of the other sex might have visions, too. I betook myself to a woman friend, who was both a mother and an educator of no small repute. To her I set forth my story. *And the woman seemed amused.*

"You think they are not practical, these dreams?" I asked.

"Practical?" she answered. "Fearfully so! Practical and businesslike, plain, hard common sense! Your great engineer laid down at the start the principle that a city is like an animal body. Your physician, your chemist, your politician—all seem to agree with the engineer. A city is only a body, they say. Give it proper bones and flesh and arteries and veins, keep out disease, give it plenty of sleep and food and drink, parks in which to exercise, aeroplanes in which to soar—and the vision is complete.

"But is it only a body? In this beautiful, wholesome *shell* of a city, with its noble public buildings, its boulevards, its parks and playgrounds, gardens studded with homes, homes free from every disease but old age—is there to be no growth inside? No growth of spirit and of mind, no new hopes and longings, no hungry strainings upward to ideals? What of the future city's soul?

"A soul that is fit to dream with doesn't just grow. It has to be made. This sounds *impractical*, does it not? If so, I am delighted. How is this living soul of the future city to be made?

"Mainly, I believe, by the mothers, through their children. Of course, I admit there will be other ways, other powers at work. When the problem of mere physical life is settled for all classes, the haunting dread of poverty left forever behind, and when, on the other hand, the community, as it surely will, lays heavy restraints on the men whose one purpose in life is to amass huge fortunes; when Money comes down from its high altar—then other gods will surely arise. But I like to begin at beginnings. And I believe that the beginnings of all this mighty change in men are to come first in the children.

"I believe that as the years go on we mothers are going to change. And still we shall be mothers, and still we shall have homes. I cannot see how I have been weakened as a mother by going out into the world of schools and there learning the most intelligent ways of educating my child. I feel sure that women are to go more and more into the world outside the home, receive from the world some real knowledge of its vital growth, themselves take part in that vital growth, and perhaps give more than they receive—recall the needed memories of a forgotten Christ, gather other inspirations out of the living Past, crowd bitterness and greed out of this fierce battle for life, and bring in higher motives. But first of all and foremost, their work is to be the old one, the task of molding the children who are to make the men and the women of our future city. Mothers have done noble work in the past. But I feel sure that their power in this service is to be multiplied tenfold.

"What a task it is! In the city of New York to-day are some eight hundred thousand little children, most of them the children of inpouring immigrants from almost all the nations of the earth. What a field for mothering here, what a chance for women who want to serve the city! Most of it is done, of course, by the immigrant mothers themselves. There are stories in plenty which should be told of their fierce struggles to give to our tiniest immigrants the fair start in a free country which they themselves were denied.

"But they need trained help, these mothers. And this the city in recent years has just begun to see. Some seventy years ago, a powerful newspaper in New York denounced as a 'wild agitator' a man who was making speeches in favor of free public schools. Such schools would pauperize the race, wrote this indignant editor. Such schools would discourage initiative, responsibility of parents, thrift—in short, would undermine our most sacred American institutions. But seventy years have

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passed—and we have changed our minds.

"We have gone farther. As by careful steps we have widened the province of the school, our eyes have slowly opened to a curious fact—that, far from pauperizing the race, all that the city can do to build up free of charge the bodies and minds of its children tends to lift them farther and steadily farther out of the pauper class.

"Following this principle, we have begun to act against the labor of children in factories, shops, and mills and mines. We are fighting the city street, with all its unwholesome influences, by the playground, the park, the summer school.

"We are reaching even beyond the street into the tenement homes themselves. In New York already each school has its doctor, its visiting nurse who goes to the homes of its pupils. Is this province to enlarge? As in the West the state gives free instruction to the farmer in his struggle to get the most food products out of his farm, so here will the city decide it wise to give free instruction to tenement mothers in the way to get the most wholesome food for their children out of a meager income. New York City has already made beginnings in work of this kind—and also in serving hot lunches at school to the children, at a cost of three cents each.

"And what of the tenement babies? In the stifling summers their death rate is terrific. Last summer in one district several visiting nurses, sent in by a private society to show the mothers various ways by which they could keep their babies alive, brought the infant death rate down to less than half what it was in the previous summer. Shall the city take over such free instruction? And for the increasing armies of mothers who are forced out into factories and shops, shall the school provide free *crèches* as well as the free kindergartens already so successful?

"Still another question is arising. If the school has as its chief end the equipment of its children to take their place in the city's life, how far shall we go in trade schools providing special training for the various kinds of industrial work?

"These are basic questions—but, after all, they have to do mainly with the physical side of life. What else is the school to teach?

"Your engineer has discovered that each city has needs and possibilities of its own, and so must be studied by itself. In the schools, too, we are beginning to see that each of the different immigrant races has its needs and possibilities demanding special treatment.

"'Throw them together at once,' you may say, 'and so hasten the welding process.' But may we not waste much in too swift a welding fire? Have not these immigrant children, deep-bred in their souls, traditions and hungers and talents of incalculable value to the future American race—and should not these be carefully developed?

"You see, I am working back toward my starting-point—the soul of this city of our dreams. We would have it a union of all the best ideals and aspirations of the world behind us, with the added hopes and powers that only the union here can bring. There are folk songs, there are legends, there are all the great achievements of these peoples of the old world, in literature, in painting, in sculpture, and in music—in all forms of the Ideal. There are descendants of Goethe and Beethoven here, of Pushkin and Tschaikowsky, of Milton and of Shakespeare, of Raphael and Dante, of Plato and of Sophocles—and all the other Dreamers.

"What of the union of all these? When your doctor and your engineer, your chemist, your inventor, your leader of the masses have at last freed the physical life of the city from the terrific industrial strain, what will the citizens do?

"I see a great awakening, through the generations ahead, to all the higher things in life. I see a new citizenship that shall take pride in the city, its purity and its honor as well as its beautiful homes and streets. I see among all the men and women a risen intelligence, new hungers, new ideals.

"And out of these I see great men arising—not only men of power in wresting the riches out of the earth, but men—and women, too—who will give expression to the riches of our spiritual life. I see in these great public buildings, these libraries, these concert halls, these theatres and galleries erected by your engineer—scenes to be remembered for centuries to come. Multitudes of people motionless and silent, reverent, enraptured—listening to the opera, the symphony, the drama that on this night is added to the treasures of the race. In the galleries—the pictures; in the libraries—the books. The work of the giants of a new race—all emerging, *as they must*, from the new community life.

"The city of the future must indeed be strong in body. But my dream of the city that is to be *is its mighty living soul.*"

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THE LAYING OF THE MONSTER

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

PICTURES BY BLANCHE GREER

DOROTHEA reposed with her shoulders in the shade of the bulkhead and her bare feet burrowing in the sun-warmed sand. Beneath her shoulder blades was a bulky and disheveled volume—a bound year of *Godey's Lady Book* of the vintage of the early seventies. Having survived the handling of three generations, this seemed to take naturally to being drenched with rain and warped by sun, or, as at the present moment, serving its owner either as a sand-pillow or as a receptacle for divers scribbled verses on its fly-leaves and margins.

It was with a poem now that Dorothea was wrestling, as she wriggled her toes in the sand and gazed blankly oceanward. Under the scorching August sun, the Atlantic seemed to purr like a huge, amiable lion cub.

It was not the amiabilities of nature, however, in which Dorothea found inspiration. A harp of a single string, she sang as that minstrel might who was implored to make love alone his theme.

Given an imaginative young person of eleven, who, when not abandoning herself utterly to athletics, has secret and continual access to the brand of literature peculiar to the "Seaside Library," and the result is obvious. Dorothea's mother read recipes; her father was addicted to the daily papers. It was only in her grandmother that Dorothea found a literary taste she approved. On that cozy person's bookshelves one could always find what happened to Goldie or what the exquisite Irish heroine said to the earl before she eloped with the captain.

In this knowledge Dorothea's parents had no ambition that their daughter should excel. In fact, an uncompromising edict on the subject had been given forth more than once to a sullen and rebellious sinner. But how should the most suspicious parent, when his daughter sits in his presence apparently engrossed in a book entitled "The Girlhood of Famous Women," guess that carefully concealed in its interior is a smaller volume bearing the title "Muriel's Mistake, or, For Another's Sin?"

Having acquired knowledge, the true student seeks to demonstrate. Dorothea had promptly and intentionally fallen in love with the son of her next-door neighbor. Amiel—fresh from his first year in college—was a tall, broad-shouldered youth, with kindly brown eyes and a flash of white teeth when he smiled. In contrast to the small boys and the sober-going fathers of families in which the summer colony abounded, he shone, as Dorothea's favorite novelists would have expressed it, "like a Greek god."

It was this unsuspecting person whom Dorothea had, at first sight, elected to be the Hero of her Dreams. She trailed him, moreover, with a persistency that would have done credit to a detective. Did he go to the post-office, he was sure to meet Dorothea returning (Lady Ursula, strolling through her estate, comes upon her lover unawares). Dorothea, emulating her heroine's example by vaulting a fence and cutting across lots, could be found also strolling (if slightly breathless) as he approached.

She timed her day, as far as possible, with his. Would he swim, play tennis, or go crabbing—there was Dorothea. Would he repose in the summerhouse hammock and listen to entire pages declaimed from Tennyson and Longfellow, the while being violently swung—his slave was ready. She read no story in which she was not the heroine and Amiel the hero. At the same time, she was perfectly and painfully conscious in the back of her brain that Amiel regarded her only as a sun-browned, crop-headed tomboy, who had an extraordinary facility for remembering all the poetry she had ever read, and who amused and interested him as his own small sister might. Outwardly she kept strictly to

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this rôle—a purely natural one—while inwardly she soared dizzily from fantasy to fantasy, even while her physical body was plunging in the waves or leaping on the tennis court.

Could Amiel have had the slightest insight into the fancies seething in his small neighbor's mind, he would have been astounded to the verge of doubting her reason. Little did he know, as he stood now on the bulkhead and looked down at her, that at the moment Dorothea was finishing mentally a poem in which with "wild tears" and "clasping hands," he had bidden her an eternal farewell—by moonlight. She was, moreover, perturbed by the paucity of her native language. There appeared to be nothing to rhyme with "love" except "shove," "above," and "dove." Of these one was impossible and two were trite. Scowling fiercely at the ocean, she finally gave the bird to the hungry line and repeated the final couplet doubtfully:

> "'Farewell,' he said. 'Ah, love, my love,
> My heart is breaking for thee, Dove.'"

"Look out!" said a voice above her. "I'm going to jump."

Dorothea sat up delightedly, with her bare, brown legs tucked beneath her, Turk-like, as she welcomed him. ("My Beloved," said Lady Ursula with her hand on her fluttering heart.) "Hello," said Dorothea, with a wide grin.

He flung himself down beside her and surveyed her with amusement. "Been digging holes with your head?" he asked affably. "Your hair and eyelashes look it. Been here all the afternoon?"

"Yes," she said. "I saw you go riding after lunch. I've been here ever since. I love to be on the beach when there isn't a lot of people bothering around. Then"—she made a wide gesture with her brown hand—"all of it seems to belong to me; not broken up in little bits for everybody." She shook her cropped head vigorously, and the sand pelted down her shoulders.

"Well," he said, watching this operation, "you came near taking your little bit to the house with you to keep, didn't you? How long have you worn your hair cropped like that, Dorothea? Was it when you decided to be captain of a ball team?"

He drew a box of chocolates from his pocket and tossed it over to her. She caught it neatly on her outstretched palm, as a boy would have done, and nibbled squirrel-like as she talked. She did not resent being teased by Amiel—she liked it, rather, as representing a perfect understanding between them. Also, once removed from the high hills of romance, she was not devoid of humor.

"It was cut in June—before you came. They didn't want me to, but I just begged them. It was such a nuisance bathing and then flopping about drying afterward, and being sent upstairs all day long to make it smooth."

"You funny kid," he said. "You don't care how you look, do you? You ought to have been a boy. What have you been doing down here all by yourself?"

"Reading—and—listening," said Dorothea vaguely. She folded *Godey's Lady Book* tightly to her chest. Lady Ursula or no Lady Ursula, she would have died with black, bitter shame at the thought of any eye but her own falling upon the penciled lines therein. The horror of ridicule is the black shadow that hangs over youth. That strange, inner world of her own Dorothea shared with nothing more substantial than her dreams.

"Listening?" he inquired.

"To the ocean," explained Dorothea. "It was high tide when I came down, and the waves boom-boomed like that, as though it were saying big words down in its chest, you know."

"And what were the wild waves saying?"

"Oh, big words like—" she thought a moment, her small, sunburnt face serious and intent. "Oh, like

> "Robert of Sicily, Brother of Pope Urbane,
> And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine."

she intoned deeply. "You see?"

"Absolutely," he said enjoyingly. "And so you weren't lonesome?"

Dorothea, who had spent her afternoon in a region peopled with interesting and exquisite figures, shook her head.

"You don't get lonesome when you think," she said—"imagine" was the word she meant; she used the other as appealing to his understanding. Suddenly the vague, introspective look left her face; she turned to him with the expression of one imparting pleasing tidings. "My friend is coming to-morrow to stay a week," she said. "You remember I told you that mother had asked her. Well, she's coming down with father to-morrow. She has never been to the seashore before. You'll take us crabbing, won't you, Amiel?

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Dorothea was finishing mentally a poem in which with wild tears and clasping hands he had bidden her an eternal farewell — by moonlight.

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And if we have a bonfire you'll ask father to let us stay up, won't you?"

"Sure," he said good-naturedly. "What's her name?"

"Her name is Jennie Clark, and she lives next door to us in the city, and we're going to have fun—fun—fun," chanted Dorothea. "Come on." She sprang lightly to her feet and dug her shoes and stockings out of the sand. "We can have a game of tennis before dinner."

Clutching her book with her shoes and stockings, she raced with him to the steps that led to the bulkhead, and from that eminence—with the air of one performing an accustomed act—she clambered on the fence that separated the green lawns from beach to avenue. This, with a fine disregard for splinters, she proceeded to walk—her property tucked under her arm.

Amiel strode beside her on the lawn. She was as sure-footed as a goat; but when he clutched her elbow as she performed a daring pirouette, she offered no opposition, but proceeded sedately beneath his hold. Why not? She had ceased to be Dorothea on her way to a tennis game ("Lean heavily on me, dearest," whispered Reginald; "the chapel is in sight. Bear up a little longer"). With a weary sigh the Lady Ursula slid finally from the gate-post to the ground and proceeded to put on her stockings.

Jennie Clark arrived duly and was received, if not rapturously, at least hospitably. To be frank, Jennie Clark was not among those first suggested by Dorothea as a prospective visitor. Of her own private and particular friends some five had been rejected by a too censorious parent, mainly, it seemed, because of a lack of personal charm—Dorothea preferring a good sport from the gutter, as it were, to a dull fairy from a dancing school.

Jennie had been near, perilously near, the end of Dorothea's list. Her sole claims to Dorothea's friendship were that, living next door, she was available on rainy days when greater delights failed, and that Dorothea, by a dramatic relation of a ghost story, could hypnotize her into a terrified and wholly fascinated wreck.

Jennie was thirteen, a very young thirteen—pretty and mindless as a Persian kitten—but developing rapidly a coquettish instinct for the value of a red ribbon in her dark curls; and the set of a bracelet on her plump arm. Beside her curves and curls and pretty frilled frocks, Dorothea, in her straight, blue flannel playing suit or stiff afternoon *piqué*, with her cropped blonde head, suggested nothing so much as wire opposed to a sofa cushion.

She was in white *piqué* this afternoon. To meet one's friend at the station was an event. Dorothea was honestly excited and happy, and she was not at all pained that Jennie Clark's first greeting was a comment on her short hair and her sunburn.

By what might have seemed to the unobserving a happy coincidence, Amiel, strolling from his house to the beach with his after-dinner pipe, was hailed by Dorothea from the summerhouse. She had run the unsuspecting Miss Clark very hard to arrive at the psychological moment. Joining them there, he was duly presented to Jennie Clark, and Dorothea, accepting the courteous fashion in which he acknowledged the introduction as an indirect compliment to herself, was elated. Jennie was certainly very pretty. She tossed back her long curls and talked to Amiel with an occasional droop of her long lashes, and Dorothea, beaming upon them both, had no notion that, hovering above her in the quiet twilight, the green-eyed Monster was even then scenting its victim and preparing to strike.

Presently Dorothea's father and mother and Amiel's stout and amiable parents joined their offspring in the summerhouse. One of the affable, if uninteresting, neighbors came as well and, promptly introducing a banjo as a reason for his being, lured the assembled company into song.

Dorothea, snuggled into her corner, blissfully conscious of Amiel's careless arm about her shoulder, gave herself up to happiness. The night was soft as velvet, sewn with the gold spangles of stars. The waves whispered secrets to each other as they waited for the moon to rise. Dorothea, rapturously using the atmosphere as a background for Lady Ursula, became suddenly aware that the singing of "Juanita" in six different keys had ceased, and that Jennie, having been discovered to be the possessor of a voice, was singing alone. She had an exquisite little pipe, and she sang the dominating sentimental song of the year with ease if not with temperament. Its close was greeted with instant and enthusiastic applause. Jennie became instantly the center of attraction.

It was Amiel who urged her to sing again, Amiel who seized upon the banjo and accompanied her triumphantly through a college

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song, turning his back squarely upon Dorothea the while.

Dorothea sat up straight, a sudden, bewildering anger at her heart as she watched them. In the midst of the song she announced casually that the moon was coming up. No one paid the slightest attention to her except the calling neighbor, who said "Hush!"

An instant later, the instant that saw Amiel lay a commending and fraternal hand on Jennie's curls, the Monster struck. Jealousy had no firmer grip of beak and talons on the Moor of Venice than on the crop-headed Dorothea. In absolute self-defense she did an unprecedented and wholly unexpected thing. Without warning she burst into song, even as Jennie was coyly preparing for an encore.

"O fair dove, O fond dove.
O dove with the white, white breast,"

shrilled Dorothea to her startled audience. This was the same song with which Lady Ursula invariably brought blinding, bitter tears to the eyes of those assembled at picnics and hunt balls. It had an opposite effect upon Dorothea's auditors. With apparently one accord they burst into hilarious mirth, comment, and expostulation.

"My child!" "Where did you get that absurd song?" "Dorothea, never try to sing again. I forbid it." This last from her father.

It was Amiel who commented admiringly on the fact that Dorothea with practice might go through an entire song without once touching upon the tune and time, and Jennie who giggled enjoyingly and said, "Oh, Dorothea, you're awfully funny."

Dorothea sat out the rest of the evening in stony silence, which nobody regarded. She refused to join in the various choruses—no one noticed the omission in the least. When at last she walked to the house with Amiel between herself and Jennie, and haughtily shrugged her shoulder away from his hand, he continued listening to Jennie's prattle without giving the slightest attention to her aloofness.

Long after Jennie was asleep, Dorothea, wide-eyed, communed with the Monster. This was not an imitation Lady Ursula jealousy at all. That was an interesting game at which one played when Amiel occasionally walked and talked with some stray damsel in the colony. She had no real jealousy of the young ladyhood that at times intruded. But this was different; here she was outranked in *her own class*. In that lay the sting. She reflected dismally that this was only Tuesday and that Jennie was to stay until the following Monday.

She was perfectly and miserably fair in recounting Jennie's attractions as contrasted with her own. She, Dorothea, could, at demand, which was seldom, reel off pages of poetry; Jennie could sing—to appreciative audiences. Dorothea could swim and dive; Jennie had curly hair. Plainly, Jennie had all the best of it. It remained only for Dorothea not to forget the courtesy due a guest and, above all, oh, above everything, not to show the slightest trace of the jealousy that consumed her. Lady Ursula had several times been the life of the party when her heart was breaking. Her proud smile had never faltered in the presence of her rival. Well, neither would Dorothea's. She assumed it instantly in the darkness by way of immediate practice, and fell asleep with the result plastered upon her face.

In the morning the Monster, wearied perhaps by his session of the night before, seemed to lie dormant. Dorothea woke jubilant as the morn and, having roused her friend by the gentle method of half stifling her with a pillow, rushed her through her dressing and led her forth.

The ocean welcomed them with rapture; it caught the sun for them and threw it back in millions and millions of living, rainbowed diamonds. The world was all gold and blue, and tremulous with clean salt winds. It seemed ridiculous that one could be unhappy on such a day. Dorothea danced pagan-like at the wave edge while Jennie watched demurely from the bulkhead.

However, it appeared that even on a day like this one could carry black envy at one's heart. It was during the bathing hour that the Monster again asserted himself—this time for no indefinite stay. As a rule, the bathing hour was one in which Dorothea reveled. Arrayed in her faded bathing suit, guiltless of skirt or sleeves, her prowess as an amphibious creature had been highly commended by that one for whose praise she would gladly have precipitated herself from the highest pier.

In vain to-day did she perform feats of daring and agility that would have done credit to a flying fish. No one had eyes for her except an agitated mother and grandmother,

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She hung the basket over her blue-flanneled arm and trudged valiantly before them.

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who finally ordered her summarily out of the water and into the bath house.

Amiel had occupied himself in coaxing Jennie into the water and giving her primary instructions in swimming. Jennie, in the daintiest red and white suit that could be imagined, skirted and stockinged, with her curls escaping from a coquettish red handkerchief, timorously advancing and drawing back from the wave rush with little, appealing cries, was as fascinating as a playful kitten.

Dorothea regarded her with the disgust of the seasoned veteran for the raw recruit. This, however, her erstwhile friend might have been pardoned for not suspecting, seeing that whenever she caught Dorothea's eye she was immediately the recipient of a wide and beaming smile that even one less vain might have accepted as a tribute to her attractions. It never wavered even while Jennie shook down her long curls ostensibly to let the sun dry a single lock that in some unaccountable way had felt the touch of a wave. Beamingly Dorothea heard Amiel humorously contrast this brown glory with her own short crop. Beamingly she fell into the plans for the crabbing party that afternoon. However, it was this lightsome expedition that laid the last straw upon the Monster's back.

The gentle art of crabbing involves the carrying of a long-handled net and a huge basket, and a stop at the butcher's to purchase unsavory lumps of meat for bait.

Hitherto Dorothea had always proudly and vehemently insisted upon carrying the basket the long, hot mile to the bay. To-day, as Amiel dropped the bait in and handed it to her as a matter of course, she accepted it with the look of the proud spirit that will not cry out beneath indignities. She hung the basket over her blue-flanneled arm and trudged valiantly before them.

The afternoon was one of long and unprecedented martyrdom. Dorothea reviewed it as she changed into her white *piqué* for dinner, the while beamingly advising Jennie as to the selection of hair ribbons. *She* had vaulted fences; Jennie had been assisted. *She* had baited lines; Jennie's had been baited. The fact that a week before the offer of help in that delicate operation would have been regarded as an insult to her intelligence failed to occur to her to-day. She burned with humiliation as she remembered that after a half hour of seeing Jennie's line carefully prepared, she had handed her own to Amiel with the air of one doing only what was expected of her. Amiel, in return, had stared at her, and in the tone he might have used to a younger brother had said briefly, "Well, go on and bait it. What's the matter?" She had baited it. Also, she had carried home the net while Amiel had borne the spoils and protested courteously when Jennie offered an assisting hand. It was dreary consolation to realize that never for a moment had the proud smile wavered. She was beginning to feel as though an elastic band had been stretched for hours under her nose and behind her ears, and the sole comment her lofty amiability had drawn forth had been a reference to the famed animal of Cheshire.

From her window she presently saw Jennie, all rosy muslin and tossing curls, strolling beachward with Amiel. The sight nerved her to demonstrate an idea that had occurred to her inspiringly during the day. Once by simply placing a dewy rose in her golden torrent of hair, Lady Ursula had brought the ball room to her feet. In emulation, Dorothea extracted a hair ribbon from Jennie's stock and, failing other means, tied it bandage-wise about her head. The result was not coquettish. It suggested only accident or disease. She removed it wearily, and sat down on the edge of the bed to think. Plainly, she could not compete with Jennie on the grounds of beauty or accomplishments. Apparently the fact of being able to swim, vault, and leap from vast heights constituted none of these things. And yet, before Jennie arrived—and doubtless after Jennie departed—after these five interminable days that stretched before her—but why five?

The dinner bell rang insistently. Some one was calling her from the stairs. Dorothea sat still, with her arms folded on the bedpost and a new thought playing like summer lightning in her brain. The thought gradually resolved itself into a problem. It was well enough to decide that Jennie must go—the problem was how to make her go. A telegram or a letter summoning her home? A good idea if there were any one in the city to send it. That was obviously impossible.

Dorothea walked downstairs with her brows knitted in thought above the unchanging smile, and in her eyes the look of the rapt soul momentarily expecting inspiration.

The inspiration arrived during that hour

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Dorothea stood upright on the bed, and her eyes assumed the expression of those that see inward —

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when the denizens of the little colony sat ring-wise about the beach fire.

The neighbor with the banjo had done his worst, and desisted; Jennie had piped through her repertoire and was now graciously accepting the support of Amiel's arm. Dorothea and the Monster, somewhat withdrawn from the circle, watched a crooked moon lift itself above the horizon and lay a trail of opal glory on the waves. Still awaiting inspiration, she regarded it with as little interest as Lucretia Borgia might have given the sunset that preceded one of her little poisoning dinners.

Presently, as befitted the atmosphere and hour, the talk of the little circle fell upon things ghostly and mysterious—strange happenings and prophetic dreams. Dorothea, who had a love of horrors, lent a suddenly attentive ear; but Jennie, though plainly fascinated, uttered a protesting plaint. "Oh, please stop! You don't know how you frighten me! Dorothea has had some awfully queer things happen to her, and it scares me almost to death when she tells about them."

Mirth followed the announcement of Dorothea's occult powers, which, needless to say, had come as a surprise to her immediate family.

Dorothea paid no attention whatever. Instead she rose to her feet and, flinging her arms wide, yawned elaborately. It was a delicate suggestion, which caused the men to look at their watches, and the party forthwith dispersed.

Dorothea, for all the sand in her shoes, seemed to walk to the house on air. The inspiration had arrived, fully accoutered, as it were, on the breath of Jennie's complaint.

The work in hand called for the dexterity of the true artist. With managerial instinct, Dorothea, repelling any attempt at conversation, waited only until Jennie was comfortably ensconced in bed, to turn the lamp down so that it glimmered in sickly fashion, before beginning proceedings. Then, seating herself beside the bed—an eerie figure in her straight, white gown—she shook her head dismally and indulged in a heartfelt sigh. Jennie, her nerves already on edge with the ghost stories of the hour before, turned startled eyes upon her.

"What is the matter? What is it?" she inquired anxiously.

"I—feel—strange," said Dorothea. She turned upon her victim a face full of uncanny suggestion. Divested of its perpetual smile, it seemed to Jennie as unfamiliar as a room from which an accustomed piece of furniture had been moved.

"I feel—strange. Something terrible is happening somewhere.—I can tell—I always can—I am going to have a vision—I can feel it—It always comes like this." With a quick hand she extinguished the lamp. "It will come in a dream," she muttered. "Let me sleep, oh, let me sleep!"

She made a sweeping pass with her outstretched hands and, after a dramatic pause, fell heavily on her pillow, where she instantly proceeded to fall into a deep and trance-like slumber—a slumber that prevailed through the terrified questionings, whimperings, and agitated shakings by her friend.

It is an awesome thing to seek repose beside one wrapped in trance; it is worse to traverse unlighted halls and ghostly stairs in an effort to awake the gifted medium's family. Wrapped in terror as in an icy sheet, after divers Herculean efforts to rouse the log beside her, the responsive victim fell into a troubled slumber with her head well under the bedclothes.

The gray dawn was in the room when she was awakened by what seemed to be muffled sobs from the figure beside her. In an instant wide awake and palpitating, she fell upon Dorothea. "What is it? Oh, what is it?" she cried.

"I have had it," said Dorothea in a sepulchral whisper. "The vision. Oh," she turned dramatically from the instant question, "I can't bear to tell you!—It was about you."

"Dorothea, you've *got* to tell me! I think you're *horrid*. I'm going right downstairs to tell your mother."

"Of course I'm going to tell you," said the sybil crossly. She resumed her chest tones hurriedly. "I must tell you. It was sent to me to tell you. I wanted to prepare you."

"Prepare? Oh, Dorothea, what *was* it?"

Dorothea stood upright on the bed, and her eyes assumed the expression of those that see inward—Jennie stared at her, hypnotized, breathless.

"I saw a room," chanted the inspired one, "a room in a large city. I can see it now. It is a bedroom. There are blue rugs on the floor, and the furniture is oak. It has two windows. There is a canary bird in one, and the other has a seat with blue cushions."

"Why, that is my mother's room, Dorothea! You know it is."

"In the bed a woman is lying. She is

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sick. She is turning from one side to the other—she says, 'Oh, where is my daughter? I want my daughter! Why doesn't she come back to me?'"

"Oh, Dorothea!" Jennie, tearful and excited, began to draw on her clothes. "That was my mother! It must have been! Oh, Dorothea!"

The sybil drove in the fine point again. "'Why doesn't she come back to me?'" she reiterated.

The program that had proceeded so smoothly now received an unexpected hitch. Jennie paused suddenly in her garmenting, relief growing in her face.

"After all," she observed, "I don't believe mother had anything more than one of her sick-headaches. She has them all the time. I wouldn't go home just for that. I do believe that is it, Dorothea."

It was time for rapid thought. Another moment and the fine dramatic work of the morning would have gone for naught. For a moment Dorothea staggered, but for a moment only. "I didn't tell you everything," she said mysteriously. "Your mother is not alone in the bed. She is holding something in her arms. She is saying—" she paused to give her climax its full effect—"'Oh, why doesn't Jennie come home to see her little sister?'"

"Her little—?—Dorothea!"

It behooves the villain to be without conscience. No slightest shame visited the brazen one's heart at the sight of Jennie's instant joy and excitement. Modestly she accepted the tribute to her uncanny power; obligingly she assisted her friend to pack; martyr-like she acquiesced in Jennie's decision that the first train after breakfast would be none too early to bear her to that long-coveted delight—a baby sister. Moreover, she cannily advised her friend as to the mode of proceeding. "If you tell them downstairs why you are going, they may not let you. They don't know about visions. Just tell them that you're going home and *nothing else.*"

This advice, followed to the letter, produced no little agitation at the breakfast table. Jennie simply announced her intention of immediate departure; all questions as to her health, happiness, and possible reasons were met only with a parrot-like repetition of the fact. Upon closer pressing she gave way to hysterical tears, Dorothea the while assisting the scene with round, innocent eyes and the bewildered air of one suddenly made aware of an impending event.

The solution was presently found by a sympathetic and consoling circle—the child was homesick; she wanted her mother. Assuredly that explained everything. The lure of sails and picnics having failed, Dorothea's mother came to a decision with sympathetic tears in her eyes and a glance toward her own innocent. "She shall take the first train home if she wants to. The child sha'n't be miserable. No, don't urge her, Bob. I was homesick myself once, and I understand perfectly."

Dorothea reposed in the shade of the bulkhead, sand on her person and a great peace in her heart, upon which the Monster, departing, had left no scar. Under her head was the *Godey's Lady's Book*, in which, over the picture of a brocaded pelisse, she had recently finished a poem in which "lover" rhymed with "forever." Amiel, cross-legged on the sand beside her, was whistling gently as he industriously whittled at a bit of driftwood, little suspecting that at the moment he was taking tea in a bower with Lady Ursula.

Presently he drew a letter from his pocket and flipped it over to Dorothea. "Your mother asked me to give you this," he said. "She thought it might be from that pretty little friend of yours."

Dorothea opened the letter with some trepidation. Presently a bland smile overspread her countenance. The day of reckoning that she expected to dawn upon her next meeting with her victim melted cloud-like as she read:

Dear Dorothea:

I arrived home safely. It's just as well I did, because my aunt was waiting to take me to Lake George, but you made a mistake in the vision. It wasn't my mother. It was Mrs. Gray across the street and hers is a boy, but I think that was very near.

I think the vision was perfectly wonderful, but I am glad I don't have them. My mother says I can come again later if your mother wants me. I didn't tell her why I came home, because she doesn't believe in them either.

She presented her love to several people and added in a postscript, "Let me know at Lake George if you have another."

Dorothea tore the letter into minute scraps and gave them over to the sea breeze.

"Well," queried Amiel idly, "what does she say?"

"She says she arrived safely," said Dorothea.

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GOLFING WITH THE PRESIDENT

By A. E. THOMAS

THE legislative, judicial, and executive departments of the ancient and royal game of golf are all appropriately represented in the golfing form of President Taft. The President, in short, obeys the laws of the game to the letter, after his judiciary has construed them clearly, while his executive department applies them practically to his own style of play. Anybody who likes safe and sane golf will admire the President's game. The President hits a golf ball much as if it were a corporate malefactor. He likes to hit the thing good and hard, but not so hard nor so wildly well that he can't find it to hit again. When you are hitting a golf ball, or a corporation, it takes more than one stroke to put it in the hole. And President Taft plays every stroke with a keen eye on the stroke that is to follow, as a wise golfer must. He hasn't any wish to bust the ball. He merely wishes to put it where it belongs, as quietly and effectively as possible. That's good golf and good politics, too. Isn't it even good statesmanship?

Now all this is more or less by way of indicating that anybody who wants a line on the future of the present administration would do well to inform himself on the subject of the President's golf. And right here is where that information is going to be conveyed. It's a thing that ought to be absorbingly interesting, both to golfers and to politicians; and if there is anybody neither infantile nor senile who can't get in under one of those two categories, why, he's not entitled to much consideration. Be darned to him, in fact!

Critically considered, the President is far from a duffer at this difficult and fascinating game. He has done the Myopia course in 98, and his worst score for that course is only a few strokes over an even hundred. To the well-informed golfer this means something. Let's see just what it means.

The Myopia is, in many ways, the very deuce of a course. To do it in 103, let us say, is about equal to a 93 at Montclair or any other 5,200- to 5,600-yard course. Probably most professionals, and a large majority of amateurs who know what they are talking about, would call the Myopia course one of the most difficult in America. In quality it is certain that Myopia has only three or four superiors anywhere. Its excellence arises from many qualities. In the first place, it is a very long course—a total of 6,335 yards, 3,015 going out and 3,320 coming in. It is an open country, almost always swept by a fairly stiff breeze from the sea; it's a rolling country, with hills and vales and levels, but everywhere shows a fine, rich turf. There is no such thing as a bad lie on its fairway. Its greens are keen to a razor's edge, but they are "sporty." Few of them are absolutely level. Yet all of them are true, so that bad putting is costly, while accurate putting is possible twenty feet from the pin.

Brains and money have been employed without stint to perfect this course. No two holes are alike. No two shots are alike. Every one is a separate problem, even off the tees. There are 109 traps and bunkers, most of them traps, so placed that every shot must be well judged. Unlike the Essex course, over which the President sometimes plays, you don't necessarily lose your ball if you get off the fairway. You may hit your corporator, ball—as hard as you like and still find it, but you've got to hit it straight if you expect a good lie for your next shot. Perhaps that's why President Taft plays this course so well.

It was on a morning early in last September that I followed the President over the Myopia course. For the moment, the Ballingers had ceased from troubling and the Pinchots were at rest. Nobody had been around that morning to ask for a deputy collectorship at Charleston, South Carolina, or to demand the head of the postmaster at Wappinger's Falls. Dr. Cook had not claimed the Pole nor had Commander Peary been heard from. All nature, in short, smiled. It was a calm and peaceful morning. There was a light sea fog early in the day, but by ten o'clock the sun

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had burned it away, and the remnants of its rear guard were put to flight by the sturdy southwest breeze that came rolling over the hills of Myopia. All things considered, it was about as fine a day for golfing as any President could wish; for the only attendant circumstance at all suggestive of The Job was the presence of a single Secret Service man, who, in another automobile, followed the President and Captain Butt to the course and trudged around the links at a respectful distance in the Presidential wake.

The President had arranged to play a foursome with three Yale classmates—A. L. Ripley, a Boston banker, and Judge John W. Warrington and Howard C. Hollister, of Cincinnati. When the Presidential motor car arrived at the clubhouse, Classmate Ripley was the only Yalensian present. He appeared alone on the veranda.

"Hey, Rip, where's your crowd?" demanded the President.

Rip was blessed if he knew, and said as much, whereupon the pair made ready for a twosome. When the President emerged from the dressing-room, he wore a pair of gray flannel trousers with a wide, dark stripe, a striped shirt with its sleeves rolled down, a green Scotch cap with a small visor, and a pair of heavy dogskin shoes that had high tops and many hobnails in the soles. To this equipment he had added for the day, as a concession to a touch of rheumatism in his right leg, a gray waistcoat, through the top buttonhole of which ran a heavy gold watch chain, whose ends disappeared in a pocket.

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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, EQUIPPED FOR GOLF.

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PLANNING A LONG PUTT.

It may have been sciatica that brought out the waistcoat, as the newspapers said, but the President that had it called it rheumatism. Whatever it was, it didn't stop the game. If it rains, the President adds to this costume a heavy sweater, but it's got to rain great guns to keep him from his golf.

The President is a self-made golfer. He never in his life took a lesson, save in the school of experience. Care and conservatism are stamped all over his game. Every shot is a separate study. First he surveys the ground over which the ball must pass, then he inspects the lie, and finally selects the club best adapted to the shot. His feet are next attended to, for, being a public man, he well understands the importance of the stand one takes, whether in addressing a golf ball or an assemblage of one's fellow-citizens. He takes more than the average time in addressing the ball; his back swing is slow and only fairly long; and the impact of his club upon the ball is commonly sure and powerful. His follow-through is good—as far as it goes—and it would probably be longer if the President were thinner. But, you see, if you are built so that your arms have to dodge about two hundred and—well, anyhow, his style is workmanlike, not polished—like his speeches. Yet, bearing in mind the player's age, it exhibits no consistent faults at which the average good golfer could carpingly cavil.

When Mr. Taft first took up golf, his drive was very short—seldom over 125 yards; but he has now so far improved that he rarely gets off a clean tee shot of less than 175 yards, while his drive occasionally reaches 200. Still, he remains what would generally be called a short driver—short, but straight, for it is seldom indeed that he is called on to play his second from the rough. His approaching is the best feature of his game, for with his mashie it's not at all uncommon for him to lay his ball dead to the hole at anywhere from fifty to a hundred yards. As with many another and better golfer, however, putting is the President's *bête noire*. Now and then he runs down a fifteen- or twenty-foot putt only to miss a two-foot one on the very next green. He putts exactly like a judge—logically, stiffly, rigid from his shoulders to the end of his putter. There's none of the coaxing, cuddling, caressing quality seen in the game of the finest of our putters. No, sir. It's—"Take that from the shoulder, the way I think you ought to get it; and if you don't go in the hole, why, blast you, you can jolly well stay out and be bunkered to you." Putting, in fact, is the only Rooseveltian feature of Mr. Taft's golf.

The President's golf bag contains seven or eight clubs—a driver, a brassie, two mashies—a long and a short one—a midiron, a niblick, and a putter. He drives with a brassie. This is an uncommon club given to him by Taylor, the English professional—forty-eight inches in length and heavy in proportion. Its shaft has only a medium whip, and its face is

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only slightly laid back. Having used this brassie as a driver, he uses his driver, when he uses it at all, as a sort of spoon brassie, for good lies in the rough. The mashies are both pretty well laid back and fairly heavy. The putter is one of those patent aluminum affairs, such as few experts use, with a head shaped much like a miniature rocker. It's the poorest club in the bag and the least effective. Besides these clubs and the rest of the equipment described, the President employs oceans of patience and great lakes of good humor.

Pretty much everybody who ever goes to Myopia has learned that when the President golfs, he desires no interference; and those who haven't learned it before they come are speedily instructed by the club officials after their arrival. Therefore, if there are any spectators when Mr. Taft takes the links, they remain about as far distant as next election day. Now and then some carriage on one of the roads that cross the course will pull up afar in order that its occupants may gaze upon a Presidential swipe; but, with such rare exceptions, the President when golfing is about as nearly in seclusion as at any other time in his life.

There's a Rhode Island seacoast yarn about a negro who went out to fish for eels. On his first strike he pulled in a fine bass. The second strike yielded another, while the third produced still another, larger than either of the other two. Whereupon the colored brother disgustedly threw all three back into the water, angrily remarking: "When ah goes bassin' Ah goes bassin', but when Ah goes eelin' Ah goes eelin'!"

Now when the President goes golfing he goes golfing. He talks little between strokes, and what little he says usually relates to the progress of the game. No, there is no hidden meaning in this. The President's golfing vocabulary contains nothing to which any Unitarian would take exception. Nay, more—it would not offend the Scotchest of Presbyterians.

But let's get on with the game. It's Classmate Ripley's honor (he's a left-hander, by the way) and he gets off a 175-yard drive from the first tee. This hole is dead straight uphill, and a matter of 240 yards. Then it's up to the President. Stooping, as is fairly well known, is not his favorite sport. Consequently, his caddy, a fifteen-year old youth, formerly obscure but now locally famous, and bearing the name of Harold Knowlton, tees up his ball, and you observe that he uses a pretty high tee. A long, slow glance up the fairway, a careful adjustment of the distance, a deliberate drawback—and all of those pounds—well, less than three hundred of them, are applied to that ball. But the follow-through is defective, the swing is a little stiff, and, though the ball flies straight up the hill, it's a short drive, less than 150 yards certainly. But it's over the rough that guards the tee. The midiron is overplayed

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AS WITH MANY ANOTHER GOLFER, PUTTING IS THE PRESIDENT'S *BÊTE NOIRE*.

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a trifle, and the President finds himself in the rough and a little to the left of the green. Approaching is his long suit, however, and he lays his niblick fairly on the green where Classmate Ripley has arrived, also in three. The President just misses a five-foot putt for a four, but Classmate puts his down with ease, though he has a long putt.

"I didn't think you'd do it, Rip," says the President reproachfully, and goes down in five.

There's a glorious prospect of rolling country from the second tee, for you drive straight downhill toward a green 455 yards away. Classmate Ripley tops his drive, but it rolls safely down through the rough and out upon the fairway, while the President watches it and observes: "Well, some people certainly do have the luck!" He himself gets 210 yards, roll and carry, and appears to feel better about it. A good brassie, 175 yards, is added, and, though his third is a bit short, he lays his fourth dead to the hole and is down in five—bogey figures. Still, the skillful Ripley sinks his in one less, holing out a long putt and allowing himself a sly but well-earned smile of triumph behind the Presidential back, which is, it must be admitted, well adapted to the concealment of such an exhibition.

At the third hole—the inevitable "punch-bowl" (every course has one)—both the President and his partner get off straight drives of 175 yards or so, and both are on the 250-yard green in two. But the President's ball lies dead for the hole, and down he goes in a splendid three—one less than the redoubtable bogey. He says nothing, but he smiles the justly popular smile as he jots it down in a little red notebook, which he carries in lieu of a card, in order that he may be able to compare his old scores and so note his progress.

Just here the missing pair arrive, all out of breath, having hustled across country.

"Hello, where've you fellows been?" demands the President.

"Freight train wrecked just ahead of us, Judge," is the plea.

"Well," says the President, "you cut in just after us—or just ahead of us. That's better. I've got a lame leg and I've got to play slowly."

So Messrs. Warrington and Hollister tee up and swipe away. It may be that they are rattled, or perhaps they are out of breath. Yes, call it that. Anyhow, one of them (nothing shall induce me to tell which) swipes valiantly and misses his ball completely.

"Was that a practice swing?" inquires the President with a grin. It appears that it was not.

Well, as soon as the tardy pair get away, the President, whose honor it is for the first time, prepares to drive. Now this fourth hole is the deuce and all. It's a "bend" hole, with some tall weeds at the left. But if you play too far to the right, you are down behind a ridge and "blind" for your second. And suppose you get off a screaming brassie—you walk gleefully up to find it in a trap that guards the green! The President plays it cautiously well until he hits the green. It's a bogey five for a distance of 360 yards, but a bad putt of only a yard gives the President one of those disagreeable sevens.

If the fourth hole is the deuce, the fifth is a horror. It's a regular needle's eye of a hole. It's 410 yards, to begin with, and very narrow. Some low bushes stick out into the fairway at the left, and it's a long drive to clear them. If you play to the right for safety, you've got to play something like billiards to escape the huge, long sand-trap and, however well you play your second, you will probably be too short for a sure approach.

On this occasion the Taft score is a revision upward. This fifth hole is a bogey five, and the President gets another seven. He negotiates the needle's eye fairly well, getting out of the rough on a good third, but his putting distresses his caddy exceedingly. There's a fiend of a driver in a twosome that is following the President, and he has the nerve to lay his brassie on this same green—par golf, no less—extracting a "That was a pretty good second" by way of Presidential praise. Still, some would have said "Bully!!!" Times are changed.

Coming to the sixth, a simpler hole of 270 yards, both the President and Classmate get good drives away—something under 200 yards each; but the President foozles his iron shot, the ball rolling only a few yards and halting just short of an ugly sand-trap.

"Well," says the President philosophically, "that's better than the ditch. That's all that I can say for it."

Things are going a bit wrong in the executive department about now, for, lifting the ball over the trap with his mashie, the President sends it into a deep pit on the far side of the hole.

"Pshaw!" says the President. "Here's

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OFTEN, HIS FELLOW GOLFERS SAY, THE PRESIDENT STANDS AND TALKS TO HIS BALL BEFORE PLAYING.

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a seven instead of a three." And so it is, Classmate getting a fair five.

"What d'you think of these skating-rink greens?" demands the President of the tardy pair just driving from the seventh tee. The tardy pair think they are the limit and go pelting off over "Myopia," a long 405-yard hole, bristling with pitfalls. Here the President makes his first poor drive, a bad top.

"Well," he says, "'twas about time."

But for all that, he gets a six, only one above bogey, making a good recovery and losing the hole to Classmate only by reason of some more of that troublesome putting.

The eighth hole, "Prairie," is one of the longest on the course—485 yards—and the President rallies and gets off a good drive in the face of a strong wind. The fiendish drivers in the rear are now close on the President's heels, and he observes apologetically:

"Hope you don't mind playing slowly."

"We like it," roars the twosome in unison, precisely as if "hail-hailing" a comic-opera king.

"Let you through if you wish," continues the President.

"No, indeed," chants Twosome, "we're all right." Twosome would, in fact, pay large money rather than play through. It isn't every day one gets a chance to follow the President of the United States over a golf course.

"I've got a little rheumatism in my leg," explains the President, "and it helps me to play slowly."

Two good brassies succeed the good drives, but the President's second brassie is in a trap—one of the noble 109—from which he extracts it skillfully with the faithful niblick, going down with the conventional two putts for a six, one over bogey.

The long hole is succeeded by the shortest on the course—140 yards—"Bullrushes." It is about as narrow as a toboggan chute. The President and Classmate attack the problem in opposite ways. The latter drives with a mashie, using full power. The ball shoots far skyward and drops upon the green. The President sticks to his wooden club, gets off a short, straight drive that just singes the top of the tall grass, and comes finally to rest at the edge of the green. Classmate goes down in a bogey three, but the President misses a four-foot putt for a half and has to take a four. After the offending shot, he raises his putter in an attitude of disgust. His face is a study in repression, but he says not a word. This completes the outward journey, the cards reading thus:

The President	5	5	3	7	7	7	6	6	4—50
Mr. Ripley	4	4	4	5	7	5	6	5	3—43

As compared with bogey, the President's card is as follows:

The President	5	5	3	7	7	7	6	6	4—50
Bogey	4	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	3—40

The tenth hole at Myopia is known as "The Alps." It is a round 400 yards and it's a hummer. It's as narrow as Washington Street, Boston, the drive is as blind as a bat and straight uphill, and it has more traps than a lawyer's questions.

But the President selects this hole to show that Bogey isn't so much after all. He drives a clean ball that just clears the hill. Then he takes a long drink at the old iron pump just to one side of the line of play, takes a mashie from his bag, and, using it as a cane, he begins to climb. (He limped steadily from now until the end of the round, but made no complaint.)

"Both in?" asks the President eagerly of his caddy as he reaches the hilltop. The now celebrated caddy grins. "No, sir," says he, "both out."

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" says the President with a grunt of satisfaction. Two straight brassies

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HIS FOLLOW-THROUGH IS GOOD—AS FAR AS IT GOES—AND IT WOULD PROBABLY BE LONGER IF THE PRESIDENT WERE THINNER.

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THE PRESIDENT DRIVING, ON THE CHEVY CHASE LINKS. TRAVIS, THE CHAMPION, IS ON THE LEFT OF THE GROUP OF SPECTATORS, AND VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.

bring Mr. Taft's ball just to the corner of the green, the second barely avoiding an ugly sand-trap. This time the putting is good and, as the President sinks his ball in a bogey five, he gives another deep, long "Ah-h-h-h-h!" of pure content.

"That's fine, isn't it, boy?" he remarks to his caddy, and adds: "Well, well, well, got the old man for once," meaning Classmate, who has got into several kinds of trouble and has to take a seven.

This makes it the President's honor for the first time since the fourth hole. The usual deliberations are made. The President thoughtfully scans the prospect, the big stick rises and falls, and—the ball rolls about thirty yards into the tall grass. There follows a Taft-size groan of anguish.

"Oh-h-h-h! I was just going to knock it a mile!" is the Presidential comment.

The second is like unto the first, and it's not until his third that the big man gets the little ball into the fairway. It's a poor hole all around, and is halved in six, to a bogey four.

The twelfth is a 415-yard affair whose tee is on a hill. The drive is downhill toward a road. With the wind behind him, the President gets off a 225-yard drive that wreathes his face in a grin which lasts until he flubs his brassie—no longer.

"There she goes into the road," he grumbles.

And so she does. And here's a situation to try any golfer's nerve. Not five feet in front is a four-foot bank. The green is still 100

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yards away, so that distance is as vital as accuracy, and there's a nasty gravelly lie to play from. But Mr. Taft is equal to it, and his mashie just skims the top of the bank and lies just off the green. It takes him three more for the hole, though. Cause, punk putting. The President's putting is like an executive order. "The President directs—" and not always with perfect accuracy. But this is one of Classmate's poorest holes, costing him a seven and leaving the President only three down.

The thirteenth, however, sees some good golf on the part of Classmate. The President gets one of his longest drives of the day, a full 200 yards—and laughs aloud; but his brassie!! Well, one must respect the office if not the golfer.

The fourteenth is 350 yards along a narrow ridge. Here the President plays his best golf of the day. A long, straight drive, a brassie of the same description, a well-judged mashie to the corner of the green, and one corking putt of fifteen feet give him a four—one less than bogey. It was good enough golf for a Travers.

The fifteenth is a notable hole. It produces the fancy swearing of the day.

"Oh, fiddle!" remarks the President, with every appearance of sincerity. There's no denying it. There are plenty of witnesses. This shocking outburst is caused by a drive that's a bit topped and looks sure for a sandtrap.

"It got over!" shouted the caddy. It did, but barely.

"Did it?" says the President. "Well, with this wind in your favor, to waste a lot of force like that 's enough to make a preacher swear or—a—a—banker, either." (This being a dig at Classmate, who banks for a living.) Under this gibe Classmate tops a brassie, the ball falling into a trap.

"It's making a great effort to get out," says Bill Taft of Yale. "Evidently not used to such a locality." With that he tops his own brassie, but recovers well with his mashie. Falling short on his first putt, he observes philosophically, "I was a coward." So it takes him a seven to Classmate's six.

"How goes it, golfers?" is his hail as he overtakes the tardy pair. It appears that there is much complaint of Colonel Bogey.

"How far to this green?" asks Judge Warrington.

"It's 265 yards," answers Classmate.

"Well, give me an iron, then," retorts the judge, at which excellent jest the President roars like an amiable bull.

Straight downhill is the sixteenth hole, but the President is getting a little tired, and the last three holes are not among his best. From the sixteenth tee he drives short and finds his ball in a trap, remarking reproachfully to his caddy: "Look at that! I thought I'd got over. Boy, is that the best you can do for me?"

For all that, he makes the green on his second, the long roll carrying it on. But that fatal extra putt gives him a five to bogey four. The missed putt sees the Presidential putter raised in vexation. The Presidential face is contorted with annoyance. But the Presidential lips remain admirably dumb.

The seventeenth is a tough one. The drive is simple, but in the middle of your second are two pits, and to dodge them you have to hug the "out of bounds" with perilous closeness. There are also two pits, one either side of the green, that simply assassinate crooked or "over" approaches. For all that, the President gets into trouble only once and gets away with a six, while Classmate, playing sterling golf, gets a bogey five. The home hole finds the President clearly weary. His drive is short, and his second and third—well, disappointing. On his first putt he over-runs the hole, exclaiming: "Oh-h-h-h, pshaw! Now it'll take me ten to get this." It doesn't, though—only an eight, making the cards for the last nine look like this:

The President	5–6–6–6–4–7–5–6–8—53
Mr. Ripley	7–6–7–5–6–6–5–5–6—53

Total for the 18 holes: The President, 103; Classmate, 96.

The President enters these figures in his red notebook and goes in to luncheon, beaming amiably upon the conquering Classmate. All of which indicates that the President's attitude toward his golf score is much like his stand on the tariff. He desires to revise them both downward, but he'll take what he can get and make no fuss about it.

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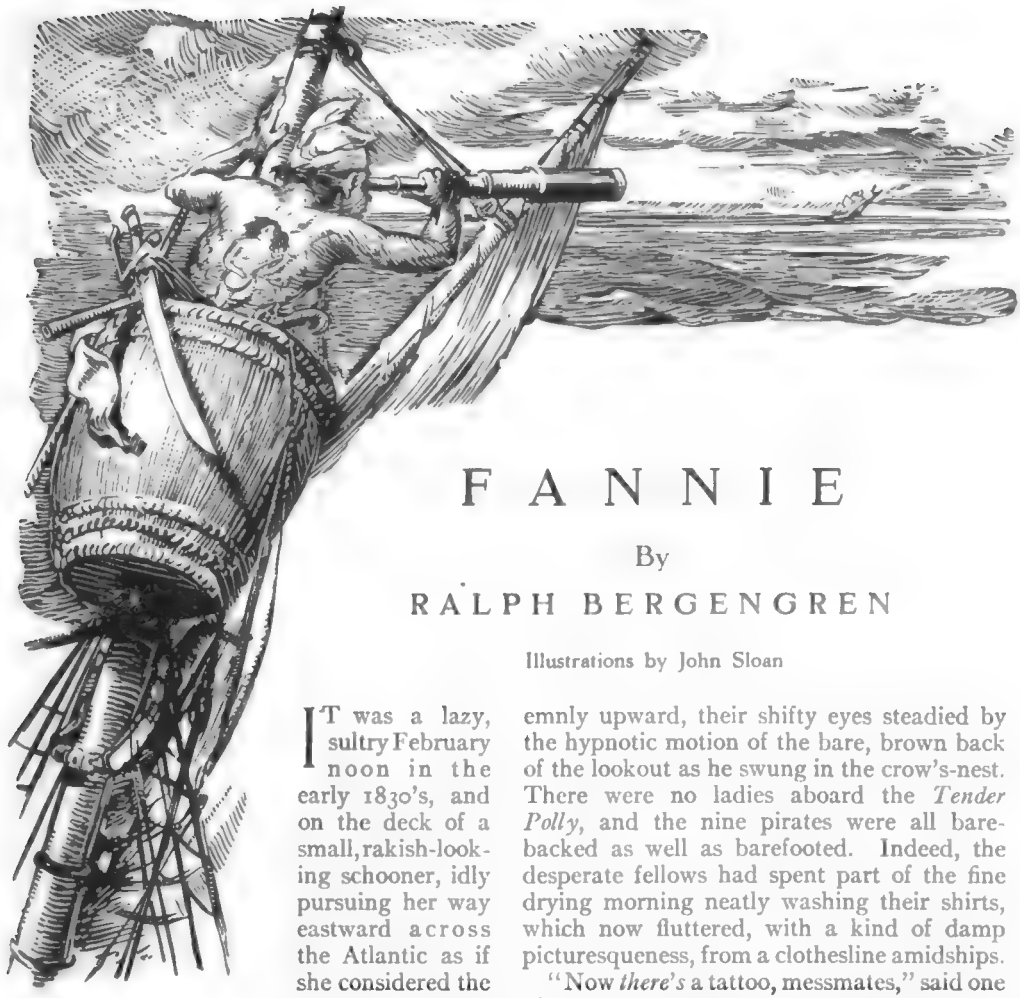

FANNIE

By

RALPH BERGENGREN

Illustrations by John Sloan

IT was a lazy, sultry February noon in the early 1830's, and on the deck of a small, rakish-looking schooner, idly pursuing her way eastward across the Atlantic as if she considered the thirtieth parallel of north latitude an imaginary tight-rope, seven able-bodied pirates sat in a row against the starboard bulwarks. The angle of the deck elevated their seventy bare, brown toes to a somewhat higher level than their evil but contented faces; and as they all smoked long, black cigars, the effect was not unlike that of the same number of God-fearing gentlemen gathered in some congenial parlor with their feet on the mantelpiece.

The wind held steady, and directly above them a great, maternal white cloud floated so low that an imaginative author might have thought it in danger of being spiked on the foremast. Now and then the red-whiskered fellow at the wheel gave her a couple of spokes for the mere frivolous pleasure of unsettling his companions. But for the most part, the seven cheerful pirates gazed solemnly upward, their shifty eyes steadied by the hypnotic motion of the bare, brown back of the lookout as he swung in the crow's-nest. There were no ladies aboard the *Tender Polly*, and the nine pirates were all bare-backed as well as barefooted. Indeed, the desperate fellows had spent part of the fine drying morning neatly washing their shirts, which now fluttered, with a kind of damp picturesqueness, from a clothesline amidships.

"Now *there's* a tattoo, messmates," said one of them presently—a tall, graceful fellow whose long, handsome yellow mustaches now and then tickled his broad chest and made him sneeze delicately; "*there's* a tattoo, say I, as any seaman might be proud to have on him." He jerked his thumb upward toward the man in the crow's-nest. "What I likes about it be th' neat an' gentlemanly idee o' givin' th' Wenus a banjo to play on. That's what I calls originality."

"Mebbe ye do, Yaller Mustaches; an' that's just what ole Apple Jack thought when he paid th' feller to let him have it copied on his own eppy-dermis." The man at the wheel carefully inserted the stem of a short clay pipe into what was presumably a mouth, somewhere under his red whiskers, and accomplished the miracle of lighting it from the stub of his cigar without singeing them. "But what's th' use o' havin' a tattoo mark where

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ye can't see it? Th' small o' a man's back ain't no place for tattoo. Ye can't injie it yerself, for one thing—an' nobody else can't injie it either, except when ye're a-washin' of yer shirt or a-goin' in swimmin'."

"That's what I likes about it, Whisker," said the other. "It's so maiden modest!"

He fell silent, playing absently with his long, yellow mustaches, and just at the right of him a stout, baldheaded pirate partly closed his eyes and squinted up at the lookout's back with an air of critical consideration.

"Must have been even pootier in th' original," he remarked thoughtfully. "Tracin' of a de-sign on iled paper an' then workin' through it with a cuttlefish bone kinder smears th' colors like. What *I'm* goin' to do some day," he added irrelevantly, "is to have hair tattooed on my head. I've thought of it often. Not so much for looks, mind ye, as 'cause some time it might keep me from havin' a sunstroke."

The man at the wheel smoked for perhaps a minute.

"*You* couldn't have no sunstroke, Baldy," he said bluntly. "Sunstroke, as I onderstand it, is like burnin' up th' tobacker in this leetle pipe o' mine. Tain't th' pipe as burns up; it's somethin' inside th' pipe. An' ye can't tattoo hair, anyway. It won't stick."

"Not real hair," explained the baldheaded pirate simply. "A pictur' o' hair, parted on one side mebbe, and kind o' scalloped-like—" and he lost himself in a reverie that readers even slightly bald will immediately appreciate.

Meantime the wicked schooner held her way steadily along the thirtieth parallel, and against the fleecy bosom of the maternal white cloud the tattooed back of the lookout swung peacefully in the crow's-nest. A villainous-looking fellow at the end of the row tried to balance his cigar on the inner circumference of his brass nose-ring; and, having found he could do it, decided that conversation was more interesting.

"Jack's a modest feller, dressed or undressed," he remarked casually. "Allus a-subordinatin' of himself to the part, as he calls it—an' sorter livin' up to a tattoo mark where he can't see it, same's th' parsons tells us we ought to live up to our bloomin' souls. But what's the use, say I, of a soul as ye can't take out, now an' then, an' make sure ye've still got it?"

It was an unexpected question, such as often pops out in general conversation, but the implied argument evidently interested none of his hearers. Nobody answered; and presently a song came floating down from the crow's-nest, and they all cleared their throats and prepared to join in the chorus.

When a pirut is feeloniously scannin'
The horizon for a likely-lookin' craft,
With his wicked brain industriously plannin'
How to drive th' helpless crew with horror daft,
He should keep in mind th' fundymental notion
That he isn't merely out upon a toot,
But to profit both in pocket *and* emotion.
So-o-o-oh!——
It's allus wise to look before ye loot.

It was a pretty melody; on the deck below, fourteen bare heels beat a vigorous accompaniment as the listeners took up the chorus:

You may chase a ship all day,
And when ***she*** is brought to bay,
Find her full o' oats an' hay.
O-o-o-oh!
It's allus wise to look before ye loot.

"Happy as a pipin' skylark, too," said the man they called Baldy. He had come out of his reverie to join in the chorus. "Allus like that is Apple Jack when it's his turn to go aboard th' next vessel we sights an' find out whether she's worth takin'."

"Likes th' excitement of it," explained his yellow-mustached companion carelessly, "to say nothin' o' th' fun he gets dressin' of hisself up like a cussed missionary. He's a cuss for play actin'. Remember how that load o' missionaries looked when they walked th' plank?" he added, with a twinkle of reminiscent enjoyment.

"All in their silly flannel onderwears," said the man with the nose-ring—and they all chuckled together in a hideous kind of harmony. The lookout was again caroling:

There be goodly ships as carry loads o' money,
Or a useful lot o' lickkers an' segars;
Lady passengers as timid as a bunny——

His song stopped abruptly; and his voice, no longer musical, came bellowing down to them in a tone that meant business.

"Sail-ho!" he shouted; and instinctively the seven leaped to their feet, threw their cigars overboard, and started to roll up their sleeves—a foolish movement, for their sleeves all hung drying amidships. A new voice, the voice of authority, spurted through the red whiskers of the burly helmsman.

"All hands to work ship!" he cried gayly, and, as his wretched but able crew sprang to their places, "Where away, Apple Jack?"

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"Due east, Whisker," replied the lookout. "Bearin' about sou'west. Freight an' lady passengers by th' look of her." Limited as he was in space, the delighted rascal executed the first steps of "The Sailor's Hornpipe" and nearly went overboard as the *Tender Polly* altered her course beneath him. A moment later every sail she could carry bellied above her deck, and the seven cigars the pirates had thrown overboard floated together nearly a quarter of a mile behind her.

But Red Whisker, the Pirate, was not yet satisfied. "Brace back th' wash!" he shouted —and the nine shirts amidships also bellied before the wind and added their helpful mite to the speed of the vessel. The *Tender Polly* ripped the Atlantic with the incisive determination of a golden-haired saleslady ripping a yard of cotton.

II

In the cabin of the *Frozen Mary*, laden with ice from Boston to Valparaiso, Captain Nathan Gill sat at checkers with his first mate. It was the only bond that really united them, and the light winds of the past week, now happily exchanged for a lively breeze, had strained it almost to breaking. At least Captain Gill's end of it. Mate Hoskins, had he been of another sex, would doubtless have confessed a willingness to die playing checkers, and, once provided with this innocent recreation, no calm could unsettle him. Captain Nathan was different. Tough as a knot, and carrying his seventy years with the strength and agility of a youth of forty, he still retained the hasty disposition that at fourteen had led him to whip his father simply because he got tired of being whipped by him.

"Seventy year old, Mr. Hoskins," the captain was saying, and he glowered from under bushy eyebrows at his glass of grog before taking a moody sip from it, "and I give you my word as an honest seaman that I feel as if I'd spent sixty of 'em right here in this cabin playing checkers with you. I'm a patient man, Mr. Hoskins, and I'll soon be an old one. But God bless my soul, sir! if before I lose my faculties I wouldn't like to do something just a shade more exciting!"

"*More* exciting?" said the mate doubtfully. The captain glared at him, but his subordinate was evidently perfectly serious.

"What I mean, Mr. Hoskins," he continued, with a savage kind of mildness, "is something, as I might say, a bit more pheesical. I don't say that it isn't a distinguished duty to carry this first and epoch-making cargo of ice —which is going to melt before we make Valparaiso, sir, or I'm no prophet—to the teeming population of South America, cursed as they are, sir, with hell for a climate and no ice of their own making. But as for excitement, sir, this voyage reminds me of eating a cold doughnut on a full stomach. And what is there exciting about *that?*—I ask you.

"What, indeed?" said Mr. Hoskins politely. "It's your move, Captain." And the captain advanced a checker with the determined enjoyment of a condemned murderer eating his last hot biscuit.

"When I was younger," he went on, half to himself, "and afore I'd worked up to second officer, we got rid of a lot of time in the fo'-castle tattooing each other. Talk about your pictures on canvas, Mr. Hoskins; I don't say they ain't smart; but it must be dull work painting 'em to anybody who has ever worked on a living being. That's art! My own designs," he added modestly, "were all what you might call thoughtful and original. The best I ever did was a little thing I tattooed on Fannie."

"Fannie!" exclaimed Mr. Hoskins. The pretty feminine name evidently both shocked and interested him.

"Fannie Gill, sir," said the captain brusquely.

"Wife, sir?" asked the mate cautiously.

"Brother, sir," roared the captain. "Francis W.! Gone! Vanished! Swallowed up! Thirty years ago!" He reached out a big hand to his glass of grog and raised it to his lips thirstily. A moment later it, too, was swallowed up, and the captain seemed to feel better. "The greatest shock I ever experienced, sir," he explained more calmly. "We called him Fannie to tease him, and the little chap ran away and was never heard of afterward." He advanced a checker and they made several moves in silence.

"That tattoo mark, sir," continued Captain Gill presently, "was a Venus sitting on a rock, playing a banjo. Not exactly the proper design for a young lad like Fannie. But I put it in the small of his back where he couldn't see it." The old man thought a moment and then regarded his mate with an air of suddenly awakened interest. "*You* ever been tattooed, Mr. Hoskins?"

The mate turned pale under his sea tan, and then blushed vividly. He saw the cap-

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tain's meaning, and consternation drove him to a tremendous fabrication.

"M-m-me?" he stammered. "Oh, yes. Thoroughly! Not on my hands and face, of course; but otherwise I'm tattooed all over. It's your move, Captain."

"How many marks?" asked the captain cheerfully, making no motion to renew his checkers.

"Marks?" said the mate doubtfully. "Deportment when I went to school?"

"D—— deportment when you went to school! Tattoo."

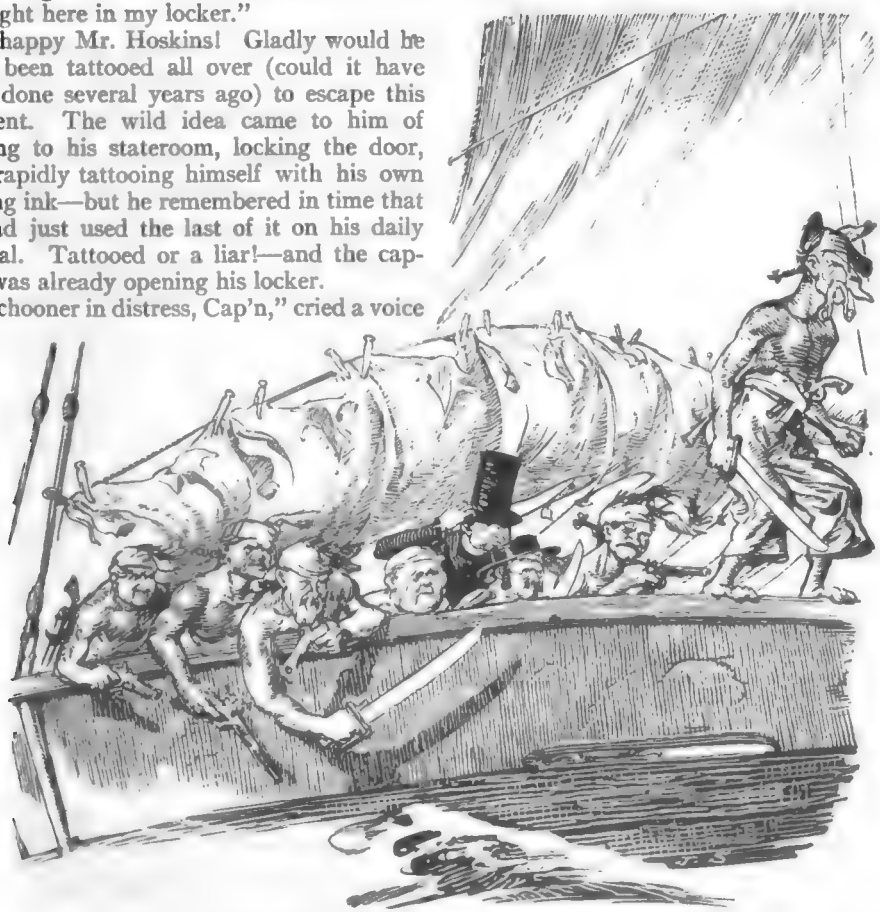
"Oh, t-t-tattoo." Mr. Hoskins attempted an air of nonchalance, but he got up hastily. "I never counted 'em. There's too many."

"We'll count 'em now, sir," cried the captain, and slapped his knee heartily. "'Twill help pass a long afternoon, Mr. Hoskins, and if so happen that we find a vacant inch or two, I've got the old cuttlefish bone and some ink right here in my locker."

Unhappy Mr. Hoskins! Gladly would he have been tattooed all over (could it have been done several years ago) to escape this moment. The wild idea came to him of rushing to his stateroom, locking the door, and rapidly tattooing himself with his own writing ink—but he remembered in time that he had just used the last of it on his daily journal. Tattooed or a liar!—and the captain was already opening his locker.

"Schooner in distress, Cap'n," cried a voice down the companionway, "overhaulin' us off th' stabbord quarter." It turned the captain from the locker and set him climbing the companion ladder with the mate behind him.

She was a small, rakish-looking schooner, her deck empty except for a solitary figure at the wheel, and her signals of distress fluttering almost gayly as she raced toward them. But even had this helmsman been one of a large company, he would have attracted the attention of any thoughtful observer. Seen through the glass, he was a husky, broad-shouldered fellow tightly buttoned up in a long, black frock coat many sizes too small for him. Above this coat his tanned, weather-beaten, mildly humorous face, to which a touch of russet had perhaps been added by the tightness of his white choker, was round, smooth, and shining, with a long, white scar that gave him, at this distance, somewhat the look of a cheerful but determined baked apple



THE NINE SHIRTS AMIDSHIPS ALSO BELLIED BEFORE THE WIND AND ADDED THEIR HELPFUL MITE TO THE SPEED OF THE VESSEL.

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recently converted at a religious revival. Dressed like a missionary, thought the captain, and an uncommonly edible one to look at; but his tall, black hat was worn at an angle too gallant for even the most light-hearted of that self-immolating profession—and the skill with which he handled the vessel smacked to Captain Nathan of a lifelong training.

Meantime the *Frozen Mary* lay to and waited, pitching and tossing, and the distressed schooner drew steadily nearer until she, too, came up into the wind at a little distance. A couple of seamen came on deck to assist the helmsman. They moved slowly, as if just recovering from a long illness, but between them they managed to get a small boat overboard, and the man in the tall hat was soon pulling lustily toward the bark. In perhaps ten minutes he was standing on the deck of the *Mary*. Seen thus near at hand, he might still have given an imaginative observer the same epicurean impression as at a distance, for his nose was negligible and his beady black eyes were not unlike a couple of cloves artfully added to improve his flavor.

"Glad to see you looking so hearty, sir," said Captain Gill. Suspicion was in his heart and his hand in his pocket. Now the hand came out with a fat, honest-appearing plug of tobacco, and as the captain bit slowly and luxuriously into it, he closely watched his visitor's expression. Quickly as the reverend gentleman rolled his beady eyes heavenward, Captain Nathan caught the longing glance they had cast at his plug of tobacco; he made a hospitable motion with it that was equivalent to an invitation.

"Filthy weed!" said the other solemnly. "Filthy, filthy weed! If th' Lord had wanted th' Reverend Simon V. Jones to chew, he'd a-given him a cud like a cow to chew on. But I ain't saying," he added quickly, "as he mightn't like me to try a leetle o' it just so's to know what I'm a-talkin' of when I warns th' heathen." He accepted the plug, took a generous experimental bite, and spat skillfully to leeward. "And what I needs *now*," he added contentedly, "is a little expert opinion in a matter o' sickness."

"Better lie down," said the captain.

The Reverend Simon chuckled as if the remark struck him as extraordinarily funny.

"Not yer humble," he replied easily. "Good tobacco never hurt nobody yet as were chewin' in th' Lord's service. It's them poor fellers on th' *Mary J. Smith*, Cap'n"—and he waved his tall hat with an inclusive gesture toward the distressed schooner.

"Sick?" asked the captain.

"Surprisin'. Heathen, sir, especially infant heathen, I knows what to do with, them bein' my spechulty, in a way o' speakin'. But seafarin' men ain't only half heathen; an' what's struck th' cap'n, mate, crew, an' passengers o' that cussed vessel is a sight more than this child o' grace can put his finger on to. Everybody sick but th' pore missionary. And here be I," he added craftily, "holdin' up a vessel as very likely has a vallyble cargo below hatches an'——"

Captain Nathan grunted; he had expected some such question.

"*Very*, Mr. Jones," he replied dryly.

The Reverend Simon looked at once relieved and delighted, but he immediately concealed his feelings under an air of humble entreaty.

"It won't take ye but a few minutes, Cap'n," he went on anxiously, "an' all I axes of ye is to come aboard with me an' look 'em over."

Captain Gill nodded and turned to his mate. "Mr. Hoskins," he said sharply, "overhaul the cabin for a little book entitled 'The One Thousand and One Symptoms, or Every Sea Captain His Own Doctor.' I'll take it with me. And afore you go, have a couple of the men throw off the cargo hatch. Maybe this gentleman would like to take a peek at the cargo."

Gayly and gladly the Reverend Simon followed the kind-hearted captain toward the cargo hatch, and each smiled as he went, although for quite different reasons. The hatch had been opened when they got there. Fifteen feet or more below deck level the surface of the ice glittered where the sun struck it, and then faded away into mysterious shadows. It had been packed carelessly, and a ridge of ice ran along the center of the vessel, over which little hillocks of sawdust chased each other as the bark pitched and tossed. In those days there could hardly have been a more surprising cargo for any visitor to examine; but the Reverend Simon, hardly able to believe his eyes, bent nearly double in his effort to detect something more interesting.

"Ice!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Just ice! Nothin' but ice! An' what's it good for, anyway?" If he has before been likened to an apple, there was that in his tone which suggested he had become a sour one.

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"To keep pirates on!" roared the captain—and spanked his visitor. Forward and over toward the ice went the hypocritical pirate, and with such acrobatic vehemence that he nearly turned a complete somersault. He turned so far, indeed, that his strong hand, seeking frantically for any available support, caught the very ankle of his unexpected assailant. For a single instant Captain Gill stood on one leg, the other stiffly extended, with the Reverend Simon dangling from its farthest extremity. Then the firm leg tottered. Ankle in hand they disappeared together, and as they hit the ice a delicate wooden cloud of sawdust almost concealed their splendid figures from the faces already peering anxiously after them. The shock loosened the pirate's hold; the ridge of ice separated them; and they slid rapidly and unwillingly apart, the one to port and the other to starboard. Each brought up sitting and glared wildly about in search of the other.

III

THE sawdust settled; and from the edge of the hatch hung what appeared to be a number of bodiless heads, upside down and moving excitedly as the mate and crew leaned over to see what had become of their impetuous captain. Soon the deck of the *Frozen Mary* looked as empty as that of the distressed schooner, except that the cargo hatch seemed to be surrounded by headless bodies. Above this grewsome spectacle the sails swung idly.

Even the hold was silent. Supreme anger is fortunately inarticulate. Seated as they were to port and starboard, the captain and the Reverend Simon shook their fists at each other and looked exactly like a couple of deaf mutes, pitifully anxious to communicate but unable to calm themselves sufficiently to remember their graceful deaf-and-dumb alphabet. Could a glance have killed, the captain's eye would have annihilated the pirate; and the pirate met it with just such a grimace as a brave baked apple might bestow on the cook who proposed to warm him over for supper.

Then a wave struck the *Frozen Mary*, and she ducked so merrily to port and bobbed so cheerily back to starboard that each lost his mooring and coasted gayly—such, at least, was the absurd effect of their easy postures—up over the summit of the ridge of ice and down the other side of it. There was nothing to be gained by this change of position. They both knew it, but love, hate, and the force of gravity are equally irresistible. Then they recovered their tongues, and the long, smooth dashes that they left in the sawdust needed only exclamation points to represent what they found to say to each other. Around the hatch the row of apparently bodiless heads exchanged glances of involuntary horror. Hardened as they were, they half expected to find that Captain Nathan and the Reverend Simon had vanished in an odor of brimstone.

But they were still there, and soon only their frantic efforts to slide into and kill each other kept the spectacle from becoming monotonous. Now you saw them, and now you didn't. The hold performed variously, and as minute slid relentlessly after minute without catching it, so the captain slid relentlessly after the pirate, and the pirate after the captain. Then the Reverend Simon, muttering vindictively to himself, managed to grasp a horizontal stringer between thumb and fingers and got unsteadily on his feet. Across the hold Captain Nathan grimly imitated him. Alternately the motion of the vessel waved them horizontally from their stringers; and if they had previously shaken their fists at each other, they now shook their feet with equal bitterness. And the hatch realized that each was waiting for just the angle that would coast him straight at his adversary.

Presently the *Frozen Mary* rolled steadily and slowly to starboard, and the Reverend Simon launched himself savagely from his support, landed with a vindictive spank in the old, easy, informal attitude, and slid toward the captain. Straight he came as a seated arrow, his feet together and his mouth open. He topped the ridge, and Captain Nathan, also muttering vindictively, let go his stringer and prepared to receive him.

Again the *Frozen Mary* pitched lazily forward and then rolled idly back to port. The Reverend Simon bumped solemnly just athwart the beam on the starboard side, coasted back almost to the summit of the ridge, and then settled, with another solemn bump, at exactly the spot for which he had started. But the same careless gyration had sent the captain spinning up and over the ridge and whacked him soundly against the opposite timbers. On the ridge between them the tall, black hat of the missionary poised like some bird of evil omen and then scuttled coquettishly toward the bareheaded captain.

In calmer moments Captain Gill had been heard to say that he never felt quite himself

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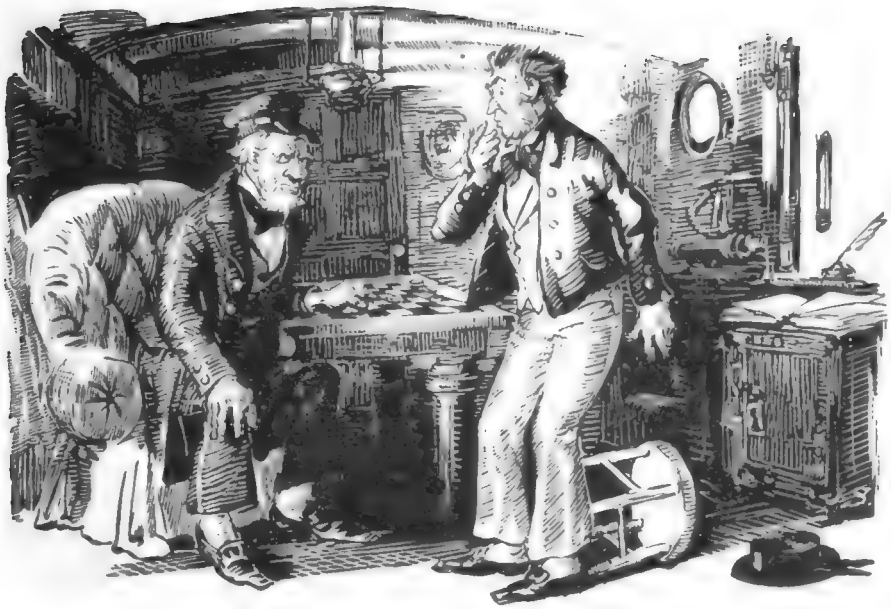

"WE'LL COUNT 'EM NOW, SIR," CRIED THE CAPTAIN.

without his cap. He reached out instinctively, gathered in the tall hat, and settled it firmly over his own cranium. The hatch giggled. But the Reverend Simon evidently took the simple act as an additional insult.

"You take off my hat, Mr. Man," he bellowed indignantly—and trimmed the bellow all round the edges with words so fortunately unintelligible to gentle readers that it would be worse than foolish to repeat them.

"I've stud a lot from ye already," he added threateningly, "but when it comes to *you* wearin' of my hat——"

But now that he had something on his head, Captain Gill's mind worked more clearly. Often in youth had he coasted downhill in the manner graphically described as "belly bump." He had never tried it without a sled—but the thing might be possible!

Spurred by a new hope, the undaunted old man set himself to make it a reality. He scraped away at the ice with the toe of his shoe until he had made a niche deep enough to afford a secure anchorage. He worked and waved alternately. But the hole was at last finished. He hooked his toes into it and cautiously extended himself on the ice toward the Reverend Simon. His broad, flat hands held him with a precarious steadiness, and his knees were bent like a frog's to supply additional momentum. The Reverend Simon, unable to see him over the ridge, wondered uneasily what had become of him. They were exactly opposite; but gyration followed gyration in uncomfortable silence before the determined captain felt the vessel coming up under him at a true right angle.

"Here's your hat, you sheep in wolf's clothing!" he shouted, with such bitter sarcasm that it was only some weeks afterward that he realized how he had twisted the quotation. His bent legs straightened with a snap—and an instant later the Reverend Simon beheld the remarkable spectacle of his own tall hat crossing the ridge as if shot from a cannon. It was coming straight at him, and the captain behind it.

But even as he crossed the ridge Captain Gill realized, with a sickening sense of disappointment, that it is one thing to belly-bump on a sled and quite another to accomplish the same graceful flight unsupported. You simply can't steer yourself in that position—and that was the trouble with it. Already he knew not whither he was going; his toes drummed foolishly and indignantly on the ice in the useless effort to control his direction; as seen from the hatch he had the irresponsible appearance of a man trying to run upstairs in the opposite direction. It was all over quicker than pen can tell it; and it was as much as ever that he managed to right himself and

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grab a stringer before the next gyration carried him off to starboard.

But he managed to grasp it—and there was the Reverend Simon V. Jones waving from the same stringer not more than twenty feet away from him.

EACH COASTED GAILY—UP OVER THE SUMMIT OF THE RIDGE OF ICE AND DOWN THE OTHER SIDE.

"I've got ye now, ye —— —— —— * * * —— * —— ! ! ! ! ! ! ! —— —— * * * * * —— * ye, ye —— * * * —— —— —— * * * * * * * * —— —— ! ! ! ! ! ! ! —————— —————— ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !" they exclaimed together. And, moved by a single impulse, hand over hand each began cautiously approaching the other.

Meantime Mr. Hoskins had withdrawn his anxious, thoughtful face from the hatch. Brought up in an atmosphere of checkers, the undisguised and almost inhuman ferocity of the scene on the ice had nearly unmanned him. He needed air, and to change the current of his thoughts he sat down on the quarter-deck and turned his eyes toward the distressed schooner—but he was up again instantly and gazing despairingly toward every other point of the compass. The distressed schooner was no longer deserted. Her signals of distress had given place to an ominous black banner; and seven or eight sturdy rascals, armed to the teeth, were busily lowering her quarter boat.

Save for the two vessels no sail was visible. The captain, he knew, was too busy to be interrupted—and already the desperate wretches were pulling lustily away from their own vessel. The very horror of the situation lent a vibrant authority to Mate Hoskins's voice that brought the crew of the *Mary* reluctantly from the hatch and sent them to quarters. He put the wheel over; there was a rattle of blocks and a flapping of canvas; and the *Frozen Mary* settled on an even keel and leaped away with the wind fair behind her.

Down in the hold the sudden steadying of the cargo was so unexpected that it wrenched both combatants from their stringer and sent them spinning like a couple of disgusted tops toward the center of the vessel. They forgot each other. But around the neck of the Reverend Simon his long, black garment, split up the back as it was, spread itself like a wide collar; the somber tail brushed the captain's wildly extended fingers—and he involuntarily grasped it just as his own feet went out from under him. Again the ridge of ice separated them. But now the hold was steady, and in his strong right hand Captain Nathan Gill held one end of a black frock coat and knew that the Reverend Simon V. Jones was securely fastened to the other end of it.

Hand over hand he pulled himself toward

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the icy summit, and each pull lifted the pirate a little nearer on the other side. Drawn tightly over the wretched fellow's head, the frock coat of the missionary held his negligible but suffering nose close to the hard, cold ice, and dragged him on it nearer and nearer a painful and fatal experience. He was at the captain's mercy—and involuntarily a little prayer shivered against the ice even while the crafty scoundrel sought desperately for some means of helping himself. And now Captain Nathan Gill peered over the summit. All he could see of his enemy was a broad, muscular back—*and directly in the small of it a tattooed Venus sat on a rock and played contentedly upon a banjo.* Little she cared for either the conventions of society or the outcome of this desperate struggle. Upside down as she was, she smiled at the captain, and the captain, all his anger vanished, smiled back at the Venus in delighted recognition.

"Fannie!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "Fannie Gill, as I'm a seaman!"

A muffled voice came from under the coat. "Who's a-callin' of me girl's names?" it demanded tartly. "Who's a callin'——"? One free hand waved desperately. The captain caught it and released his hold on the confining garment. Across the ridge of ice two faces gazed at each other, the one delighted and the other indignant.

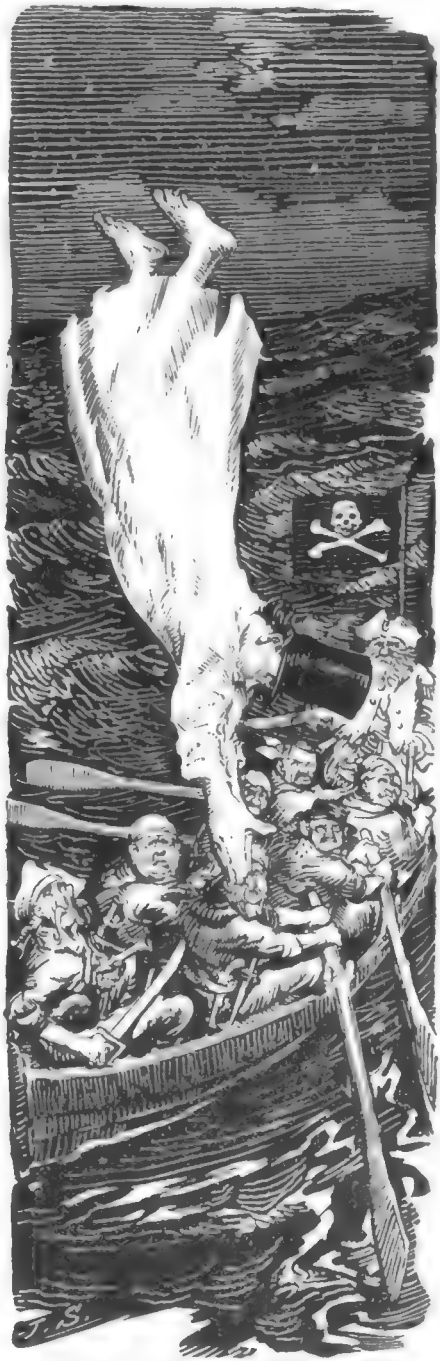
"Just the way you always used to take it when we called you Fannie," said the captain with a satisfied chuckle. "Who'd be calling you Fannie but your affectionate old brother Nathan?"

The pirate hesitated, stared, and wondered. Gladly would he have resumed the combat; but now that the hold was steady, he realized the likelihood of immediate reënforcement for his redoubtable adversary. It was better to temporize.

"*You* Nathan?" he echoed doubtfully. And then, with a sudden grin of comprehension: "Why, o' course you're Nathan. An' I'm glad to see ye. But it's a long time since anybody called me Fannie."

IV

THE moon, like a methodical washerwoman, was calmly bathing the cabin of the *Frozen Mary* when Apple Jack, the Pirate, sat up in the captain's berth and gazed sleepily round him. On the cabin table the mellow radiance touched with silver the tops of an empty arnica bottle, two partly filled rum bottles, and a couple of glasses; frosted the crown of a tall, black hat beside them; and



THERE WAS A LONG, WHITE FLASH IN THE MOONLIGHT.

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revealed to the wondering pirate, now sitting on the edge of the berth, the long, white garment that clothed his stalwart figure.

And no wonder he wondered! For perhaps a minute the dishonest fellow curiously examined his familiar brown toes peeking coquettishly out from under the hem of this unfamiliar raiment. Then he remembered. Theoretically, he was not Apple Jack at all, but little Fannie Gill, the long-lost brother of Captain Nathan. They had met on the ice; comforted each other with arnica; and dined together in a fine state of brotherly enthusiasm. And the way he had managed to steer his fictitious identity through that brotherly dinner filled the reminiscent pirate with gentle and childlike admiration of his own cleverness. There had been just one way to do it. He had talked shop incessantly, and revealed himself convincingly to Captain Nathan as a reluctant pirate only too willing to quit the business and turn an honest seaman like his big brother. Then the captain's mind had wandered insistently to family anecdotes, and the resourceful rascal had promptly borrowed a nightgown and popped into bed to escape further conversation.

But actually to go sound asleep!—that had been the furthest thing possible from the tired fellow's intention. Escape was too immediately necessary: he must be off and away again in his little boat while the *Tender Polly* was still near enough to pick him up. Awake and rested, Apple Jack chuckled admiringly as he recalled what Captain Nathan had said to Mate Hoskins when he found that the *Frozen Mary* had changed her course and was visibly running away from the other vessel. Excited by his recovery of his little Fannie, Captain Gill had discovered this change of direction only when the *Tender Polly* was already hull down on the horizon. Then he had expressed himself to Mr. Hoskins, put the *Mary* back on her regular course, and smiled contentedly as he saw that the pirate craft was again overhauling her. He was sixteen kinds of a peace lover, he explained to Hoskins, but he sincerely hoped to be painfully and eternally uncomfortable if he proposed to go out of his way for anybody.

Apple Jack got up quickly. His white-clad figure gleamed like a fairy in the moonlight as he climbed the companion ladder and peered cautiously out on deck The ship's bell struck musically, and he knew that he had been asleep fully two hours. Hardly had it ceased striking when a gun boomed to windward; and a sullen splash in the water to port told him that a cannon ball had crossed the bow of the *Mary*. The *Tender Polly* had overtaken her quarry; and the canvas of the bark rattled as she came up into the wind and struck her colors in token of surrender. But to Apple Jack, the pirate, indignantly peering from the companionway, this was an act of rankest hypocrisy; excusable perhaps in pirates, but hardly to be sufficiently condemned in persons who made a pretense of the commonest honesty.

Surrendered she might be to all outward appearance, but behind his bulwarks Captain Nathan was already prepared for desperate action. Her deck was cleared like that of a man-o'-war. Hidden from external view by a pile of innocent-looking provision casks, a couple of long guns swept her almost from stem to stern, and could be directed with deadly effect toward any point where the unsuspecting pirates might elect to board the vessel. Behind the bulwarks crouched the crew of the *Mary*, armed to their gritting teeth, and joyously awaiting the orders of their redoubtable captain to leap like tigers to the destruction of any innocent pirate whom the cruel guns might have left unfinished. As for Captain Nathan, the dauntless old seaman stood with folded arms in the shadow of the main sail, and anybody with half an eye could have seen that, although he had had one good fight that day, he could hardly wait for another.

> You may chase a ship all day,
> And when *she* is brought to bay,
> Find her full o' oats and hay.

Apple Jack heard this fierce and happy chorus coming nearer and nearer. These were his chosen messmates and jolly companions—and they were coming to rescue him, all unconscious of the cruel trap about to be sprung on them. Heartless wretch that one might sometimes have thought him, a dry sob rose in the pirate's throat as he thought of the many unspeakable but happy times they had all had together. The wild expedient occurred to him of making a brotherly appeal to Captain Nathan. But his calmer judgment, what there was left of it, told him that he had not only criticized his companions too freely at dinner, but had also laid too much stress on his own distaste for pirates and piracy, to make the appeal anything but unconvincing.

"All hands to stabbord!" said the captain in a low, harsh voice; and as several dark figures crept across the deck, Apple Jack knew

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that his unsuspecting companions were approaching on that quarter. Louder and louder swelled the chorus; and now he heard also the rhythmic thump of oars against thole-pins.

Then he knew that he must produce something more practical than a dry sob in the throat. The port side of the *Mary* was now altogether deserted; a couple of dark shadows moved ominously behind the guns; the attention of the entire ship was focused to starboard.

Hardly knowing what he did, or why he did it, the distressed Apple Jack bounded back into the cabin, took a long drink from the nearest bottle, put on his tall hat, tucked up the captain's nightgown, scrambled up the ladder, and dodged quickly to the port side of the vessel. Nobody saw him. He leaped desperately at the rigging and went aloft as fast as legs, arms, and an anxious heart could carry him. Soon he reached the topsail yard and clambered nimbly out on it until he overhung the starboard side of the *Mary*. Hardly twenty lengths from the bark, the long boat of the pirates leaped from wave to wave as seven lusty pairs of arms pulled at the oars and seven lustful pairs of eyes glared over their owners' shoulders at their expected victim. Directly below him the crew of the *Mary* crouched against the bulwarks, and the moonlight glinted on their tremulous weapons. It was an awful moment, tense with more kinds of emotion than there is time to pause and enumerate.

"He-e-y!" cried the pirate. "H-e-e-e-e-e-e-ey, Whisker!"

It had a mournful sound, coming apparently from the cloudless sky and beseechingly elongated as the *Mary* rolled slowly from port to starboard.

"Whis-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-sker!" he repeated. "H-e-e-e-e-e-ey!"

The pirates heard it—and so did Captain Nathan. The boat ceased moving, and the waves raced under it; the captain stepped indignantly from his place of concealment; the crouching seamen turned their eyes upward. At the extreme end of the topsail yard sat a man in a nightgown, and the moonlight gave him a weird and terrifying ghostliness. Now they saw more clearly what he was doing. He was waving his tall hat frantically at the boat load of pirates.

"Fannie!" cried the captain bitterly. "You, Fannie—come down off that topsail yard."

But the unresponsive Fannie had again put on his hat. Now he stood erect, his single garment waving about him, and his toes curling around the yard to help keep him steady.

"I'm a-comin'," he shouted, but not to Captain Nathan—and as the *Frozen Mary* again listed to starboard, there was a long, white flash in the moonlight as he shot headforemost toward the cool, distant water. Phosphorescent bubbles followed the tail of the captain's nightgown as it went down, down, down, and yet farther down until it vanished in the dark, unfathomable ocean like the tail of a comet. All the waters of the sea closed over it. And then, pop! exactly like a cork out of a champagne bottle, Apple Jack, the Pirate, still wearing his tall hat, shot up from the ocean. Up he came directly beside the long boat. Red Whisker caught him around the waist and pulled him in with them, dripping and breathless.

"Sheer off!" Apple Jack gasped chokingly. "Put about! Th' cussed hypocrite ain't surrendered—not by a jugful." Even as he spoke, a rattle of muskets confirmed his statement, and several bullets splashed great drops of water on the sturdy oarsmen. But Red Whisker was not the pirate to relinquish any prize that was worth a battle.

"What's th' cargo, Apple Jack?" he asked laconically, with his big hand on the tiller.

"Ice!" sputtered the other bitterly. "Nothin' but ice! I've been all over it m'self, an' that's all there is in her." It was an amazing statement, but he spoke with such conviction that the pirate boat swung round instantly toward their own vessel. From the *Mary* the firing had ceased abruptly, and Captain Nathan appeared anxiously at the bulwarks.

"Fannie!" he shouted earnestly, "Fannie!"

As he spoke, a tall figure in white rose in the stern of the pirate boat, now drawing rapidly away from the bark. It waved its hat to the captain, and its voice reached him from a distance.

"I ain't no Fannie," it replied with evident satisfaction. "I got that tattoo off'n a feller in Singapore."

The last words were almost inaudible, but the captain heard them. Longingly and ferociously he gazed at the *Tender Polly* until her graceful lines silhouetted themselves against the moon path as she beat to windward. Then he turned to the mate.

"Don't you ever talk to me any more, Mr. Hoskins, about tattoo," he said, with a dangerous kind of gravity. "It's a vain and silly practice, and that's the truth about it."

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THE GOLD BRICK AND THE GOLD MINE

Fake Mining Schemes that Steal the People's Savings

By EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "54-40 or Fight," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is time vigorous efforts were made to stop the cruel frauds perpetrated in the name of one of the world's greatest industries. Mining is a legitimate and honorable enterprise. It contributes immensely to the national wealth. It has been the source of some of our great fortunes. Because there is something magical in the suggestion of gold or coal or copper taken out of the ground, sharpers have made mining an instrument of successful deception. They have tricked people into investing their savings in worthless or even non-existent mines. Perhaps you who read this have bitten at an advertisement in a reputable publication, which pretended to place the wealth of some western El Dorado at your feet for a few hundred dollars. Doubtless your money has disappeared. It is for the purpose of giving you the protection of a knowledge both of legitimate mining and of the ways of thieves that this article is published.

AMERICA is the land of the free and the country of opportunity for all. Incidentally, it is free hunting-ground for sharpers, and a land of opportunity for the unscrupulous. No such chances for fraudulent business exist anywhere else in the world. Americans are the richest people on earth, and the most easily parted from their money. Those whose sole ambition is to get rich quick very frequently help some other man to get rich quick. Society owes no debt to either of these. It is obliged to support them both. This is wrong both as a moral and as an industrial proposition. Once, a dollar was spent to mine a dollar. To-day two are spent: One dollar goes into blasting powder, the other into advertising and office furniture.

No doubt you have heard the age-old legend of the Mother Vein of Gold, which appears and vanishes, now and again, in this corner of the world. Superstition regarding this great original vein of gold is found wherever men seek the precious metal. The feverish Spaniards called this phantom lode the Madre d'Oro, or "Mother of Gold." Now it is located in Mexico, now in India or Peru, California or Australia. Tradition says that Montezuma got his gold from this great vein, which lay in a secret valley whose whereabouts was jealously guarded by three priests of the war tribe, sole possessors of the knowledge. Any intruder who by chance or design looked down into this valley was smitten absolutely blind. Tradition among the successors of the Aztecs says that when Montezuma passed, the Madre d'Oro sank back again into the earth, and has been seen no more. Men still follow the phantom vein. Those who see it, even in their dreams, still are smitten blind.

Gold! There is no other word that means quite so much. We want gold; indeed, we must have it. Malleable, divisible, indestructible, rare, it is the indispensable medium of exchange. It is our chosen unit of power and success, the measure of civilization and human attainment. Hence it has always been the object of human desire. The Golden Fleece very probably was the sheepskin bottom of an old-time sluice-box, in a day when they used wool, instead of blankets, below the rocker troughs. In the vast ruined civilization of Southeast Africa unknown men once mined probably $400,000,000 worth of gold. There are mines profitably operated in Greece to-day which the Phœnicians opened 1,200 B. C. Sixteen hundred years later the Romans owned all the mines in Europe. Hannibal once paid his warriors in gold coin of Carthage. Egypt was settled by the Semitic races 2,500 B. C., because of the gold that was found there. A thousand years later Job

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knew about gold, and five hundred years later still, King Solomon showed what an abundance of wives and what a reputation for wisdom a man can get when he has unlimited gold mines back of him. Columbus found America when he was searching for the wealth of Ormus and of Ind. Cortez and Pizarro toiled and slew in the hope of finding the Madre d'Oro. The great discoveries of the world have been made by men in search of gold. The great voyages of exploration were in part piratical voyages made in search of gold already found and mined by others.

HONEST MINING IN HANNIBAL'S TIME

But there is to be said about gold mining ways of the old time, that Tyre sought gold with actual ships, with actual men and mining implements. The peninsula of Sinai did not sell stock, but mined actual gold. Gold in those days meant actual risk and courage. Perhaps even then fraudulent promoters weren't unknown; but he who ventured, in the days of Vespasian or Hannibal or Hiram, too prominently to gild the gold brick certainly lost his head. The mining of gold was then a sober and serious and honest matter.

In America we place the gold brick ahead of the gold mine. We mix alloy of duplicity and greed with the virgin metal of our standard of value. By improved mining methods we nearly double our output of gold, and so cheapen it by well-nigh a half. This shrunken gold dollar is small enough; but that is not all. We adulterate and divide it by, say, another half when we falsely double its cost. This we certainly do when we issue counterfeit promises as against good coin; for in civilization and commerce always the genuine coinage has to pay the cost of the counterfeit. Your tailor charges you a stiff price for your suit of clothes. That covers the clothes of the dead beats who did not pay. To allow the sale of a fraudulent mining stock is to depreciate the basis of this country's values. Such a wrong ought not to be allowed in a country claiming an enlightened government.

It is the thief who is protected in America, not his dupe. The old law of *caveat emptor* protects the *seller* of fake mining stocks, not the *buyer* of them. There is little or no actually enforced law to protect the latter. That is to say, there is little or no actually enforced law to protect those who most need protection, those of small incomes, orphans who have no guardians, wage earners who have little education, widows whose life insurance is not quite enough to support them, women engaged in the desperate battle of life and needing more money, quick money, better to protect themselves. The fence between these and the natural perils of the world is slight enough. In America we break it down entirely.

We offer these helpless ones freely as victims to the greater cunning and strength of men wholly without sense of business honor or personal decency. When we do this, we also attack the whole system of savings banks, which is, or should be, the very bulwark of a nation's financial safety. Says the wolf to the widow, to the busy professional man, to the clerk, the stenographer, the wage earner: "Take your money out of the savings bank. What is three per cent. a year, when I can make you three hundred per cent. a year? Give your money to me!" We permit that. Our national government does not undertake to put a stop to it; our states do not undertake to do so; and this fact is more possible through actual lack of proper statutes than through any misinterpretation or lack of enforcement of the law.

The field is one devised by nature for the trickster. His success does not depend altogether on human gullibility; part of his argument rests on the conditions which surround the industry of mining, one which never can be free of extreme risk. All men know that gold is found far away, where living is high and means of transportation are scarce; that it costs large sums to find and dig it, and that such sums are more easily raised among the many than among the few. None of these attending features has weight to stop the capitalization of bona-fide enterprises. These latter are used as bait by men who have nothing bona-fide to offer, and who make their fattest profits out of their shallowest shafts.

THE "SUCKER LIST" IN WALL STREET

Methods vary among such fraudulent operators, but new victims continually are found. The "sucker list" of one firm in Wall Street numbers 110,000 names, selected as those of persons who will bite more than once at a mining scheme, and whose records show that they have so bitten. This operator proudly declares that the only way a sucker can get his name off that list is to die. In the

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reorganization of the firm of Douglas, Lacey & Co., of New York City, it was discovered that 20,000 persons had money invested in stocks of the company.

The best bait in this particular operation was a "trust fund" established for the benefit of stockholders. The proceeds of the better-paying mines were to be applied to pay dividends for those which were less successful. In this way, the various directors of the many Douglas-Lacey Companies explained, it was impossible for the investors to lose. But they did lose. The reorganization, intended to save some of the better properties, wiped out more than seventy per cent. of the small stockholders—widows, schoolteachers, stenographers, washwomen, scrubwomen—all who once had a dollar in the stocking.

Burr Brothers, Inc., of New York, used the effective bait of the instalment plan of payment. Their literature and advertising offered sudden wealth at twenty cents a share, payments to be in instalments, "the best twenty offers" to be accepted. It was pointed out that if one made one's weekly payment large enough to be included among the fortunate twenty, one could have a nice, clean certificate sent to one immediately, and pay for it at one's leisure. If you think the operators could not afford to do that, you are ignorant. There was an old negro woman in the South who often importuned her white friends for funds to build a certain somewhat mythical church. They asked her what she received for the time spent in collecting. "I has what I gits," was her frank response. She enunciated a great modern mining principle which has made fortunes in Denver, Butte, New York, Boston, and many other places where handsome lithographic work is done, and where advertising space can be bought in journals considered reputable.

NEW ENGLAND "DONE" BY AN INSANE MAN

Sometimes there are victims in enterprises of this sort where there probably was no deliberate intent to deceive or to defraud. Not long ago, in Boston, one Henry D. Reynolds, formerly president of the Reynolds Alaska Development Company, was brought before the United States Circuit Court on the charge of using the United States mails with intent to defraud. Three alienists are said to have declared him insane. In 1907 ex-Governor John G. Brady, of Alaska, endorsed Reynolds and his schemes, and is reported to have collected in New England about $450,000 for these Reynolds projects. Brady gave "lectures" and stereopticon exhibitions in New England churches. Reynolds took out an excursion of Boston and New England investors to Prince William Sound, at one time, and showed them the seacoast of Alaska, practically all of which he claimed to own. At Boulder Bay he took his party into a long tunnel, the face of which they were told was composed of solid copper ore. When they emerged into the garish light of day, each was given a bright copper nugget, said to have come from the mine.

ALASKA REYNOLDSIZED

Really, according to local report, these nuggets of native copper had been taken from sluice boxes on Chittitu Creek, 235 miles inland. Reynolds, so ran the story, had treated them with an acid bath to brighten them, knowing that bright bait is better. At any rate, the good, sober New Englanders went back home and sent him $300,000 more, which set him entirely "dippy," in local phrase.

Reynolds's scheme was to run all the barber shops, laundries, bars, and pretty much everything else on the Alaskan coast. A certain Sam Blum had a store and bank; Reynolds wanted it; and Blum, it is alleged, annexed $50,000 of the New England money as a forfeited first payment on his property. A steamship company, it was said, got $75,000 of money on a forfeit. So the good New England savings merrily disappeared, in one of the most spectacular farces ever known in Alaska; which latter is too good and valid and valuable a national possession to permit to be Reynoldsized, as it has been. Reynolds, in the belief of one who knew him well, was a combination of the ignorant enthusiast, the wild promoter, and the crazy man; and as for Brady, another Alaskan called him "nothing worse than an innocent old ninny." Yet, even with so sorry a mental equipment, these two took something like half a million out of conservative New England! The ease with which money can be raised for such enterprises by the deliberately fraudulent or the unintentionally insane continues one of the wonders of our civilization.

Another kind of bait offered is that of the "prominent name." This has proved more useful in England than in this country. Whittaker Wright was able to secure members

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of the nobility for his boards of directors, and the English public swallowed his schemes one after another, bait, hook, bob, and sinker. In this country we have no lords whom we dearly love, so the names of prominent literary or scientific men sometimes are employed by wise promoters. A "prominent mining expert" is excellent bait. Some good men have been used in this way, and the bait of their reputation in other lines of activity has served to make ignorant and innocent people of small means swallow the hook hid in the lying statements which they have perhaps innocently, certainly ignorantly, fathered. We are all familiar with the literature of this class, sent to us under the guise of personal and intimate confidence. Always that part of the communication is followed by the blackfaced type where the stinger lies concealed. The words AT ONCE usually come in capitals, as do LAST CHANCE, and PRICE POSITIVELY WILL ADVANCE AFTER TEN DAYS. Millions and millions of dollars have been extracted from the public by these means. There is no law against it.

"ADJOINING" MINES—GOOD BAIT

Then there is the same old argument about wonderful properties "adjoining" such and such a dividend-paying property. Very often the properties are miles apart. They might be within twenty-five feet of each other, and one still might be worthless and the other rich. The profits of old and famous properties very frequently are given in advertising literature of this class, "to show what money there is in mining." The "property" sold may be a ten-foot hole in a sand-bank two thousand miles from any of these; yet this absurd argument is sufficient to extract coin from the pocket of the American buyer. You can use Michigan to tout him on to Arizona; Utah to land him in California; Mexico to interest him in Alaska. Is it not true? There is no law against it.

Again, the appeal to your mining pocket may come, not through the advertising page, but in the proper person of the promoter or owner himself. For instance, not long ago a gentleman from California came into my office. He owned a mine on the old and well-traced Mother Vein, of Tuolumne County, California. It had been well opened, and showed, in development, according to a reputable engineer's report, three million dollars' worth of ore in sight, with many tons of the best ore already in the dump, stuff which would run very high in value.

At the proper time the gentleman carefully produced from his pocket a little ingot of pure gold, product of one test-mill run. He gave the best of references as to his responsibility. He offered to guarantee ten per cent. dividends on all money invested, and declared that he had a banking proposition and not a mine.

WHEELBARROW VS. $72,000

"My Christian friend," said I to him, "you seem to have a good thing. How far is it from your mine dump to the nearest bank?"

"About five miles," he answered.

"In that case," said I, "it seems to me you don't need to sell a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock to build a stamp-mill. You need only enough to buy yourself a good, strong wheelbarrow. In two or three months you can thus build your own stamp-mill and pay for it with ore, and still have your mine all in your own hands."

He could not see it that way, and, pursuing his own method, he took $72,000 in two weeks out of the city of Chicago, from some of the best business men of that city. Now, perhaps he had a real mine. I have no right to doubt that he had; but the point of interest to the small investor is this: *neither have I any right to believe that he had.* The thing for me to do, had I wished to invest in this way, would have been to send an expert to see the property personally.

ENTER THE FINANCIAL AGENT

In this game of plucking the dollars of the poor and the ignorant, there has been a gradual improvement in methods. The constant aim has been, first, to increase the amount of the harvest; second, to reduce to a minimum the risk the reapers run of detection and punishment by the authorities. Experience in most lines of commercial activity has shown that the middlemen often gather in the largest profits and have the smallest losses. Many of those working the mining game—and by this is meant selling stocks on wind and water—have made use of this fact. To-day in the majority of cases we have, in place of the prospector or the company selling stock direct to the suckers, the financial or fiscal agent. He operates either under the name of a banking firm or as a security company, which is generally a registered trade-

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name intended as a cloak to cover the names of individuals not desirous of publicity.

The financial agent of this description is in reality the organizer and promoter of the mining company whose stock he sells. But should trouble come along, he is the first to assert that he has been deceived as well as his customers. He sells the shares of the mine on a commission basis so large that practically nothing is left for development. He takes out of the money secured large salaries and the entire expense of advertising and carrying on the exploitation. He prepares all the literature. One of the advantages he claims for his proposition is the wide distribution of the stock as a safeguard against assault by wicked Wall Street interests.

CULLED TWO MILLIONS IN FOUR YEARS

In this wide distribution, however, lies one of his own greatest safeguards against either criminal or civil prosecution. Scattered over the country are his investors—the mill hand, the poor seamstress, the humble artisan, whose total investments, comprising perhaps all their savings, seldom exceed one hundred dollars each; and, with their savings gone, there isn't money left to pay carfare to the office of the financial agent, let alone to undertake a civil suit or enlist the aid of the authorities. The poor seamstress has no way of knowing any of her fellow unfortunates. Hence the utter impossibility of co-operation in seeking to get back their savings.

As an example of the fiscal agent, there may be cited the concern of Douglas, Lacey & Company, already mentioned, a concern which in four years, through its operations in this country and in Canada, culled from the people of this country, according to its own statement, over $2,000,000 in exchange for stock certificates in more than forty varieties of mining companies. Here is a letter written to a woman by this concern four years after she had invested all her savings in the stock of one of these companies through this concern, showing the advantage of the fiscal agency plan:

DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO.
Financial Agents
66 Broadway. New York.
Cable Address "Douglacey"—Anglo-American and Bedford McNeil Codes
Telephone, 790 & 791 Rector

DEAR MADAM: June 2, 1908.

Replying to your favor of June 1st would say that we do not find in our files any recent letter from you, and your letter addressed care of 44 Wall Street has probably gone to the Dead Letter Office, from which you will in time receive it.

Now, in reply to your question, we think if you are at all familiar with business procedure, you will see that it would be impossible for the fiscal agents of any of the companies to return money which had been paid for shares and which had been turned over by the fiscal agents to the treasury of the various companies and expended in development work on the different properties.

It is true that we have sold stock for our customers at various times and we are glad to do so when it is possible. At the present time, however, as this company is in process of reorganization, there would be no market for its stock and for this reason we are unable to help you in the way you request.

Very truly yours,
Douglas, Lacey & Co.

In pursuing this method, few promoters have had the success of Dr. John Grant Lyman. He is credited with having gathered in a half million dollars in his International Zinc operations. This company was supposed to have valuable zinc properties in the Joplin district of Missouri. To unload its stock on the people of this country Lyman organized the firm of Joshua Brown & Company, Bankers, incorporated under the laws of West Virginia. Through them the stock was sold until the collapse of the scheme in 1901, when the investors found that what property it did own was heavily mortgaged. While the firm was taking in the money, Lyman maintained a racing stable, had a reputation as a daring automobilist, and even invaded the sacred precincts of the New York Stock Exchange.

LYMAN'S SCHEME TO GET STOCKING SAVINGS

Three years ago the papers throughout this country were filled with the advertisements of the Union Securities Company, selling the stock of the Boston Greenwater Copper Company. It was stated that the mine had cost $200,000 and that so much ore was in sight that an offer of $400,000 had been refused. The Union Securities Company, with offices in New York and in Goldfield, Nevada, started the stock at forty-five cents and lifted it to a dollar. It was merely another name for John Grant Lyman. Not only did the Union Securities company sell the stock to the public, but it also offered it to brokers at thirty-seven and a half cents, on their guarantee that it would not be sold by them at less than forty-five cents. The brokers began getting contracts for the stock and then were told that the Union Securities Company was all sold out.

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Shortly thereafter, confederates of Lyman came to these brokers and offered stock to them at fifty cents a share; and the Union Securities Company at the same time telegraphed the brokers that it wanted all the shares it could get at sixty cents. That forced the brokers to buy of confederates; but when they shipped on the stock to the Union Securities Company, expecting to get sixty cents a share for it, Lyman was gone. It had not cost him much. He owed the newspapers of this country $150,000 for advertising, which went unpaid. He reaped $300,000 profits. Boston Greenwater Copper stock can still be found in many a stocking—of humble folk.

"SALTING" WITH A CIGARETTE

It is not, however, always the city promoter who furnishes all of the crookedness. He himself may be deceived by those who sell him the mine. Some of the most thrilling stories in literature might be written about salted mines. The sale of the Bear's Nest Mine, and the special train expedition to the salted Bear River placer field; the sale of the Mulatos Mine to a set of Chinamen; and scores of other instances in American mining history, have been regarded rather as big jokes than as great lessons. And as to such large jesting we advance in finesse. The old way of salting a placer or a quartz vein with a shotgun is now antiquated.

A little while ago a party of capitalists bought a Nevada placer on what they thought to be strictly a "cinch" basis. With their own hands they collected the specimen dirt from all over the claim, and they watched a Mexican miner pan the dirt at the creek. The pans showed up beautifully. They bought the claim. Later, it proved worthless. Afterward they remembered that the Mexican smoked cigarettes all the time he was panning, and that he was careless in expectorating, as well as in knocking the ashes off his cigarettes. The truth was that the highly intelligent Greaser was using the cigarette trick in salting the pan. There was much fine gold in his cigarette and under his lip!

THE MULATOS MINE SALTING SCHEME

All sorts of methods of salting mines, even to the injection, with a hypodermic needle, of strong solutions of mineral salts into a mining engineer's carefully sealed sample bags, have been worked. The most honest, careful, and expert mining engineers have been deceived time and again, and salted right under their own eyes. Even a bland Chinee may be fooled. Take the instance of the Mulatos Mine: The bunch of Chinamen who proposed to buy it insisted on a mill-run test on fresh-mined ore, taken out *by themselves*, for a five-days' run. They were not taking any chances, in their own belief. The owners of the mine, however—so runs the story—had a platform of plank arranged above the timbers at the top of the drift where the Chinamen brought out their ore cars. On this planking a man lay face downward, where he could see each ore car that passed. He had a rather hard life for five days on the sandwiches and water which he took up there with him, but he managed to drop a pinch or so of nice gold dust into every car of ore that came trundling under him. The mill-run was an entire success from the viewpoint of the sellers, although not from that of the buyers.

There is no working law, let us repeat, which actually protects the investor against this sort of thing, nor which always protects even the promoter, though he be honest. The game is risky all the way along the line, in spite of state laws against the heinous crime of salting, which latter hath as yet by no means lost its savor.

THE MAIL AND MINING THIEVES

As matters stand to-day, the man selling mining stock on a fraudulent basis fears the Post Office Department much more than he fears the District Attorney. That is the main protection which the public has against such schemes. But to depend upon it is like trying to stop Niagara with a dam of reeds. The man who induces you to take your money out of the savings bank in exchange for stock in a mine, through such operations as have been described, thrives by reason of his use of the United States mails. It is a mail-order business pure and simple.

Let us see what machinery the Government has to protect you and prevent the letter-carrier from bringing daily to your door the flamboyant literature intended to lure your money from the bank. There are five hundred Post-Office inspectors employed in watching Uncle Sam's mail wherever it is carried, in keeping the vast and complicated machinery of the Post Office Department oiled and working smoothly, in running down Post-

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Office robbers and mail thieves and, lastly, in keeping the mail free from frauds. Ninety per cent. of this force is required to do the routine work of the inspecting branch; that is, to keep the machinery running smoothly and to prevent delays. That leaves just ten per cent. for actual detective work such as is necessary in running down thieves and in tracing frauds. In the New York district, which comprises the state of New York as well as New York City, there is a force of twenty-five men working under a chief inspector. Of the ten men assigned to work in New York City, by no means all have special detective ability, and the time of these is taken up almost entirely in catching actual thieves.

POST-OFFICE PROTECTION INADEQUATE

It is only the biggest and most barefaced scheme that under these conditions can receive any attention whatsoever from the department, and even then its force is hopelessly inadequate and incompetent for the work in hand, work requiring the highest-class detective ability.

About twelve years ago the Post Office Department ran down and convicted a swindler, Stephen Balliet, who was selling stock in a mine full of water in Oregon and was known as "the mining genius of the Northwest." He was tried three times, finally convicted, and sent to prison. That case cost the Post Office Department $18,000, took a man's entire time for two years, and required two trips across this continent. The Government has not tried since to get many such convictions.

Perhaps because of the pressure of other work, perhaps for other causes, investigations of this nature are allowed to languish. Some years ago, when the firm of Douglas, Lacey & Company was reaping its harvest, an inspector was assigned to investigate the concern's operations. He was one of the ablest inspectors of the service, a man with real detective ability and a knowledge of the devious ways of certain kinds of financing. He made a trip to Mexico and subsequently sent in a report to Washington recommending that a fraud order be issued against the concern and that its use of the mails be stopped. He waited a long time and then got word from Washington that more evidence was required. He made another investigation and sent in another report, recommending in even stronger language that the mails be barred and the public protected. While on this work he was constantly assigned also to other matters and finally was shifted to a station in the South. The concern collapsed some years later, leaving thousands of people in this country and in Canada bereft of their small savings. There was no fraud order ever issued against this firm, though shortly before it closed up it was informed that if it continued to sell stock its use of the mails would be stopped.

The burden of proof is on the buyer. If he turns to the District Attorney, he finds perhaps a sympathetic official, without power to assist him. The man selling bogus mining stocks knows all this; therefore his harvest goes on. It is better than the green-goods game, better than the wire-tapping swindle, safer than selling any other form of gold bricks. A few years ago a reporter who was engaged in investigating the schemes of Cardenio F. King—now in Charlestown jail, but then posing as "the apostle of the golden rule in finance" and selling his stocks by the barrel in every mill town in New England—made a call on the late John B. Moran, then District Attorney in Boston and widely known as a reformer. He asked Mr. Moran's help in proving that King was a swindler.

"Young man," said Boston's reform District Attorney, "if King was selling corner lots in heaven and advertising them in the newspapers, I couldn't stop him, because I haven't anybody to send up there and prove that they are not there."

King wasn't selling corner lots in heaven, but he was selling stock in a Texas company that was the next thing to it, so far as tangibility is concerned. It was only when he actually took from investors money sent to him to buy real stocks, and pocketed it, that he was put in jail.

LAWS TO PROTECT INVESTORS

A plan for the protection of the investor by statute is embodied in a model law drafted by the American Mining Congress of Denver, and recommended for general passage:

AN ACT.

To Prohibit the Making or Publishing of False or Exaggerated Statements or Publications of or Concerning the Affairs, Pecuniary Condition or Property of Any Corporation, Joint Stock Association, Copartnership or Individual, Which Said Statements or Publications Are Intended to Give, or Shall Have a

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Tendency to Give, a Less or Greater Apparent Value to the Shares, Bonds or Property, or Any Part Thereof of Said Corporation, Joint Stock Association, Co-partnership or Individual, Than the Said Shares, Bonds or Property Shall Really and in Fact Possess, and Providing a Penalty Therefor.

Section 1. Any person who knowingly makes or publishes in any way whatever, or permits to be so made or published, any book, prospectus, notice, report, statement, exhibit or other publication of or concerning the affairs, financial condition or property of any corporation, joint-stock association, co-partnership or individual, which said book, prospectus, notice, report, statement, exhibit or other publication, shall contain any statement which is false or wilfully exaggerated or which is intended to give or which shall have a tendency to give, a less or greater apparent value to the shares, bonds or property of said corporation, joint-stock association, co-partnership or individual, or any part of said shares, bonds or property, than said shares, bonds or property or any part thereof, shall really and in fact possess, shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and upon conviction thereof shall be imprisoned for not more than ten years or fined not more than ten thousand dollars, or shall suffer both said fine and imprisonment.

This law has been enacted in six states, and a campaign for its general enactment is under way. But let not the credulous investor suppose that even such a law would guarantee him against loss. The Secretary of the American Mining Congress, Mr. James F. Callbreath, offers the following comment:

CAMPAIGN OF THE AMERICAN MINING CONGRESS

"I do not believe that any one law can effect protection to mining investors, nor that the protection afforded through the Post Office Department forbidding the use of mails for fraudulent advertising matter can fully cover that ground. The greater part of mining frauds are perpetrated without the use of the mails.

"The proposed law, in our judgment, is the longest possible step toward preventing mining frauds. A second step has been taken in the form of a publicity law. My belief is that no system of laws, either state or national, will prevent men from gambling in mines more effectually than such laws now prevent gambling in its more common forms. These may restrict and furnish protection to those who are wise enough to open their eyes, but it will be impossible to protect all the fools all the time. It is the purpose of the American Mining Congress, after having secured the enactment of laws providing penalties for fraudulent representations and requiring publicity, to perfect an organization to *secure execution* of these laws, and also to carry on campaigns of education showing to investors, first, that mining is a legitimate business and not a gamble; second, that mines are found and not made; third, that investments in mining should be made with the same care and prudence exercised by business men when embarking in other business enterprises. . . . The next work of our organization will be along the line of developing some manner of control of corporations by which paid-up capital stock shall represent actual value."

Mr. Callbreath would seem to be one foredoomed to his own troubles; yet it is clear that he and his organization stand for legitimate mining as opposed to prospect-selling. In strictly accurate phrase, it is the prospect which is found, and the mine which is made; and investment cannot properly begin until a body of ore has been blocked out in a proved prospect. Add to the glamor of risk the haze of fraud, and the foregoing will show the nebulous condition of mining investments in relation to mining laws in America to-day.

What we really need is a Bureau of Mines at Washington. Nobody protects the mining investor. Nobody guards the widest open gate into the savings deposits of this country.

The American Mining Congress, it should be stated, had a quasi pre-inaugural pledge from President Taft in favor of a Federal Bureau of Mines. Toward this we have made a start. A bill establishing this Bureau has already passed both the House and the Senate, and bids fair to become a law. But the activities of this new department will be confined to safe-guarding mineworkers. The next step should be to enlarge the province of the Bureau so as to include the supervision of the mining industry for the protection of investors.

It seems quite likely that the states and the nation will need to unite if adequate protection to the investing public is to be expected. But when did state and nation unite to solve a great popular problem? When did section ever unite with section, or even resident with nonresident? This is America.

THE ENGLISH WAY OF MINING—HONEST BUSINESS

Back of any movement of this kind there must be popular interest in popular education. Thus far, the greater publicity idea is of more value than anything at hand. We may perhaps best do our own little part by

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offering some studies in the theory of mining, showing just *why* it is risky, and just *how* we ought to tabulate the risk. In addition to this, we can present, and should perhaps first present, some of the results of intelligent mining as pursued in other countries.

Take the Rand Mines of South Africa, operated on the English basis—mines which turned out more than $12,500,000 in one month not long since. The English method of operating on the Rand is this: A corps of experts is sent to examine a proposed property—that is to say, a proved prospect. If their report be favorable, an estimate is made of the cost of a five- or seven-compartment shaft, to be sunk, say, 3,500 feet. The cost of producing a year's supply of ore for the mill is then considered. The cost of the mill and the cyanide plant is also figured. The total cost is then cast up, and the company is ready to be formed for a half million to five millions of dollars, according to existing conditions. This money is paid in, and is ready to start operations. These men mine carefully, using all possible scientific knowledge and practical experience as guides. The operation may have risk, but it is perforce honest.

THE AMERICAN WAY—A GAMBLE

Now let us examine conditions not infrequent in the United States, by no means assigning wings to all English mining men, or hoofs to all Americans:

A prospector discovers mineralized rock. He locates one or more claims as controlled by the laws of the district where he is. Perhaps others also locate more ground. A little work is done, and then the claims are up for sale. A claim is perhaps sold for a few hundred to several thousand dollars; sometimes the seller receives in addition stock in the company to be formed. No attention is paid to the geology, but a company is formed ostensibly for the purpose of mining, with a capital of one million shares at one dollar par. Perhaps four hundred thousand shares are placed in the treasury to be sold for development purposes. Of course the whole thing is as yet on a wholly gambling basis. The property is still a prospect and not a mine, and hence it is not possible to put it on an investing basis. Comparatively few companies have ever used the services of a real expert, although very possibly the company furnishes a report made from a purchasable local "mining engineer," one of the cheapest commodities in any mining district, where the wide hat and the high-laced boot often take the place of a mining education and a reputable character. This is the stage at which, this is the basis on which, most of the mining "investments" of America are made.

In this state of affairs grafters find their opportunity. Prices in a boom camp are always above any sort of industrial warrant. There were literally millions of dollars poured into Goldfield and Tonopah for claims which never had any careful examination by competent men. Fortunes were made by local promoters and "operators" out of claims which could not show ten feet of actual work. Sometimes the entire capitalization was sold out, and the promoters put the money in their pockets. One operator of this kind sold $130,000 worth of stock, and omitted the precaution of putting even ten per cent. of it in the treasury. Fortunately, he got into the penitentiary. Many of his fellows never had actions brought against them except under the postal laws, which naturally are inefficient. There was one shaft of a hundred feet which cost twelve thousand dollars, charged up to the stockholders, the names of dead men being used on the pay-rolls as "laborers." The mine boss and the local officers got big salaries to keep their mouths shut. The real mine was in the savings banks of America, in the pockets of non-residents. In Nevada alone, in the past four years, more than twenty million dollars have been invested in *worthless* properties. One engineer with a government certificate could have saved the clerks, stenographers, widows, washwomen, and orphans of America fifteen million dollars at the cost of, say, five thousand. Would that have been a good investment? What could a dozen do? What could an efficient corps do? Is there here yet one more future task for our patient and long-suffering United States Army? What police work would pay better dividends?

THE PROMOTER AND THE CREAM

Even when the mine wins, the small stockholder rarely wins. The promoters often take the cream. Suppose a company is organized for three million shares. One million is put in the treasury for sale. Of this million shares, say, two hundred thousand are offered at twenty-five cents. This raises a working

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capital of fifty thousand dollars. Let us be very glowing, and suppose that, with this fifty thousand dollars, we really uncover five million dollars' worth of ore. The net profit would not exceed three million dollars; so that the man who put in twenty-five cents might, after a long time, get back a dollar. In the meantime, two million dollars would have gone to promoters, in "commissions," and so forth. There are thousands of such cases, and still the people continue to bite on such bait.

THE PUBLIC = THE MINE

Instances of actual Nipissing rises caught in time by the lamb are very rare. From first to last, the *public* is the mine, *and the returns come out of the savings banks.* In some mines "high grading"—the carrying away of valuable pieces of ore by the miners themselves—is fought as sternly as the diamond stealing by the Kaffirs in a Kimberley mine. In yet other mines, far more numerous, high grading is encouraged among the miners. The report gets out that the ore is so rich that the miners steal it in their dinner pails. That booms the stock. *Wall Street makes this money out of the market and not out of the mine.*

In spite of all warning and all examples, the average American will to a certain extent persist in gambling in mining stocks. Supposing this to be true, it is of value for the investor to learn something of the theory of mines, something enabling him to pass on the natural value of any mining stock which is offered to him. What, then, is a mine? What are some of the inevitable features in developing a mine?

In the first place, there must be prospecting. This is sheer and unavoidable risk on the face of it, and it is attended with economic waste which cannot be avoided. Of a hundred prospectors, ninety-nine die poor. The failures must be charged off to industrial waste attendant upon inherent conditions of the mining industry.

Again, in the development of a mine after it is located and proved in part, there is more unavoidable economic waste. The rock is blank and silent. It can only be explored by means of expensive drifts and drillings. In one mine at Bisbee, Arizona, a shaft was sunk which had drifts at the 600- and 900-feet levels, all without result. Later on they found a blanket of copper between those two levels, from which six million dollars were taken. Even in old established mines there is something of a chance, and there are often unwittingly false standards of values. Which is no argument for making all gamble that which originally was part gamble.

Any mine, no matter how rich, or how large, begins to be exhausted from the time the first pick is stuck into the ground, and all its profits ought to be figured on the basis of diminishing deposits. When your deposit is drawn out, your bank does not honor your check. A mine is the reverse of a mortgage or a bond. The security does not remain stable nor increase in value, but, on the contrary, *continually decreases* in value. In a mortgage, six per cent. is wisdom; in a mining return, it is folly. A mine, instead of being figured on the basis of a mortgage, ought to be figured on the basis of a term annuity. That is to say, on the basis of a wiping-out date. When the mine is done paying dividends, there is no return of the face of the principal invested. Yet the great and gullible public forgets this all-important fact, which differentiates mining from every other form of business.

CRACKER-BOX INVESTORS

There is every probability that the average investor never heard of a proper "amortization charge" in the management of a mine. Until he shall have heard of it, until he shall have learned something of the terms of life annuities, he ought never to invest a cent in any mining stock. After he actually has learned the theory of amortization, he will observe that *almost every mining stock listed in public prints is selling at an inflated value.* That is to say, even the best and most stable of mines are overrated, not to mention the purely wildcat ventures. Some mines may naturally be long-lived, others short-lived; yet, if either pays a good, stiff dividend, *the public makes no distinction between the two* and will buy the stock of either. In this investing, the public has no protection on the part of the government, on the part of honest publicity, or on the part of its own careful education.

In the *majority* of cases, a mine ought to pay annually perhaps twenty per cent. of the investment, to be profitable. That is to say, the actual value of any mine is rarely over five times actual dividends, paid after expenses of operation. How many mines are capitalized on any such real basis as that? The answer lies in our own ignorance, and in the

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shrewdness of the men who sell us mining stocks. Stocks that are the best dividend-payers often sell at *ten* or *twelve* times the face of the annual dividends. Let the mine hit a brief streak of bonanza, and the stocks will climb yet higher. We buy such stocks, or worse; but even a fundamental acquaintance with the theory of mines would show us that such an investment is usually a bad one. In a mortgage we do not look to the interest to pay us back our principal; in a mine we *must* look to *dividends* to pay us back our *principal and interest* also. When the mine is done, our principal is gone. But how many mining investors ever thought of that? And how many, when offered a ten per cent. "guaranteed dividend" for five years on their money, ever stop to reflect that, for instance, I could take your money and put it in a cracker box, and myself make money by paying it back to you, ten per cent. a year for nine years—and then explaining what had happened to the cracker box! Now, most of us are just such cracker-box investors. We pay out millions and millions annually, just that foolishly. And our nation, our states, allow us to do it. They even — as recent legal proceedings prove—allow the "inside" operating stockholders to borrow money to pay dividends to the "outsiders." That keeps up the "values" in the market. It does not enhance the real value in the mine.

ENGLISH VS. AMERICAN MINE REPORTS

Again, granted even a valid and a well-managed mine, how much information regarding it does the average investor in the stock secure? In a general way, he knows in advance that all mining, whether placer or quartz, is very expensive. Beyond that, he gets the annual report of the officers, which will tell perhaps the names of the men who are spending his money, the total earnings, the total output, the balance sheet, the statement of capital stock issued—and little else. All of which means nothing!

A well-regulated English company is obliged to go much farther than this. A good annual report will show the advertisement of the general meeting of stockholders, the list of directors and officers, reports of directors, giving details of the condition of property, including the development work, the tonnage of production, the values recovered from such tonnage, the costs of operation, the profits for the period covered, the balance sheet of accounts, the profit and loss statement, including a working cost estimate, the appropriation list showing what has been done with all the earnings, the reports of managers giving details of the development work, the estimated values of ores *exposed on three sides*, the probable values of ores not so well exposed, the working expenses, the construction account, general remarks on the physical condition of the property, and a map of the property itself.

What American promoter would trouble himself to make such a showing as that to the American sucker? Even if such detailed information existed in the records of the average American mining concern, the sucker could not get access to the books even did he have the temerity to demand it.

Professor H. S. Munroe, of the Columbia School of Mines, when asked whether such a thing as general supervision of mining investment could be possible, answered: "Yes, if some philanthropist will give us ten millions to endow such an institution, and maintain a corps of engineers in the field who will do work similar to that accomplished by J. Curle under the auspices of the *London Economist*. Such work should, of course, cover all incorporated mining companies, not merely a few hundred of the more prominent gold mines; and it should be continuous and not spasmodic. Such a plan is of course Utopian, but I feel that anything less would be likely to do little good. Even Curle's opinions began to lose their value within a month or two after they were written, and are of less value every year. Mining can never be put on the same basis as agriculture, for the reason that the risk of failure is infinitely greater, and that it is impossible to prove the value of any mine or mining region without spending a large amount of capital, the greater part of which will inevitably be lost in this work of initial development."

Those are the sober words of an expert who spends his life in studying the theory and practice of mining. If such words shall teach us a little wisdom, so much the less need for laws. But let us consider what the laws ought to do in order to protect you for the sake of your family, and for the sake of society, and for the sake of the savings which lie back of the prosperity of this country.

Let us agree that no government can guarantee the safety of any investment. Let us admit that digging gold can never be put on the same amortization basis with digging potatoes, for instance, because the soil re-

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mains for more potatoes, whereas the ore of a mine is exhausted and does not raise more ore. Nevertheless, although the industries of potato growing and ore digging are not the same, the principles lying back of them ought to be precisely the same; and our governments, both state and national, ought to see to it that they are kept precisely the same, and controlled on the same plane legally. If it be true that no government can watch after every mine, none the less any enlightened government can establish general conditions for engaging in mining or engaging in the sale of mining stock; and, perhaps with yet better results, it can establish a general supervision over the mining intelligence of the public, just as it does over the agricultural intelligence of that public.

NEEDED: A FEDERAL BUREAU OF MINES

The enactment of good mining laws, punishing the proved intent to commit a fraud as well as the fraud itself, and seeing to it that capital stock shall be paid up, seeing to it also that all moneys spent by a mining corporation shall be traceable from start to finish, is the natural first step toward the purification of American mining methods. Beyond that, the national government could take a hand in the game through a federal Bureau of Mines. There must be some clearing-house of intelligence and of values in this country, some place from which our intelligence may start and to which it may return. The public must have accessible reports of engineers, state or federal, of a sort entitled to confidence.

The nest of vermin in our large cities, inhabited by those who make a living out of the ignorance and eagerness of small investors, must be smoked out once and for all. In this work, state and national governments, popular education and intelligence, and the aid of the better class journalism of America, all must be enlisted. The pages of our press might well be far cleaner than they are. The publication which prints the advertisements of a fake-mining enterprise is itself a party to the fraud. A Bureau of Mines chief can sit behind the desk of every advertising manager in the counting-rooms of every newspaper and magazine in America. The press of this country, when it likes, can, by taking thought, somewhat dim the splendor of the mahogany in many an elegant suite of offices in New York, Boston, or elsewhere. It can reduce the reckless and senseless expenditure of ill-gained wealth which is making civilization a mockery in America, and branding our republican form of government as a failure.

We will have a different way of life, or another form of government. We will have a better administration of law in the United States or we will have another political party, possibly another political system. We will clear up this rotten society, or we will try how we like a different organization of society. The people of America are beginning to murmur. The burden of the murmur is that they have long enough been betrayed. Unspeakable injustice has been done the people of America under the forms of law and government. It is coming to be said that our law and government have not an even hand for all, that a few are allowed to despoil the many. When a people murmurs, let a government beware. Meantime the more that certain unspeakable things are reduced in, and eliminated from, Wall Street and the other "financial centers," the better for our schools, our taxes, our farming, our industry, our living, our *character*, our country.

After all, the government of this country, as we now have it organized, depends on the *character* of its average individual citizen. The end of this abuse of fake-mining enterprises begins now, here, with you and me, in *our* intelligence, in *our* love of a square game. By taking thought we can add a cubit to our *own* stature, and so add to the stature of *our* laws and of *our* national morality.

WHAT YOU AND I CAN DO

As for you and me, when next we see the flaming advertisement advising us that the Madre d'Oro, Montezuma's fabled Mother Vein of Gold, has once more come to the surface of the earth on Manhattan Island or near Plymouth Rock; when next we read counsel that because mining pays in Michigan it ought to pay in Nevada; when next we are advised to get into the game at once because this is our LAST CHANCE—we might at least ask to see the report of the engineer, likewise the record and antecedents of the engineer; and many, many other things. Perchance we might write and ask the mining promoter what, in his belief, is the proper amortization charge in his particular mine. At which the average mining promoter would probably fall dead.

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WHY IS A MILLIONAIRE?

By
HAROLD KELLOCK

Illustrations by Albert Levering

A RATHER garrulous millionaire of considerable postprandial notoriety has confided to the public that millionaires seldom laugh. The statement was received as a negligible pleasantry, whereas it is really a symbolical truth that goes to the root of all our economic and social evils. That millionaires habitually do not laugh is the most calamitous factor in modern civilization.

It is admitted that there may be many insignificant millionaires who are still able to sound the clarion of hilarity. But among the larger millionaires, the great captains of finance, to whom we particularly apply the term, the springs of mirth are unquestionably dry. The writer has had the opportunity to meet and observe many of these gentlemen, but on only one occasion has he been able to catch one in the act of laughing. The millionaire in question was presiding at a dinner of the Simplified Spelling Board at the time, so that the provocation was undoubtedly extraordinary. The instance does not affect the rule.

The mirthlessness of millionaires is, however, a cause, not an effect. They are not mirthless because they are millionaires. They become millionaires because they are mirthless. No man with a capacity for sound and hearty laughter could possibly become a millionaire and live. At the idea of wasting his time accumulating several thousand times as many of the counters of mortality as he could possibly have need of, he would perish of explosive cachinnation. To him the thing would seem as ridiculous as placing an ordinary diamond in a setting the size of the Capitol at Washington, or turning over Yellowstone Park as a rooting place for some solitary hog. In another sense it would seem as ridiculous as a stone-cutter who spent his life carving several thousand tombstones for his own carcass.

Such things as these are vulgar without ceasing to be funny. Being a millionaire is both funny and vulgar.

This lack of mirth among millionaires is a fact commonly disregarded by economic and sociological writers, and all other good persons who are worrying about our millionaires. They become angry or dismayed or derisive or despondent or exculpatory because our millionaires are growing richer, when the point is that our millionaires are growing more sober. Every one appears to be excited because the millionaire is impervious to law and restraint, when the terrifying phenomenon is that he is impervious to laughter. There is much hue and cry that the millionaire is able to control all the necessities of life, when the real matter is that he is unable to lose control of his risibles. In the popular conception, the millionaire is a powerful and sinister figure, whereas he is really a somber and melancholy figure. He is like a harlequin with a wooden leg; a clown without a joke. We make him an object of hate and objurgation, but he is really an object of pity. He is at once more pitiable and more ridiculous than a man with a thousand wives.

The popular misconception has resulted in the habit of regarding a millionaire as a kind of magnificent vermin. Hence many extraordinary theories are afloat to subdue and control him. A current street phrase is: "They ought to put one of the big fellows in jail." It appears to be an idea held by simple minds that if, let us say, the amiable and gentle Mr. Rockefeller were snatched away from his golf course near Tarrytown, driven

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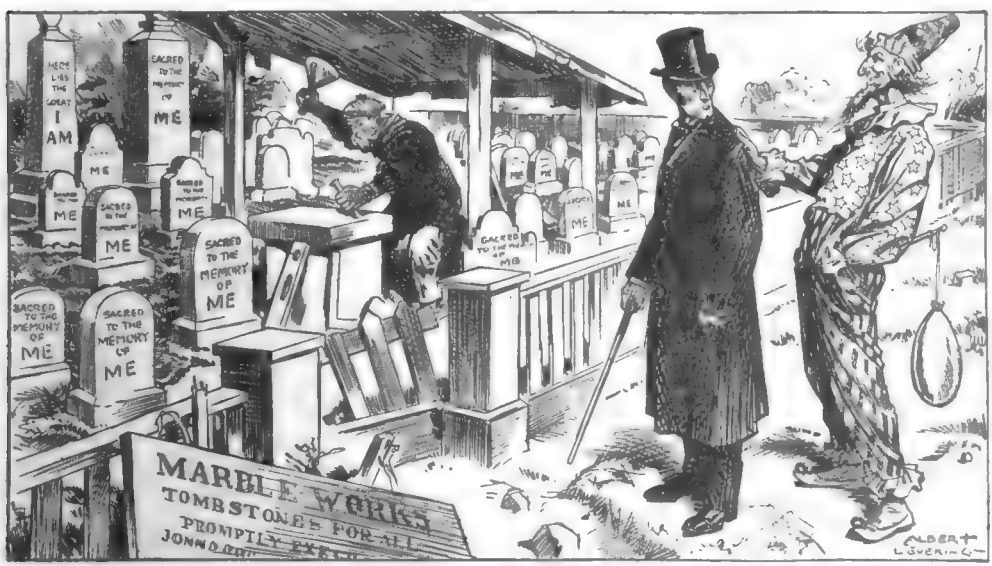
across to the Hudson, and incarcerated and set to making brooms in Sing Sing, all other millionaires would see the error of their ways, and the Standard Oil Company would immediately become a philanthropic light-dispensing organization whose agents would go about asking householders, "At what price may I furnish you oil to-day, ma'am?" Of course nothing could be farther from the fact. The Standard Oil Company would continue to do business in precisely the same spirit. The other millionaires would continue their careers of unerring acquisition.

As a matter of fact, nothing could do more to make the Standard Oil Company popular than putting Mr. Rockefeller in jail. Nothing could do more to make the millionaire a romantic figure, a hero. Eighty million Americans would feel a sturdy resentment against the process of destroying their ideal of Mr. Rockefeller as a rapacious old dragon enjoying his spoils, and substituting simply a picture of an old man in prison. The mob would reverence his lonely personality much as they reverence the hermit life of Tolstoy. In the reaction the whole tribe of millionaires would be hailed with acclaim.

If the time arrives when the increasing hatred against millionaire dominance makes it really hazardous for a man of great wealth to go about, it may become necessary for the millionaires to take some heroic step to court public esteem. This they can easily do by hiring a man to blow one of them up with a bomb. The idea of a dozen or more of our foremost captains of industry seated about a mahogany directors' table drawing lots to see which will be blown up appears insane. On the contrary, it is a picture of businesslike common sense. For martyrdom assures the cause. All the world loves a martyr. The Crucifixion made the spread of Christianity possible. The killing of Ferrer in Spain made anarchy—which the average man had been wont to look upon as a propaganda of dynamite and incendiarism — heroic and almost popular. The assassination of McKinley transformed a very ordinary and rather pliant politician into a national demigod. Now the only difference between killing a man and imprisoning a man is that in the one case you deprive him of his life and in the other of a portion of his life. So that the killing or imprisonment of a millionaire would simply tend to arouse enthusiasm for millionaires.

Many persons appear to believe that all millionaires will fall down on their faces and cry quits if Congress lowers the tariff. Others vision an income tax as the great panacea. Unfortunately, while a lower tariff might cheapen the price of sausages and bread and candlesticks, it would also reduce the wages of butchers and bakers and candlestick makers. The millionaire, who controls the production of these things, would continue to



AS RIDICULOUS AS A STONE-CUTTER WHO SPENT HIS LIFE CARVING SEVERAL THOUSAND TOMBSTONES FOR HIS OWN CARCASS.

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exact his exorbitant proportion of profits on them. And in the same way, if we put a tax of ten per cent. on incomes of a million dollars or more, the millionaire would simply put up the cost of living proportionately. For millionaires do not pay taxes. They sometimes act as agents to turn them over to the Government for other persons, but they never pay them themselves. Attempts to ameliorate the millionaire evil by such nostrums are on a par with trying to cure smallpox with a face wash.

The Socialists are more thorough. They plan to raise a bigger animal than the millionaire to gobble up the millionaire. Their beast is the State. The trouble with this plan is that the State might swallow but probably could not digest. A State with a stomachful of millionaries would find itself in the control of millionaires. Some one has said that a Rockefeller as head of the National Lighting Department of the Government would be just as powerful and predaceous (and probably just as pious and platitudinous) as a Rockefeller at the head of the Standard Oil Company. There is no reason to doubt this. Under Socialism we should simply have a new method of national housekeeping. Our rulers would be the same. Under the more compact economic system of the Socialist State, they would unquestionably tighten their grip.

Mr. Bernard Shaw suggests as a cure-all the Superman. "Let's have a Superman," is his cry, an echo of Nietzsche's "Breed the Beyond-Man." The plan has this drawback —that we don't know how to get a Superman. And even if we got one, we are not certain that he would be a desirable asset. He might turn out to be simply a superior sort of millionaire, a person with a capacity for accumulating a million millions instead of a thousand millions. And of course he would take them from us. In fact, Mr. Shaw's Superman heroes are generally millionaires before the curtain drops, for Mr. Shaw is a Socialist and believes that wealth is the root of all good. Bearing this in mind, we would warn the gentle reader, if ever he comes across a Superman, to strike, and strike to kill.

Mr. Shaw is a misguided optimist. But we have many pessimistic radicals who hold that the only good millionaire is a dead millionaire. This idea is wasteful and inhumane. Besides, it is not feasible, as a mere matter of policy, to kill our millionaires. Not only, as we have shown, would violent death lend to the millionaire the bogus halo of martyrdom, but the truth is that, while we can scarcely afford to keep our millionaires, we can certainly not afford to lose them. They are, potentially at least, too useful. Their genius for organization, their conspicuous executive ability, their skill as business tacticians, their extraordinary energy and bulldog tenacity have created miracles. The great pyramid is an insubstantial trifle along-

"A WART ON THE NOSE IS SIMPLY A WART ON THE NOSE, A SUPERFLUOUS THING, BUT QUITE INNOCENT AND HARMLESS."

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THE LITTLE, BUSY BEE BECOMES THE MODEL FOR HIS SHINING HOURS.

side of the Harriman system of railways. If some parasite like the brown-tailed moth were to attack and wipe out our millionaires, the whole country would be plunged into panic and ruin and despair.

And yet panic and ruin and despair have been our portion often enough as a result of the pastimes and passions of these Olympian gentlemen. Sometimes they are more destructive than a river in flood. Two of them may start waging war over a prize, and the result is the Northern Pacific panic; or several of them gamble too wildly with the vast resources at their disposal, and the result is the disaster of 1907.

The problem is, therefore, how to maintain the usefulness of these great, natural human forces and at the same time prevent the occasional destructive debauches. The solution is—make 'em laugh.

This may casually appear to be a simple thing. It would be obviously no very difficult task to gather our millionaires in some great hall and hire Mr. Marceline or Mr. Slivers to appear before them in the guise of a bishop or a banker standing on his head on the back of an elephant and waving his feet in the air. This sight might conceivably evoke from many of the assembled kings of finance a painful simulation of laughter. The joke would be, of course, to behold a person made in the image of God essaying so incongruous a rôle. But not by such laughter merely could they be saved. The sense of the ridiculous must have its source in depths more profound. It must survive a further test. If we next showed them a man who had spent all his life cultivating a wart on his nose, it is probable that all the laughter of which they were capable would be stirred to the surface. But if we told the wart man (who, naturally, would be something of a humorist himself) that the audience before him was composed entirely of millionaires, he would without doubt puzzle them with such a cachinnatory explosion as would make their united mirth sound like feeble snickering indeed.

One can picture our Olympians gaping at him and demanding to know the cause of such idiotic hilarity. And then one fancies the wart man, between gusts of merriment, explaining: "A wart on the nose is simply a wart on the nose, a superfluous thing, if you will, but quite innocent and harmless. But the superfluity you gentlemen have spent your lives collecting means simply added responsibility and worry, and (for your fellow citizens) contains the germs of poverty and hunger and hatred and misery and tears."

Thereupon the assembled millionaires would unquestionably have the wart man turned over to the police as a lunatic or an anarchist. But unless they laughed with him, or unless the sudden knowledge of how near to tragedy lay the farce of their wasted

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lives plunged them into madness or suicidal despair, they could not be saved.

Assuredly they would not laugh, they would not see. There is only one hope for them.

That hope is Revolution!

I do not mean a revolution of fire and bloodshed and beheadings. The revolution must come among the millionaires themselves. It must be a revolution of laughter. The millionaire must conceive the millionaire as a figure of farce. He must revolt against being a millionaire.

It is impossible to predict how soon or how late this revolution may arrive. It probably must come as the result of revelation through human or divine agency. Some one must do the wart man's trick—and succeed; or the thing must come in a flash from heaven. Probably some wise, laughing man will do it, just as Voltaire, the wisest of laughing mortals, brought on the French Revolution by revealing the farce of priest and king.

Already we can help to prepare the way. At once we can make certain helpful revisions in our system of elementary education. We have had far too much Poor Richard in our copy books. "A penny saved is a penny earned." "Many a mickle makes a muckle" —these are samples of the things we teach infantile fingers to write, the ideas we drill into infantile minds. Into the consciousness of every kindergarten child we fling as an object of emulation the little, busy bee who "improves" the shining hours gathering golden honey. We never by any chance point out the socialistic farce of the little busy bee. We do not explain the life of the bee and permit the sanity of the child's mind to show that the bee is the most abjectly farcical creature under heaven. We do not tell how the hive is composed of workers who wear themselves to death gathering and storing up more honey than the community could possibly use, a mother whose children are taken from her before they are born and who is ruthlessly stung to death as soon as she ceases to lay eggs, and an aristocracy of thievish and insolent drones, great numbers of whom are permitted to live in idle luxury in order that one of them may become the lover of a new queen bee and perish in the fulfillment of his love. And when hundreds of these ridiculous bee workers have sacrificed their lives to cram the hive full of the enormous golden surplus, then alien parasites creep in and destroy the honey and litter up the place with filth, or some larger creature snatches up the whole store at once and makes off with it. But even then the bees do not see the absurdity of their mode of life. They simply swarm out to another hive and do the same thing again.

The incipient millionaire, a sober, laughterless child throbbing with creative energy, goes to school and is set to writing out Poor Richard's maxims until they become inscribed in his soul. "Dividends and surplus! Dividends and surplus!" is all the cry. He clasps it to his breast like a creed. The little, busy bee becomes the model for his shining hours. The vice of frugality is planted deep in his breast. Almost before he is out of petticoats, he has started, with monumental solemnity, the roaring farce of his acquisitive career.

The comparatively recent autobiography of one of our most conspicuous millionaires shows how easily frugality and acquisition become the ideals. The unfortunate old gentleman dwells with a sort of lascivious relish on the details of his first expeditions after honey, which he carefully recorded, and of how he stored it away. And along with these treasures on earth he was careful to cultivate what he conceived to be treasures in heaven, in smaller proportion, of course, as befitted the remoteness of the celestial bank. But each week a percentage of the income was religiously given over to the church and the thing we call "charity." . . . Thus this sober-minded youth flourished contentedly, and the child was father to the millionaire.

If such a man had had the real tragi-farce of the little, busy bee impressed on his childhood, the world would have changed for him, and, in some degree, for us. He might have been a really great man. I would have the apiarian lesson so brought home to every child that he could not see a bee without laughing. And if any child could look a bee in the face without laughing, I would have him taken to the lethal chamber. For the germs of millionairedom are in him.

And we must do away with Poor Richard. Let us substitute for him tales of magnificent spendthrifts—Jesus, who squandered his life for mankind; Voltaire, who recklessly poured out all the honey of his wisdom and laughter to save despairing France; Shelley, Socrates, Mazzini, Washington, Lincoln—spendthrifts all. And if we must have copy-book maxims, let our children copy over and over this very trite one: "Love one another." It contains all the wisdom of humanity.

If Washington had demanded the full worth of his services at Harriman rates, the

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BUT EXCITEMENT AND CLAMOR OVER GALLOPING ABOUT THE COUNTRY DRESSED LIKE A CANNED TOMATO ARE SIMPLY RIDICULOUS.

nation would have been bankrupt from the start. If Lincoln had exacted the full value of his services at Rockefeller rates, we should still be struggling to pay enormous taxes yearly to survivors of his blood. But if the nation had offered Lincoln a paltry hundred million or so, let us say, for saving the Union, he would have burst into uncontrollable laughter. "I thought my work was worth something in love and human kindness," he would say; "but you reward me by giving me a huge burden that all of us must carry to the end. And that reminds me of a story." Then he would tell his story, and the nation would laugh with him and be ashamed.

After the revolution the millionaire will have this ideal of service instead of surplus. He will give his great talents unselfishly to solve a condition of economic chaos, just as Lincoln gave his great talents unselfishly to solve a condition of political chaos. Under the new régime the gentlemen who manage the Steel Trust will not say, "How much can we get out of steel?" but "How much can the world get out of steel?" The officers of the Standard Oil Company will say, not "How much can we get out of light?" but "How much light can we get to our fellow men?" or, in effect, "Let there be light." In other words, instead of a barbarous and silly idea of business, they will acquire a godlike and splendid idea of business.

"But," some stupid person will suggest, "this is confusing business with philanthropy." The ridiculous thing is that business has ever been confused with anything else than philanthropy, the love of mankind. The grimy miner sweating for eight hours a day amid the discomforts and dangers of the quarry, the skinny clerk perched awkwardly for ten hours a day on a stilt-legged stool, the stout, elderly gentleman scheming and planning throughout the day over the management of bank or counting-house or railroad, these are all merely clowns in the economic ring unless they are working in the service of mankind, which is the material expression of the love of mankind. If they are simply emulating the earth's buffoon—the little, busy bee—one can imagine how, watching them, the high gods shriek with laughter.

It is the extremity of mental bathos to imagine that one can be an acquisitive and predatory absurdity part of the time and a philanthropist part of the time. A wolf who had stored up several million pounds of mutton and devoted his old age to founding a home for indigent sheep would still be a wolf. A retired murderer who established a maternity hospital would still be simply a murderer and would very properly be sent to the electric chair. Similarly, a millionaire who distributes libraries or maintains universities or establishes institutes for scientific research, remains simply an acquisitive and predatory person—a millionaire. He is no more a philanthropist than the wolf is (except in a purely gastronomical sense) a lover of sheep,

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HE MUST PERCEIVE THE SIDE-SPLITTING JOKE OF HIMSELF.

or the murderer a lover of conserving human life. He is more of an absurdity than his prototype, the bee, because he is less consistent.

Philanthropy and acquisitiveness are as incompatible as love and selfishness. Charity, the physical expression of philanthropy, is the antithesis of acquisition. St. Francis was charitable when he gave his cloak to a beggar and went on his way naked. Had St. Francis been a wealthy captain of industry who distributed a million dollars to a number of carefully selected beggars that could furnish adequate certificates of moral character, his name would not connote the word "charity." It is doubtful if one can give charity from a surplus, for true charity leaves the giver poorer than the receiver. Charity is as reckless and extravagant as Jesus, who squandered his life on those who were unworthy of him.

The confusion of the meaning of philanthropy and charity is of a piece with a general misconception of values. The deification of the busy bee has resulted in the spread of a religion which is as far removed from the worship of God as Wall Street is from Galilee. We have come to sentimentalize business, just as, in the age of chivalry, people sentimentalized warfare. We have come to worship business for its own sake, just as the age of chivalry worshipped slaughter and bloodshed for its own sake. But the knight had one justification over the business man: However ridiculous, he was at any rate picturesque.

The knight, with an iron pot on his head, his body and limbs cramped in metallic coverings, sallied forth to battle brandishing his clumsy spear. Life was a sort of perpetual football game—all excitement and clamor. And that very fact was the rift in the armor of chivalry. Excitement and clamor such as resulted in the downfall of the old régime in France or the freeing of American slaves become noble and beautiful. But excitement and clamor over galloping about the country dressed like a canned tomato are simply ridiculous. Knighthood lost its own point. It fluttered after non-essentials. The knight rode forth in search of adventure, when his real adventure awaited him at home in the peaceful management of his household and the protection and development of his lands. He wandered abroad to succor stray damsels in distress, when the real damsels in distress were the daughters of his peasants reduced to slavery to pay for his extravagant masquerade. He was like a housekeeper who spent her days afield hunting pheasants while thousands of roaches rioted in her kitchens.

The millionaire, the archpriest of our worship of business, labors under a misconception of the nature of business as absurd and profound as the knight's misconception of the business of knighthood. He sits solemnly upon the apex of a huge frivolity. He conceives a field of wheat as a thing created to pile up his surplus, when it is really created to pile up loaves of bread. He conceives a rail-

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road as a thing created to enable him to sell stocks and bonds, when it is really created to enable people to get easily from one place to another. He conceives himself created to take as much as he can from the world, when he is really created to give what he can to the world. At the best he is like a boy playing with the utmost skill and concentration a game in which he has not the slightest conception of the goal.

Cervantes delivered the finishing stroke at the glorification of trivialities in the age of chivalry by demonstrating that the ideal knight must be a madman. Before the lance of Don Quixote the card castle of chivalry crumbled into laughter. Similarly, Mr. H. G. Wells has with some success shivered a lance against the castle of business. In "Tono-Bungay" he demonstrates that under our conditions of industrial anarchy the ideal successful business man, the multi-millionaire, must be a madman. Mr. Wells's huge satire leaves us gasping with laughter and dismay. It leaves us mouthing a terrible conundrum—a conundrum which involves the welfare of every person on the earth.

It seems almost a triviality to suggest that the answer is to touch this industrial anarchy with the magic wand of Socialism, to change the machinery of business without first changing the nature of the man who runs it. Change the spots on the leopard, he will still be a leopard. Call the millionaire by another name, he will still be, in all true respects, a millionaire. The answer must lie in a spiritual change. The millionaire must acquire the divine art of laughter. He must perceive the side-splitting joke of himself, clothed in the motley of predacity, astride the huge monument of industrial nonsense.

When he attains this vision, the king of finance will no longer slink into his office furtively, glancing about in fear of bomb-throwers and reporters. He will go dancing in with a song on his lips. Instead of every man's heart being raised against him, every man's hat will be raised to him. The popular mind will invest him with something of the merry sanctity of Santa Claus. Thunders of hilarity will echo about Wall Street's lofty citadels. And the only surplus being stored up will be a surplus of human happiness.

LOVE AND SLEEP

By ARTHUR STRINGER

I WATCH above you where in dewy sleep
You lie with parted lips as children lie;
I watch your bosom's breathing slow and deep
With unknown dreams—and the long hours drag by!

Softly you sleep, and I who watch above
Your dreaming bosom know no art to woo
Rest unto weariness, nor unto love
The answering love that steadfast is and true!

Yet, Dear, I blame you not! In our own breast
Is it ordained that love be light or deep?
Only, to-night, for grief I cannot rest,
And you who love so little, sweetly sleep!

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HOW THE MAN CAME TO TWINKLING ISLAND

By MELVILLE CHATER

Illustrations by J. N. Marchand

OUT of the great world came a man to the wooing of Susanna Crane. From the vague southwest he came, now skirting the tall-chimneyed towns and elm-bordered village streets, now exchanging the road for the bright rails and perhaps the interior of a droning freight-car, now switching anew through the edge of odorous pine woods, yet leaving behind him always a wary, broken trail.

The man was tall and strong, with hair that gleamed red in the sun, and eyes of a reddish brown. He walked with the free swing of a world wanderer, yet always his heart strained for a glimpse of the Canadian border; for some hundreds of miles behind him lay the Vermont marble quarries whose dust still faintly blanched his clothes, and there, in a drunken fight, he had killed a man. He did not know that in fleeing from justice he was rushing into the arms of love; he did not even know that he was in the Ragged Woods, with Twinkling Island just off the coast; he only studied the tree bark and snuffed the breeze, and knew that the sea was near. At length, well satisfied with the distance he had come since dawn, he cleared a space among the pine cones, then lay down, and, lulled by the ancient whisper of the wind in the treetops, closed his eyes.

He was of the Ulysses breed, this man, a wanderer of the earth, acquainted with many cities, one whose shipwrecks and misfortunes had but whetted his love of life; and even while he slept, there came upon him, as of old Nausicaa came upon Ulysses, a woman. She, too, was straight and strong; her dark face was framed by a blue-checked sunbonnet; she carried a large basket filled with blackberries, and her lips as well as her hands were stained. She saw the man lying in a shaft of the sunset, and started back, then, tiptoeing past, bent forward slightly to examine his face. In that lingering gaze a twig cracked beneath her foot. He sat up instantly, tense, expectant; then for a silent space their eyes caught and clung. Thus the first pair might have gazed when Adam wakened to find her who was bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, standing over him.

"Did I scare you, Miss?" at length asked the Man. "I thought—well, I didn't know who you might be at first." His gaze deepened into unconcealed admiration. "I wouldn't scare *you* for anything!"

"I ain't so easy scairt," the girl returned defiantly. "Ef I was," she went on in her fresh, young voice, full of queer, upward inflections, "I wouldn't be a-berryin' in Ragged Woods after sundaown."

She marched onward, her head thrown well back. Twenty steps later the Man was again at her side.

"*Pardoname*, little one!" he said. "But, seein' you ain't scared, an' thar bein' no blaze in these yere parts, maybe you'd put us on the trail. Guess I'd a-gone on siesterin' till midnight if you hadn't a-happened by —*gracias á Dios!*"

Her glance shot suspicion at him as though she scented banter in the strange, foreign phrases; then she said:

"Ef you mean you wanter git to Potuck, whar the railroad starts, you've got to walk three miles back to the Potuck Road; then it's three miles west to Potuck taown."

"An' what lies on ahead, whar you're goin'?" he asked.

"Why, nothin'," she returned with a child's surprised simplicity. "Nothin' but Twinklin' Island an' father an' me."

There was silence then, but the Man watched the strong, straight lines of her face,

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her keen black eyes, her wealth of black hair tumbled into the back-fallen sunbonnet. At length he said quietly:

"Think I'll g'long over with you to your island, *camarada*. Maybe your father's got a bite o' something for a hungry man. I pay the freight, *sabe?* 'Twon't take me more'n a couple o' hours to make the railroad to-night."

To this she vouchsafed nothing, but swung onward, shifting her heavy basket from one hand to the other; then a strong grasp intervened, and she found herself burdenless. In the village streets of Potuck and Nogantic, shamefaced lads had offered such help a hundred times, and she had accepted it, flattered by their homage; but the quick, silent action of this big, red-haired man thrilled her with strange anger.

"I don't want no help," she said proudly, "I kin carry that."

"Not while I'm here, *chiquita mia!*" He smiled downward, and his body seemed to loom over her like a shield. "Say, when I woke up an' seen you, do you know what come into my head? A little Navajo squaw I knowed once. Her name was Moonlight Water, but the fellers called her Little Peachey. But she was twenty-five, and you —well, now, how old might you be?"

"Goin' on eighteen," she would have answered nonchalantly to any one else; for him there woke from the depths of her nature a fierce retort:

"Give us that basket! I ain't a-goin' to let you carry it a speck further."

"*All* right," he acquiesced with broad, kind humor, yet without relinquishing his burden. "*All* right, *chiquita mia!* Never you mind me, Little Peachey!"

They gained a bare tongue of land lapped by water. She stepped into a canoe, the Man following. Very quietly he took the paddle from her and put forth with strong, practiced strokes, cheering himself onward with snatches of a queer, guttural burden which he had picked up from a negro chantey-singer on some Southern cotton-wharf.

Straight ahead lay the island, breasting the Atlantic swell. Seen from the distant hills, the red sunset strikes its outpost cliffs for a moment's splendor, and so it is called Twinkling Island. The girl said not a word, nor indeed was it necessary. He found the beach without trouble, helped her ashore, and carried the canoe up the slope on his back. A hundred yards onward they encountered a low, rambling house and the vague shape, in the twilight, of an elderly man smoking his pipe on the steps.

The stranger set down the canoe and gave an account of himself. But even as the great Ulysses was wont to name a false lineage and give a feigned story to his hosts, so this man said his name was McFarlane —which it was not—and told a wily tale of having been directed to a logging camp where hands were needed, of alighting at the wrong station and losing his way in an attempted short cut through the woods. Meanwhile his listener, a man of weather-beaten face and a great shock of gray hair, observed him with shrewd attention. At length he replied:

"Thar's few strangers git to Twinkling Island; but so long as you're here, you're welcome to our plain victuals. The money's neither here nor thar. Git supper, daughter. Seems you're mighty particular to git that canoe high an' dry to-night."

The girl wheeled abruptly and strode indoors, flashing at the stranger a covert, half-defiant glance.

"Gals are queer cattle," mused old Crane, drawing off his fisherman's boots. "'Pears to give 'em a kind o' satisfaction to set a man to work. Her mother was just the same, before her."

The guest said nothing; but the realization that the girl who had grudged his taking her basket had afterward suffered him to carry her canoe quite an unnecessary distance, seemed to yield him no unpleasant thoughts.

They sat down to supper in a low-ceiled room of smoked rafters. The stranger ate hungrily and with few words, yet always his gaze followed the girl's slim figure as she moved to and fro, waiting on the board. As the food disappeared, the talk sprang up. The girl brought in a huge pitcher of cider and left the men by the fireplace, while she passed back and forth, clearing away the dishes. Crane set out a decanter of whisky, which spirit he mixed sparingly with his cider, as did also his guest—none too sparingly.

Now was the Man's heart loosened, and he told of all he had seen and done and lived; of his spendthrift youth, passed aboard tramp freighters between Lisbon and Rio, Leith and Natal, Tokyo, Melbourne and the Golden Gate—wherever the sea ran green; of ginseng-growing in China, shellac-

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THE GIRL, THOUGH SHE HAD CONSTANTLY BUSIED HERSELF ABOUT THE ROOM, HAD MISSED NOT A WORD.

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gathering in India, cattle-grazing in Wyoming. He spoke of Alaskan totem-poles, of Indian sign-language, of Aztec monoliths buried in the forest. He sang "Lather an' Shavin's," "*La Golondrina*," "The Cowboy's Lament," and, clicking his fingers castanet-wise, hummed little Spanish airs whose words he would by no means translate.

Crane marveled that this man should be still on the hitherward side of thirty; and as the stranger sat there, his very clothes, poor rags of civilization, seemed to bulk with heroic lines, his face to reflect man's primal freedom, while his every word rang with the sheer joy of the things he had seen and known.

At a break in the talk, the girl, who, though she had constantly busied herself about the room, had missed not a word, nodded significantly to her father, then walked from the house and out into the night. He glanced after her for a moment, then turned with a queer smile.

"We're all 'baout the same, I reckon," he said, "so far as furren countries is consarned. That's to say, a man allaways conceits thar's a heap o' promise waitin' for him, somewhar over yonder. Naow, you've seen sights enough for a hundred men. Contrariwise, thar's my gal—never been further'n the Caounty Fair. But that don't stop her; no sirree, human nature can't be stopped. Every night, fair or storm, she walks daown an' sits on the rocks, lookin' seaward, before she turns in. She's done it ever since she was *so* high. Why, thar's nothin' to see but the Atlantic an' a piece o' foreland to the northwest! But her fancy is, the sea's a-bringin' her somethin'—that's what she used to say as a kid—somethin', she don't rightly know what. *I* say it's just furren countries—pieces she's got outer story books, an' yarns she's heard the fishermen tell—that's what's she's hankerin' for, Mr. McFarlane. So ye see, as I say, we're all 'baout the same, that way."

"When I first seen her," began the Man tentatively, "I could ha' sworn that— See here, now! Ain't thar still the leavin's of a redskin outfit up this way?"

"Why, yes," returned the other, with some compunction. "I don't talk much 'baout it—not that it's a thing to be ashamed of; but I wouldn't give the gal a handle to think herself different from any one else hereabout. The truth is, her mother's mother was pretty near to a full-blooded Ojibway—not the kind you've seen plaitin' baskets for summer boarders, but a clean, straight-backed red woman, an' she claimed descent from one o' their big chiefs. I'm English stock myself, but the wild breed mixes slow: it's in her blood, Mr. McFarlane, and sometimes it worrits me. Thar's days she won't speak nor eat, but just goes off to the woods an' makes little trinkets out o' pine needles an' bark, and then I know the fit's on her. And proud! Thar's not a man hereabout she'd lift an eye at, and one feller that wouldn't take "no" got his head split open with an oar. Sometimes I've thought that ef she was married to a strong man—strong *and* kind, d'ye see?—'twould be the best thing for her."

At this the stranger, who had missed no word, leaned quickly forward, the firelight striking his firm face. With the poise of conscious power he said quite simply:

"I'm the man!"

They eyed each other a moment, Crane measuring the Man who had come, the Man inviting measurement.

"You mean—?" asked the father. He paused as if welcoming interruption, but it was not in this man's slow, sure nature to interrupt. "Tell us what you do mean!"

"I mean," repeated the other slowly, "that *I'm the man!* I love that little gal, I want to marry her. O' course you objeck: that's natural, that's right. I like your objectin', an' I'm going to fight it to a showdown. First you'll say, 'You're *verrückt*—crazy.' See hyar now! I've lived life, I have, and I've seen a drove o' women, hither an' yon, but not one of 'em could hold me, no more'n an ordinary slipknot could hold stuff on a packsaddle. I'm no lightweight, an' I need the diamond hitch. But to-day, when I seen little Peachey in the scrub over yonder, why, it was different, and I knowed it right quick. Ever broke a horse, have you? Well, before you've got your lassoo coiled, the critter's eyes'll tell you just what sort o' tea-party you're goin' to have. Thar was a man once—a hoss wrangler—an' the easier a hoss broke, the more he'd mouch around an' hang his head, real melancholy and sad-eyed. The only minutes o' slap-bang-up joy that came his way was when he corralled a bucker whose natural ability to roll on him an' kick his brains out left no percentage o' chance in the player's favor. Maybe that's what I seen in little Peachey

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to-day. Just now you said the wild breed mixes slow. It does: for it sticks out, waitin' for its own kind. And by that same token, blood talks to blood—aye, even without no Indian sign-language. Maybe all these years Little Peachey, settin' out on them rocks, has been a-watchin' for more than foreign countries."

"Aye, mebbe that's all right." Crane paced the floor, and his voice rose savagely: "Don't know but what your palaver mightn't win plenty o' foolish gals. But who are ye? What's your trade? Whar's your folks? Thar's lots o' rogues afoot. Do you allow I'd let the first stranger in Ragged Woods talk marriage to my daughter? What have

"GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN. I AM GLAD YOU ROUNDED HER UP, FOR BOTH CONSARNED."

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you said? What's between you? Out with it, or I'll have you in Rockledge Jail by to-morrow morning!"

The Man who had come nodded response with imperturbable gravity.

"I like your talk," he said. "It comes straight off the hip, an' it calls for a straight answer. What have I spoke to her? Nothin'! What's between us? Nothin' but the makin's! Next, touchin' myself: Since sixteen I've been kickin' up the dust o' the earth till my home is anywhar immediately convenient. Once I had a brother in New Orleans, another in the Northwest, and another who drank himself accidentally into the British army an' died in the Sudan. We were wanderers, the lot of us. I'm Scotch-Irish, and my old mother used to claim we harked back to the kings o' some outfit I've forgotten. But blood-facts is no more proof than specimens from an unprospected claim. Friends? I make 'em everywhar: any one on the top o' the earth who's got the makin's of a man kin call me friend. Yet right here an' now I wouldn't touch the twelve apostles for an assay on my character. 'Cause why? 'Cause I hold that, just like a man lays in his own little square o' earth, so a man stands alone on his own little piece o' reputation. Good or bad, friends or no friends, it's his'n; and the Almighty files a pretty good chart of it right on his face. I want you to size me up accordingly."

Again the father gazed deeply at the Man who had come, and again the Man gave him the full of his eyes. Crane's glance shifted suspiciously from the other's face to the decanter and back again; the Man immediately responded by lifting his glass.

"Fill that up three times raw," he said, "and I'll swaller it in three breaths, just to show you what a drink *is*. No, sir, it's not your picayune drop o' spirits that's talkin'—it's me. *Acabado!* Finished!" And, tossing the contents of his glass into the fire, he replaced it upside down on the table.

"Yes," said Crane wonderingly, "you're sober—and you're honest. You certainly are honest!" He paused as if to steel himself. "But what o' that? Why should you come between me and my child in one night, after these twenty years we've spent—we've spent—" Simultaneously his words failed and his shoulders drooped. "See here, now: Stay along and work for me awhile. I'll give you half shares in the boat. But just wait, wait awhile. Some day you'll speak to her about it, and then—then mebbe I'll see it different."

But the Man rose restively.

"It comes hard on you," he mused, "aye, mighty hard; but it ain't all my doin', Mr. Crane, nor yet Little Peachey's. It's something bigger'n the lot of us: it's nature. You might as well put your back up against a landslide. As to stayin' on here, 'tain't in me: I must hit the trail to-morrow morning. But to-night thar's somethin' in here"—and he struck his breast—"that won't keep: it's got to be said. I've spoken my little piece, an' you say you size me for a man. *Bien!* Bein' a man, I take no favors. No sir, I ain't no empty-handed brave. Little Peachey bein' the squaw for me, an' I havin' told you so, an' smoked your tobacco an' drunk your whisky, I hereby deliver."

He drew out a roll of bills and tossed them upon the table, observing whimsically:

"Two hundred an' thirty-odd dollars, honestly come by, an' all the estate, real or otherwise, whereof I stand possessed. Money talks. Take it; it's yours. An' now I'm goin' to find Little Peachey."

He strode out into the night and toward the forelands, his ears guided by the monotonous crash and moan of the long Atlantic swell.

Standing on the cliff was a wind-fluttered figure that turned at the sound of his step, with eyes defiantly alert.

"You knew I'd come," he said simply, drawing close to her. "Peachey, little Peachey, what's them waves a-sayin' to the rocks? It's: '*Me! You! Me! You!*' Ain't they always been a-sayin' it? Kin you stop 'em, little Peachey? And that's the words I'm a-standin' here now fer to say to you."

"I ain't a-goin' to listen," she cried sharply, drawing back. "I don't want none o' your words. You just leave me alone, now, Mister—Mister——"

"Why, names don't count between us, *chiquita*," said he, with his great-hearted smile. "I'm just a man, I am, an' you're just a woman; and rightly I don't know no name for the thing that's been a-callin' between us ever since I seen you in the woods. But I kin see it in your face, Peachey, an' you kin see it in mine; it's a-lookin' at me through them eyes o' yourn——"

"Don't you look at me!" she cried, flinging an arm across her face. "I hate you,

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you—Man. Don't you come near me, naow! I hate you, I could kill you!"

But he only smiled down upon her kindly, understandingly.

"That's what the father said—aye, or somethin' mighty like it; but I told him, I wrastled with him till he savvied. And—makin' no secrets between us, Peachey—I paid him two hundred dollars down, to call it quits. Why, what's a few dollars? They don't cut no figure between you and me, 'cause I love you, little Peachey, an' I know right down in your heart you love me, too."

His voice quivered deeply as he drew near and laid his hands on her shoulders.

Instantly she raised her face, and their glances met in one quick flare. He felt her shiver in his grasp like some panic-stricken animal, then she turned and fled from him.

He followed, calling after her to stop; yet the lust of the chase swelled within him, and he knew he but loved this woman the more that she was not lying tamed within his arm. Breasting the house, he saw that she had swerved toward the island's long, leeward neck, from whence there was thrown a narrow pile-bridge connecting it with the mainland. His feet rang on the planks as she gained the opposite shore; and his heart laughed with joy, for he divined the instinct that had called her, not to her father's side, but to the mysterious heart of the woods.

Now he felt beneath him the soft pad of pine needles, little twigs switched his face, and warm, odorous airs breathed their welcome. Through the dimness he saw her gain the crest of a ridge, running lightly with long strides, and, as he reached the spot, from the hollow beneath there rang her voice flung back in mocking laughter. By the trail's wide curve and the shelving land he perceived that they were skirting the edge of inland waters; more than this he knew nothing save that, through vista after vista, mile by mile, her flying feet beckoned him onward, and that her heart was singing to his the last wild defiance of the almost-won.

At a sharp turn he came suddenly upon a cleared space shoring along the water's edge, lit by a blazing camp-fire. Within the circle of the glow she stood, a spent, panting figure, half supported by two men. A hunting-dog dashed forward, menacing the oncomer with stiffened back and bared teeth. The man strode into the group and said with quiet courtesy:

"Good evening, gentlemen. I am glad you rounded her up, for both consarned. Peachey, my hat's off to you an' all your tribe: you'd have run till you dropped. I see, gentlemen, that you're sizin' me up, which is natural an' gratifyin'. But things is square an' satisfactory between me and her, I do assure you."

The younger of the two—a tall, keen-faced man of city-bred appearance—turned to the girl and said with irritation:

"I don't understand. What does he mean? Are you his wife?"

She was leaning against a tree, her face averted. "No!" she panted vehemently. "No, no!"

"Tell yer it's Crane's gal," insisted the second man. "They live over yonder on the island. I pointed it aout a-comin' through the woods, the day you landed up here, Mr. Hemsley."

"Have you any claim on this girl?" demanded Hemsley, wheeling upon the stranger.

"Touchin' claims," returned the other, with sure emphasis, "I am not for filin' mine with the first party immediately convenient. The claim is filed O. K. elsewhere, and at present, as you're prospectin' on the hither side o' my line, I'll put one straight question to you: Did, or did not, Little Peachey ask you for protection?"

"Why, no," retorted Hemsley, a trifle confused, "she didn't—not in so many words." He turned to the girl. "Who is this man? Tell me everything; you needn't be afraid, Miss Crane."

"I'm not afraid!" she flashed sullenly. "He was a-layin' in Ragged Woods this afternoon, an' he carried my berry basket home an' stayed to supper. And afterward he caught hold o' me, he did, an' tried to kiss me; an' I ran away 'cause—'cause I hate him. I hate him!"

Her shrill cry ended in a passionate gesture. Wheeling, she marched down the slope to the water's edge, where she stood looking out into the night. All at once the man threw his face up to the sky and burst into a great roar of laughter.

"Right you are, Little Peachey!" he called. "Thar ain't no more to be said than that—just you an' me in the Ragged Woods at sundown. An' now— Blessed if we ain't downright stampeded! It's a reg'lar round-up, Peachey!" And he laughed again uncontrollably.

"Well," said Hemsley at length, "I don't

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BUT SHE STOOD FROM BEHIND HIM AND LEVELED THE REVOLVER FULL AT HEMSLEY.

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like the looks of things, and I'm going to make it my business to take Miss Crane home to her father. I advise you not to make any trouble until you've proved who you are. Rockledge County Jail is only six miles away."

The other sobered to a statue, then turned, regarding Hemsley with mild fixity.

"Gentlemen," he said, "gentlemen both. I ain't askin' for your help, and, as far as I can see, neither is Peachey. I mean it. Gentlemen, a mule is a most onsafe critter. Even when you go to his funeral, you'll do well to sit at the head of the coffin."

Then all three turned quickly, for there had arisen from below the sound of a grating keel.

"That settles it," said Hemsley with dry satisfaction. "Miss Crane has gone home in the canoe. So much the better: I'm not looking for trouble." And he turned away.

But the Man gave one great laugh, then he was off like a shot, down the slope and into the water. At shoulder-depth he overtook the canoe and clung to its stern.

"Go up forward, Little Peachey," he cried, "an' sit mighty still till I swing in, else we'll be swimmin' in another minute. There!"

And drawing himself up over the stern, he seized the paddle, while the canoe leaped forward beneath his powerful strokes. From somewhere along the shore came the sound of voices, but the camp-fire blazed deserted. Gradually its light diminished to a twinkling spark in the blackness. For a while no word was spoken, the man bending to his task, the girl crouching with averted face in the extreme bow. Then a little new moon peered over the distant pine tops, the heavens spread their starry veil, and the hour of Susanna Crane's wooing had come.

"Me! You!" intoned the Man, to the sweep of his paddle. "Me! You! That's what the waves were sayin', that's what you kep' a-callin' to me through the woods, that's what the stars are writin' on the sky—Me! You! Big Chief, oh, you heap Big Chief, somewhar up yonder, ain't you l'arned me some things this day? Peachey, me and another man, down in the marble quarries, got fightin' in liquor, an' he drew a gun on me, an' I killed him with it. Then I got away quick and careless-like; but the Big Chief he leads me up here an' sets me in the woods, an' sends you along the trail. An' while I'm lyin' thar asleep, He tells me in a dream, 'You proud man! You unbroke bucker! Maybe you kin kill a man, but I've got my own good way o' tamin' you and bringin' you home.' Blood for blood I thought He meant, but I wakes up and—*Qué gracia!*—thar you stands. And your face it says to me, 'Come on, you wicked, red-handed man. God's a-callin'.' And I says to myself real sudden, like I was at a camp meetin', 'Praise God!' Then, when we ran into the camp, just now, who was thar but Hemsley, the county sheriff, whose deputies have been after me for a week! Maybe the Big Chief's savin' me to l'arn me something more. So again I says, 'Praise God!'

"Will you travel with me, *camarada?*" he went on. "The whole big world's waitin' for us. I kin read an' write, an' my arms are strong. We'll ride the plains an' climb the hills an' swim in the rivers, and when you're tired I'll carry you on my shoulder. Then we'll take in the big, flat cities, Little Peachey, an' walk around 'em at night, lookin' on friendly. Yes, we'll drop in at all of 'em, stringin' out across the country like sideshows on the old Chicago Midway. And one o' these days, when we're gittin' real old, we'll pull up stakes an' start off to locate our last campin' ground. Thar ain't no maps nor surveys to it; it's just somewhar over yonder, and we'll know it on sight, Little Peachey. Maybe it's some picayune island chucked into the middle o' the ocean, with one high rock whar we can sit and watch the sun a-risin' an' the sun a-settin', an' the seagulls flyin'. And we'll talk over old times, Little Peachey, an' we'll just sit an' watch an' wait thar together till—till thar ain't nothin' left at all, only the rocks an' the sky an' the gulls a-screamin' at the sea.

"Peachey, a man read me some pieces out o' a book once, and I wrote 'em down an' learned 'em.

"'For springtime is here,' it says, 'thou soul unloosened—the restlessness after I know not what. Oh, if we could but fly like a bird! Oh, to escape, to sail forth as on a ship!' *Camarada*, give me your hand. I will give you myself, more precious than money. Will you give me yourself? Will you travel with me? Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?"

The chant of his voice died away upon the night, and there was no sound but the soft ripple of the water under keel. In the

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bow sat the girl, motionless as a crouched Indian, her face fixed upon the nearing shore.

As the water shoaled, the Man stroked powerfully, landing the canoe sternforemost; then he stepped forth, drew it along the bank, and said:

"*Camarada*, give me your hand!"

But already the girl had risen, steadying herself with the bow paddle. With a sinuous movement she eluded his arms, and fled; then voices woke amid the pines, and the Man strode forward, to find his way blocked by two men holding the sobbing girl between them.

"I've seen enough of this," said Hemsley, facing him, "to know what you are. Miss Crane, can you find your way home alone? Jim, you and I will walk this man over to Rockledge."

"Peachey!" called the Man, retreating instantly. "Come on over here; thar's goin' to be trouble. Git behind me, Little Peachey!"

In the landing place there was driven a heavy stake. He drew this forth, then advanced, saying earnestly:

"Gentlemen both, you size me up wrong. Now, I ain't lookin' for trouble, but don't you bank too strong on takin' me anywhar with you to-night."

Hemsley's right hand drew backward, then came the level glitter of a long revolver barrel. "Drop that!" he began.

But suddenly something flashed before his face, and the keen edge of a boat-paddle bit numbingly into his extended hand; then the girl darted forward to where the revolver lay glistening among the pine needles.

"Well struck, Little Peachey," cried the Man; and he stepped protectingly in front of her, with upraised stake. But she stood from behind him and leveled the revolver full at Hemsley.

"I don't want your help," she said. The words came torn from her in sobbing whispers. "Git! Don't you come back no more. Don't you send no one lookin' for this man. I kin take care o' myself, I guess."

And the look in her eyes warned them to go. Now the Man and the Woman were alone in the black hush of the pine woods.

"I saved you," she said at length; "now go away from here. Yes, go!" And as her face lifted defiantly to his, her voice slid upward like the lonely, untamed wail of some wild creature. "Go back from whar you come! Don't you never let me see your face again, nor hear you speak; don't you never touch me no more, you Man! 'Cause I'm scairt o' you, I am; 'cause you're big an' strong, an' you'd forgit a gal like me. 'Cause I hate you, an' I hate myself!"

For an instant the man gazed at her, perplexed, irresolute; then he took her right hand and guided it until the revolver muzzle touched his forehead.

"Peachey," he whispered tenderly, "you hate me—but could you kill me, Little Peachey?" And he smiled his great, full-hearted smile.

Then her hand fell, her head sunk upon his breast, and a strong shuddering filled all her young body.

"Oh, Man, Man!" she breathed, as his arms closed about her.

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MA'LOU.

THE SIDE DOOR

By
Alice MacGowan
and
Grace MacGowan Cooke

Authors of
"Return, A Story of the Sea Islands," etc.

Illustrations by C. B. Falls

ELLEN.

"IS Ellen worse to-day?" The opening and closing of the front door brought in a swirl of red and yellow leaves from the porch outside. There came, too, a breath of sharp, sweet October air to tired little Mrs. Kendrick where she paused, foot on stair, the tray steadied in her hand, looking back at her husband.

"No. It's just that I got Mary Louise Jackson to come over and play with her. I can't ask Aunt Dicey to wait on a negro child like Ma'Lou is, and she's got to eat with Ellen; so I'm——"

"So you're waiting on her yourself," supplied Kendrick, hanging up a shabby overcoat on the hall rack.

"I'd do more than that to keep her here," his wife returned almost fiercely. "I tell you nobody knows till they've tried it what it is to have a child like Ellen, always lonesome and pining for company, and quarreling with every girl that comes about her. Sometimes I think it would be better if we moved away from Watauga. Everybody pities her—they all notice that she's backward in her studies—how can she help it, poor dear, with that hip joint the way it is?"

Kendrick came closer; he laid a kind arm along the frail, bent shoulders of his wife, and her senses were aware of the fresh outdoor air as he put his cool cheek to hers. "Don't you grieve, Fanny," he said. "Ma'Lou's a good companion for Ellen. The kid's better trained and better educated than half the white girls of her age in Watauga. If things go well, in a year or two we'll send Nellie to Baltimore and see what the big man there can do for her. You shall have a daughter that can dance like you used to, honey," and he patted her shoulder gently.

She turned with a little, gasping sigh to put up her tired face for his kiss. "You're good, Scott," she murmured, then went more cheerfully upstairs and to Ellen's room, glancing as she entered at the two girls, who were playing happily with paper dolls.

"Here's your feast," she called to them in the gay tone we use with sick children. "Come, Ellen. I'll go down and give your father his dinner, and you two can play any kind of party you want to with this."

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The little girl with skin like white cotton cloth rolled her big, gray eyes toward the tray and asked listlessly, "What you got for dinner, ma?" The brown-skinned one, tidily dressed from her carefully combed head with its crisp, black mass that was scarcely hair, held in place by spick-and-span hair ribbons, to the toes of her stout, handsome shoes, got up quickly and came forward to arrange the meal.

"They's molasses pie, Nell," Ma'Lou said joyously. "Oh, I'm going to bring it over there and fix it by the side of the lounge. We'll play you' a sick lady, and I'm you' trained nurse. Just wait till I fix my handkerchief into a cap like they wear."

Mrs. Kendrick turned away and left the children at their play. Mary Louise Jackson had been kept at home from school that she might come over and spend the day with Ellen. For when Ellen Kendrick was ill, her cry always was, "Oh, send for the doctor—and Mary Louise."

The old Kendrick place sat back in its grassy yard and concealed behind voluminous chinaberry trees such shabbiness as time had brought it; but on the corner, the home of Ezra Jackson perched proudly above its stone wall and added a considerable touch of elegance to the street.

It was in the early eighties, and the Queen Anne style of architecture was just coming into great popularity in the South. Jackson, who could well afford it, had let an architect have full sway in producing for him a dwelling in the new mode. Ezra Jackson, a full-blooded negro born a slave, had been a teamster on his master's Georgia plantation, and after the war that master, who still maintained friendly relations with his ex-slaves, gave him a start in life with a mule and a dray. From this the honest, industrious, and enterprising man had built up a transfer business which was the best of its sort in town. There were many teams and drivers now, and Ezra could walk in the garb of other men of means about him; yet he still wrote his name in the manner of the kings of old—he produced it as a sort of landscape effect without any idea of what the separate characters meant. He was a good citizen, a dignified man; and, except for his black skin, he would have been an acceptable neighbor to the Kendricks, and a desirable resident in their quarter of town. The young wife whom he had married rather late in life, and to whose taste the Queen Anne house catered, had a good grammar-school education, gained from those first devoted teachers that the Freedman's Bureau sent to the Southern negroes in the years immediately following the war. At first she had kept his books and made out his bills; and she always insisted on the best of schooling for their children.

Of these latter, only Mary Louise concerns this history, since she chanced to be very near the age of Ellen Kendrick and had become a necessity in the life of that peevish little invalid. The negro girl had smooth features, and her mother saw to it that she was always spotlessly dressed and that her manners were perfect. The children of her race take to good manners very readily, being usually amiable and eager for approbation. Mrs. Jackson undoubtedly took pride in the connection with her aristocratic white neighbors, and Mrs. Kendrick was forced to be glad of the chance to have the Jackson child come over and play with Ellen. A nurse she could have hired, but a child near the afflicted girl's age, a sound-natured, sweet-tempered, well-

"IF THINGS GO WELL, IN A YEAR OR TWO WE'LL SEND NELLIE TO BALTIMORE."

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bred little girl, was not to be had for money—love was the only coin current that could pay for that.

And the two girls loved each other—of course they did. Did not Ellen need Ma'Lou, and is not service the basis of all love? The flame on the altar of their affection burned always clear and strong, unshaken by the peevish gusts that extinguished many a less sturdy light of friendship for the Kendrick girl. So that existence to Ellen—the pleasant part of it, anyhow—meant a great deal of Ma'Lou, and there was scarcely an object in her room, a game or a pursuit of her days, that was not associated with the brown girl. The pair grew up in a companionship closer than that of some born sisters.

EZRA COULD WALK IN THE GARB OF OTHER MEN OF MEANS ABOUT HIM.

The mere fact of this intimacy was not regarded by the Kendricks with any disfavor whatever. Scott and Fanny both had played with negro children, both had been reared by negro mammies. Neither realized that conditions were changed, that the negroes with whom they had associated were no longer an enslaved people, hopeless of any equality, nor that, with the coming of freedom, and still more with the growing ferment among the blacks, such association was different from the intimacy of slavery days.

And Ezra Jackson's wife watched jealously that the preponderance of gifts and favors should be always on her child's side. If any present were given Mary Louise in the Kendrick house, her mother always retorted instantly, as one might say, with something better or handsomer. Mrs. Kendrick was a slow woman, and such a point would naturally have been obscure to her; yet she finally came to be aware of the fact, and at last it vexed her a little. She turned the question in her mind and sought for some substantial favor or patronage which she might offer to the Jacksons, to quiet once for all her offended sense of fitness.

It fell out that about this time she was passing their home on her way to her own, loaded down with bundles from the market because her cook, Aunt Dicey, was old and feeble and there had been nobody else to go this morning, when she raised her eyes and saw the Jackson back yard full of snowy wash on the line. Mrs. Jackson stood in the kitchen door, and, at the juxtaposition of the dark skin and the well-washed clothes, an idea promptly occurred to the lawyer's wife.

"Good morning," she called in a friendly tone. "I wanted to ask you something; I guess I'll come through the gate and go out your front way, if you don't mind."

Ezra Jackson's wife ran down the steps and put out a hand to help the tired woman with her packages. Mrs. Kendrick rested them on the railing of the back porch.

"Your clothes look lovely," she said meditatively. "You get them out so early. Aunt Dicey's too old to do the washing and cooking both any longer. I've been thinking for some time that I would really have to get me a washerwoman."

"It is hard to have the person who cooks wash also," said Mrs. Jackson, choosing her words carefully, and speaking in that serious tone which the new generation of colored people are apt to use toward their white neighbors. It is always as though they were on guard, or perhaps on parade is the better word, determined not to be guilty of lapses which would be excusable in those whom they address, but which are not permitted to the inferior race.

Fanny Kendrick looked at the handsome, well-kept house and its dignified, serious-faced mistress, and a feeling of irritation rose within her.

"I thought maybe you—I want a washerwoman—and seeing your clothes

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looked so nice made me think that maybe you——"

She came to an uncertain halt, and glanced again half impatiently at the other woman. After all, Ezra Jackson's wife was just a negro, and there was no use in feeling embarrassed or in supposing you didn't know how to deal with negroes. Good gracious! what was the world coming to if you couldn't offer work to folks without blushing? But she did not complete her sentence. The Jackson woman waited for a while that she might do so, and finally said, still in that slow, correct utterance which was in itself an offense:

"You thought I might tell you of some one? Mrs. Payson does mine. As you say she does it very nicely, and is quick about it. Her prices are high. I pay her half a dollar, and she gets done, as you see, a good deal before noon. But the work is satisfactory, and I think it pays better. I don't know whether she has a free day—but—shall I send her to you when she comes next week?"

Mrs. Kendrick blushed burning red, and took up her bundles with a jerk.

"No, thank you," she said shortly. "I couldn't any more afford that than I could fly. I didn't know Sally Payson had got to charging like that—fifty cents for less than half a day's work! I declare, prices are enough to ruin a body these days."

She went on to her own home smarting. She had called the washerwoman "Sally Payson," to be sure, in correction of Eliza Jackson's "Mrs. Payson," which was a minor victory, yet it was not enough to wipe away a feeling of stinging exasperation and a curious sense of defeat. And when she told her husband about it afterward, he received her recital with a sort of humorous impatience.

"Good Lord, Fan," he broke in finally, "don't you know that every woman with a black skin isn't hungry to do your washing? It's not a question of complexion; it's money that talks. Ezra Jackson could buy me out two or three times over. I'm trying to get all his legal business. He's bringing a big suit against the railroad. If he gives it to me I shall be able to send Ellen to Baltimore this year instead of next."

"Well," said Mrs. Kendrick, submissively but acidly, "if you want me to go and apologize, I suppose I can. The South is getting to be a queer place when white gentlemen have to be under obligation to negro teamsters. I certainly don't want to interfere with your business in any way, Scott," she concluded plaintively. "We're hard up all the time; I feel it deeply that poor Ellen is such an expense to you."

Scott Kendrick's ready arm went round the weary little woman. "An apology would be worse than the offense, Fanny," he admonished gently. "It's just this: the Jacksons are in an absolutely new position, and have to be treated in a new way. You wouldn't go and ask Mrs. Ford or Mrs. Brashear to do your washing; and the Lord knows that neither Jim Brashear nor Bate Ford makes half what Ezra Jackson does. The world is changing, honey, and we have to change with it."

MRS. JACKSON UNDOUBTEDLY TOOK PRIDE IN THE CONNECTION WITH HER ARISTOCRATIC WHITE NEIGHBORS.

II

As they grew older, the association of the two girls, in spite of the affection between them—perhaps because

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of it—began to present almost daily problems and embarrassments. Ellen's health was worse, her nerves were shattered, and she clung with more and more insistence to this one healthy companion, who responded with a tireless devotion. Coming in from her wholesome outdoor life and her triumphs at school—where she always stood high—Ma'Lou brought to the sick room a very wind of comfort and cheer, which Mrs. Kendrick had not the heart to deny her pining young invalid. Once, when she spoke apprehensively of the matter to her husband, Scott Kendrick answered with astonishment:

"Why, Fanny, it's only a question of health—a little bodily improvement. We'd break it off to-morrow if Ellen was well. You'll see; there would never be any more of it if I could send her away for that operation."

But the white people had not, as they supposed, this anxiety all to themselves. The timid, conservative, colored mother regarded the friendship with growing anxiety. And before Scott Kendrick got together the money to send Ellen to Baltimore, Ezra Jackson's wife had coaxed her husband into letting Mary Louise go North to school. The Watauga public schools, with a term or two of Fiske, at Nashville, afterward, had been good enough for the other children. But the mother craved wider opportunities for this, her youngest; money was freer with them now; and Mary Louise went to a preparatory school, then to Oberlin.

Ellen Kendrick returned from the hands of the surgeons in Baltimore much improved in health. She was sent back twice afterward for treatment. Finally she walked as well as other girls, and hastily made up her arrears of education, as best she might, at a private school in Watauga. She would always be frail; the invalid habit had gotten into both mind and body; she would continue dependent, demanding, and somewhat irritable; yet there was a fragile prettiness about her, and her very childishness had its own charm.

Mary Louise Jackson passed one of two vacations at home; but, as time went on, there were opportunities for her to have trips of an educational nature, and one summer was spent at a Chautauqua taking a special course, so that after the first break in their association the two girls saw almost nothing of each other till they were women grown. There had been some letters; yet what the white girl had always demanded and received from her friend could not come through the mails, and the neglected correspondence finally died a natural death.

There was one person in Watauga, however, to whom Mary Louise wrote, and from whom she received letters regularly—Ulysses Grant Payson, the washerwoman's son, with whom she had gone to school. Grant Payson was a sober, ambitious, industrious fellow, who seemed to feel from childhood the weight of responsibility for his people. A widow's only boy, he had worked hard and studied hard. With a very fair mental endowment, he was able to get what the Watauga public schools could give him, secure a few years training at Nashville, then read law.

And, when, after her graduation, Mary Louise returned to her father's home, a very well-educated young lady indeed, wearing glasses and looking older than her years, she found Grant established in a good practice, and with some other prospects that were, for a colored man, flattering. Both families knew that Grant wanted Ma'Lou. Whether the girl would marry him and settle down in Watauga had been a matter of anxiety, often talked over between the two mothers. For they also knew of and discussed Ma'Lou's opportunity to take a position as private secretary to one of the instructors in her college. They understood that it was a situation which would pay fairly well, and give her associates who gained an added glory in the minds of these humble folk by their distance. In short, it would be a foothold in the white people's world; and Grant Payson's mother trembled for her son, while the mother of Mary Jackson feared to lose, once for all, her daughter. The two Southern-bred black women could see in such things as the girl reported only the wiping out of all race barrier, the sudden achievement of equality. Had Mary Louise been asked, no doubt she could have told them of a social ban at the North quite as definite as that in Watauga, if different; but her father's daughter kept a silence that was not without dignity over what she found irremediable, in the North as in the South.

To warm-hearted Mary Louise, Watauga meant, of course, father and mother; but directly after them—perhaps before them, in the calendar of youth—it meant Ellen Kendrick and Grant Payson. And the colored elders, looking on, felt that as these twin idols of the girl turned out, so rose or fell

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the chances of keeping her with them in Watauga.

Grant instituted at once a courtship as ardent and eager as it was open and avowed. His people, florid and colorful in temperament, are natural wooers, free of the language of affection and adroit in its use. Grant was very much in love with the girl, and she meant even more to him than that, since in aspiring to her his ambition stepped hand in hand with his affections.

Mary Louise received his advances with curious reservations, as though there were positions and premises she defended against him.

It was when the girl's visit was three weeks old that the fine-looking, broad-shouldered, young colored man in his well-fitting business suit—a goodly figure in the eyes of the mother watching from her own room across the hall—left the parlor where he and Mary Louise had been sitting all evening, with so doleful a countenance that the older woman had a quickly suppressed impulse to go to him and speak. She did open the subject to the girl next morning, approaching it obliquely. In her own day a very progressive person, she felt that her daughter had far outstripped her, and she offered advice but timidly to this tall, perfectly dressed young woman who seemed so competent in all the affairs of life, and who knew so much more than she did upon many subjects. But after a little profitless skirmishing she came out with:

"Looks like you must have said something hard to Grant last night—he never came in to say good-by to me. Ain't you going to have him, Ma'Lou? Don't you care anything about him?"

"I care a great deal about Grant," Mary Louise told her, in a voice of pain. "I could love him dearly—if I'd let myself. But, mother, I just can't settle down to live here in Watauga. There's nobody and nothing here for me."

A WIDOW'S ONLY BOY, HE HAD WORKED HARD AND STUDIED HARD.

The woman looked at her child, and her mind misgave her sorely that she had done wrong to send the girl away among an alien people, where she would learn to despise her own.

"You're still grievin' about Ellen Kendrick," she said finally. "If I were you I wouldn't let that go the way it has. Don't—" she hesitated, with eyes full of helpless solicitude upon her daughter's face—"honey, don't wait for any sign from Ellen, because you won't get it. You just take those postal cards that you got for her on your Canadian trip, and some morning you step over to the side door and ask for her, if you want to see her. I know she thinks a great deal of you. She's stopped me on the street more than once and asked all about you and what you were doing. I don't see why you shouldn't go to the side door and go in and have a nice little visit with her."

Mary Louise considered this suggestion at some length. She had the wider outlook which some travel gives, and, in Oberlin, she had been where the race question was relatively negligible. Her mother's way of putting it jarred on her; yet the hungry craving she felt at this time for a touch of companionship with a girl of her own age, her longing for the beloved Ellen of her childhood, overbore all shrinking. That afternoon she brought the cards down in her hand, and, full of an unwelcome timidity, made her way to the side door of the Kendrick house and rapped. Mrs. Kendrick answered and received her with a certain thin cordiality that suggested reservations. The fact was that Ellen was having a little party that evening, and the colored girl would perhaps be in the

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"I RECKON I'M JUST ANOTHER FOOL NIGGER WOMAN THAT'S RAISED A CHILD TOO GOOD FOR HER OWN COLOR."

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way. Among the guests bidden were two young men, upon either one of whom Mrs. Kendrick looked with a hopeful maternal eye, and nothing could be less desirable than for her daughter to seem to "even herself with negroes" in the eyes of these possible suitors.

"Shall I stop and see Ellen a minute, or may I just leave these with you, Mrs. Kendrick?" asked the tall, brown-skinned young woman finally.

"Oh, come in—come right in here to the dining room and sit down," said the mistress of the house, remembering with a twinge how much she owed to this girl. "Ellen will be crazy about these. She's got a postal card album, and she hasn't anything in it from Canada. Ellen! Come downstairs, honey; Ma'Lou Jackson has brought you something pretty."

But even as she called up the stairway, and heard the quick response from above, it crossed Mrs. Kendrick's mind that her daughter would not be willing to put these postal cards in her album, for she would be ashamed to tell from whom they came.

She was annoyed when Ellen came flying down the stairs, her thin, blond hair all about her shoulders, and caught both the newcomer's hands—the mother feared for a moment that she would kiss her old playmate.

"And then if somebody saw it through the window, and went and told young Emery Ford or Mr. Hyatt, I don't know what on earth I should do," reflected the careworn matron.

"Mamma, do come and look at these lovely postals," Ellen cried effusively a little later, as her mother, plainly ill at ease, passed through the room. "I'm going to pull out those that Cousin Rob sent me from Texas, and put these in right after the California ones. See here, mamma; isn't this one beautiful? Ma'Lou was there a week. She's put a little cross over the hotel where they stayed."

Mrs. Kendrick looked at the strong, well-developed figure of her guest, and a certain dull anger arose in her mind. Why did health and money both go to this inferior creature, when they were lacking in higher quarters? Perhaps this prompted her query; "That hotel? It's a big one, isn't it? Did they—could you——?"

She broke off, and Mary Louise supplied, innocently enough: "Oh, they didn't let us travel during school term. This was a vacation trip."

She had been long away from the South; in the protective conditions of Oberlin she had been measurably free from the wounding of race prejudice; and now she failed to realize that Mrs. Kendrick's curiosity was as to whether she had been permitted to go to a hotel with white people.

Old Dicey's place in the kitchen had long been supplied by a negress of the newer generation—"the worst gossip and tattler in town," if you might take her mistress's word for it. Mrs. Kendrick now made her way thither, ostensibly to superintend the preparation of the evening's refreshments, but in reality to try to fix up an explanation of why Ezra Jackson's daughter sat visiting in the dining room with the young lady of the house. "Because if Penny goes out and tells her friends, every darky in town'll be retailing the story to the folks that hire them, and it'll soon be all over the place."

She came back into the dining room to find Ellen glowing with enthusiasm. Yes, her mind was still that of a sick child; she had dropped back into her old-time attitude toward Mary Louise.

"Mamma, Ma'Lou says that they used to give lunches at the college, and fix the floral centerpiece so it would all come apart, and each guest could draw a bunch of it with a ribbon. Oh, I don't understand very well, but she can tell you—it's just beautiful, and we could make it out of the chrysanthemums in the side yard, she says."

Mrs. Kendrick looked uneasy. But there was no window in the dining room which commanded the street except the side light of the bay, and at it Ellen herself sat. Nobody passing would be apt to see Mary Louise over in the room.

"I reckon we can't go into those things," she objected, a little irritably. "I suppose Ma'Lou has seen a heap of fine doings up North that we couldn't possibly attempt."

"But she's promised to make me a lot of cute little candies—like potatoes, and put them in paper baskets—to go at each plate," put in Ellen, jealously.

The brown-faced girl nodded and laughed, with a quick flash of white teeth. It was plain she was taking the attitude of an older person talking to a child about a juvenile party to which there could be no qu .stion of invitation, and Mrs. Kendrick's fears rather subsided. She was safe, if only Ellen would show some sense and judgment.

"Well, I must go on home, now, if I'm to make those candies and have them ready by

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this evening," said Ezra Jackson's daughter, getting to her feet. "They take a good while to harden properly."

Ellen went with her to the side door, clinging to her arm and insisting on some last remark. Mrs. Kendrick, in an agony of apprehension, hovered in the background.

"Oh, well," said the daughter of the house finally, "I won't bother you any more about it now, Ma'Lou. It's hard for you to explain just how to fix it, but you can show me when you come over this evening. I'll have the chrysanthemums ready. You come a little early—won't you, please?"

Mary Louise, in the doorway, glanced from mother to daughter in some confusion. Would this do? Her own mother had cautioned her to be certain to go to the side door.

"I—I don't know," she hesitated doubtfully. "I'll bring the candies over, if you like, and I might be able to show you a little about the table then." And again she looked from the face of the girl who had been her childhood's most intimate friend and associate to that of the woman who had accepted so much at her childish hands.

"Why, I supposed you'd be here when I was giving the party, Ma'Lou," argued Ellen petulantly. "I don't see why not! Isn't it all right, mother?" she appealed sharply. "Shouldn't Ma'Lou come over this evening?"

For one desperate moment Mrs. Kendrick sought to shape a policy; Ellen's words sounded frightfully like an invitation to the party. Would Mary Louise accept them so? Her worried, resentful glance traveled over the tall, dignified figure, the correct, quiet costume. Oh, it had no business to be as hard as this! But she must make the girl understand; she could not run the risk of injury to Ellen's belated social opportunities.

"Why—you see—we—" she began, in an agony of embarrassment, "we can't—we can't—" Her voice failed her. She looked fleetingly at Mary Louise, who returned the gaze with a look hurt, accusing, difficult to meet. She drew her breath sharply, and began again with more resolution. "We'll have an extra maid in to help with the serving. If you don't mind staying in the dining room with her—" She ceased and waited hopefully, to see if the girl understood. There was an uncertain silence. She must finish. "Ma'Lou, if you'd stay in the dining room with Tillie, and wouldn't mind wearing a—cap—and apron like she does, why you could come over and look on."

Ellen Kendrick had seen somebody coming down the street. It was Emory Ford, and she flushed and dimpled and smiled as she bowed to him, forgetting everything else, including the departing Mary Louise, who, after one mute look at Mrs. Kendrick's flushed, disturbed face, turned and walked with hanging head toward the house on the corner.

Arrived at home, she went methodically to work upon the promised candies and the little baskets that were to contain them. Ezra Jackson's wife, noting the face of set misery, forbore long to question her as she brought out the novel materials and pursued her work.

The afternoon wore on. Mrs. Jackson was at work at her sewing-machine in the front hall; but she could not keep out of the kitchen, she made continual futile errands through it, giving anxious, sidelong glances at the child over whom her heart yearned.

Finally, when she could bear it no more, "Did—did something hurt your feelings over there, Ma'Lou?" she asked huskily.

She spoke behind her daughter's shoulder. The girl set the last finished basket in its place in the row before she turned to answer. Then she showed a face so much more cheerful and composed than the elder woman had dared hope for that the relief was almost revulsion.

"Sit down, mother," said Mary Lou, pushing a chair with her foot. "Sit there while I fill the baskets, and I'll tell you about it."

The mother sat and watched the deft brown fingers, and marveled at the girl's collected manner, her quiet, even voice. For Ezra Jackson's wife was shaken by alternate gusts of anger and hurt pride, of shame and fear, as, with a judicial fairness extraordinary in one of her years and sex, the girl went over the details of that unhappy visit. The old teamster had given his child a heritage of rare good sense. Early in the recital the woman broke in bitterly with:

"And yet you're making candies for her party? Such as that is all they want of you. I wouldn't do it. And I'd never step foot in their house again!"

"Why, mother, I'd certainly make these. I promised them," said Mary Louise mildly. She put the last tiny candy potato in place, pushed back the basket, wiped her hands, and turned fully to her mother. "But you're exactly right about not entering Judge Kendrick's house again," she said, with increasing emphasis. "I can't go in at the front door as a friend—that's true; I can't. I certainly

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sha'n't go in at the back door as a servant; and—I've thought it all out now—I see it plain—our people make a great mistake when they hang around the side doors of white folks. There's no way but——"

"Don't say it, honey!" gasped the mother. "Wait a minute." This was the end, and she could not quite face it. She was to lose her youngest and dearest. Mary Lou was going back North to live among the white people. Her head went down on the table, the convulsed face hidden in her arms. Then broke forth the cry of the blood:

"Oh, Lord! I reckon I'm just another fool nigger woman that's raised a child too good for her own color. I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead!"

"Mother—mother!" The girl flung herself on her knees beside the chair, and caught at the other's dress. "Don't take on that way. You don't understand. I'm—look around here—I'm glad of what happened over there to-day. It's shown me the truth about a good many things. We're all black people together. It's the only way for us now. I'm not going back to be Professor Sheridan's secretary—a black woman among white people. I'm going to marry Grant—he's everything to me; these people are nothing—and settle right down here in Watauga with him—and be happy and useful. Mother, you didn't make any mistake in the way you brought me up. I'll be a credit and a comfort to you yet."

THE TRIAL BALANCE

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Author of "Corrie Who?" etc.

Illustrations by Edmund Frederick

LIKE so many others of her class, Stella Willoughby was a satisfied, confident woman, placidly aware of the station her husband's money assured to her. For Willoughby was accounted wealthy even in this lake town, where riches were so much in evidence; and if the wife betrayed a cool superiority because of his money, it was only natural, perhaps, since she and most of her associates knew no other means of gauging success, or worth, or the individual's place in life. Looking over her shoulder now, she glanced nonchalantly across the club dining-room.

"You mean those people—the Severances, Mrs. Kinsman?" There was a bland indifference in her tone that made the guest beside Mrs. Willoughby look at her curiously, for she knew that Severance had once been a suitor for Mrs. Willoughby's hand. "I believe we did know them before they dropped out. He lost everything, didn't he?—went to smash, as I vaguely remember."

Still with the same air of unconcern, she dipped the tips of her fingers in the finger-bowl, and prepared to rise. "Queer they should come back here, isn't it?" she commented idly; and then, as if the subject had passed from her mind with the observation, Mrs. Willoughby pushed back her chair in signal to her guests, and led the way from the room. In the hall, while the maid was putting on her wraps, she turned and looked back, still idly as before. Her eyes, traveling about, rested a moment on the man sitting at the distant table, and then, when he half rose from his place as if to bow, they jour-

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neyed on again, coolly unconcerned. A moment later, smiling gayly, she walked down the steps to her carriage, and, with her guests, was driven away to the theatre.

Yet, somehow, in spite of this sureness of speech and manner, the sight of her old-time suitor had wakened in Mrs. Willoughby the subtle discontent that occasionally affected her—the discontent of women who have only themselves to think about. One might have said that at these times she was subconsciously wearied of her form of life; that, in so many words, though ignorant of the fact, though, consciously, her vacuous life immensely satisfied her, she was *bored*. But to-day, bluntly speaking, it was about her husband that her vague dissatisfaction centered; and when she had glanced coolly at her former suitor, it was for the purpose of comparison.

Willoughby was a fair type of the money-getter. Furthermore, what he had built had been raised by his own hands unaided; he was a self-made man, whose one boast was that he owed nothing to any one, not even so little as a debt of gratitude. One realized the fact, too, in the way he carried on his affairs; for in his business he was alert and determined, implacably pursuing his money-making as if it were a warfare, and considerate of none but those joined with him in the moment's harvesting venture. Perhaps his reasons were sufficient—who knows? Perhaps Willoughby was as well aware as they that the friends of to-day might reasonably become the enemies of to-morrow.

But at home the money gathered so ruthlessly elsewhere was thrown about with a lavish hand. Nothing that wealth could provide was denied Mrs. Willoughby or her boy; and though she had been poor when she married, money, in the mere crudity of having it to spend, had long since lost its novelty. To-day, beyond the pride of having it, and beyond the luxury and ostentation it could buy, money possessed for her a far greater significance in its power to make one powerful. In that she had already tasted the illogical enjoyment of one that can obtain power in no other way. And it was because of this place that his money had bought her that Mrs. Willoughby began to look on her husband with a critical eye.

For she was an ambitious woman, though one with definite limitations. Among different surroundings and in an atmosphere less sordidly striving and commonplace, she was fitted to have become, with some encouragement, an admirable and utterly inconspicuous wife and mother. But here, in this narrow, money-getting environment, many things prevented; among them, primarily, the way in which she had been brought up. For her father, too, had been driven by this lust for riches; and though he had failed, to the last he had been goaded on by his one eager, grasping hope. He had drummed into her head the single lesson that without money one is nothing.

In itself it suggested to the few a plausible reason why she had married Willoughby. There had been nothing openly unhappy in their life together. Still, as others saw, Willoughby was much older than his wife, radically without her social instincts, and, furthermore, when she had accepted him, it had been pretty generally understood that Severance had won her heart.

And now, as she sat back in her carriage, remembrance came rapping like an unwelcome, unadmitted visitant. She tried to put it away by chattering smartly; the theatre-wagon rolled along to the clicking of hoofs on the asphalt; but through it all the troublous knocking persistently recurred. For this was one of the few times when she had lingered upon a thought of that first romance of hers; and now, coupled with her hardening criticism of Willoughby, it brought forth insistent questions.

Whether she had really loved her husband when she married him, or whether she had not instead been dazzled by his peculiar abilities remained in doubt.

Severance had come first; he had a little money to begin, and he was doing well with it and seemed on the road to do better. Therefore, her friends were secure in the belief that she would marry him, when Willoughby had made his appearance.

He went at this love-making of his as he went at all his affairs—implacably bold and ruthlessly sweeping aside whoever or whatever came into his way. The fact that he and Severance were considered friends seemed to have counted little; and when, a few months later, it was learned that she had dropped one to take the other, it was also learned that Severance had played at ducks and drakes with his money. Briefly, he had become bankrupt in a mining deal. He and others, Willoughby among them, had gone into a Wyoming copper prospect—the Teton Sisters Company—and while Willoughby

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WHEN SHE HAD GLANCED COOLLY AT HER FORMER SUITOR, IT WAS FOR THE PURPOSE OF COMPARISON.

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apparently got off without damage, Severance had dropped everything. How, was never clearly understood. Severance and his sister had parted with their home to satisfy his creditors, and then moved away.

In the twelve years of the Willoughbys' married life, the tide of money had kept steadfastly on the flood. Nothing his hands touched seemed to fail him. He had his fingers in every kind of venture—mines and mills, foundries and furnaces, steam roads, trolley lines and public utilities; and to each and every one of these promotions, the name of Willoughby affixed the hall-mark of success. Now his dollars jingled in every state of the Union—and they jingled in his own home, too, almost as the only evidences that the home was his. For Willoughby, pursuing money everywhere, seemed to have lost interest in all else but his money-grubbing, just as Willoughby's wife, excepting for the same money-grubbing, seemed to have lost all interest in him.

And now she had looked at Severance; her eyes had rested on him long enough to make comparisons—Severance much improved, cool, suave, presentable, and deferential; her husband big and masterful, a brooding, preoccupied man, and a kind of Orson to be kept denned in his money caves. She sighed to herself regretfully.

Some minutes after Mrs. Willoughby had found her seat in the theatre box she was aware of another party coming down the aisle. "Hello!" exclaimed the man beside her, "here come Hudson Mills and his wife with Case Severance. I didn't know he was in town."

Mrs. Willoughby laid a gloved finger to her lips and affected to yawn, though she stole a glance out of the corner of her eye. Her guest was now nodding over her shoulder at the arrivals in the seats below.

"Severance has made a ten-strike, I hear," he volunteered, in an expressive, if inelegant, idiom of the money game; "there's a story going the rounds that Mills and Severance have been gunning together and that some one else got burned. Anyway, I hear they've lined their pockets. Severance is rich again."

This mixed metaphor affected Mrs. Willoughby with a curious interest. "Oh, is he!" she exclaimed, and, glancing down, she looked unexpectedly into Severance's watching eyes.

But she seemed not in the least disconcerted. Severance was just turning away, mindful of the previous snub, when, with a reassuring smile, she bowed, and then smiled again. For why not? Severance's position had been reëstablished in her world.

It was late that night when Mrs. Willoughby returned home. There was a light in her husband's library, and before going to her room she stopped and tapped at the door. Willoughby, with a pile of papers stacked before him, sat with his chin in his hand, staring absently at the wall. As the door opened, he turned for a moment, and then, seeing who it was, thrust his hands into his pockets and slouched down in his chair. "Well?" he murmured, absently.

Mrs. Willoughby, slipping out of her wrap, dropped into a convenient seat.

"Are you still at it? It's nearly one o'clock, Harmon." Yawning slightly, she wriggled her feet out of her carriage slippers and kicked them under her chair. Willoughby looked up, silently watching her, and a momentary small shadow crept into his face. Yet the shadow, small as it was, could not have been because of any flaw in his wife's appearance. Mrs. Willoughby was still young and fair to look upon, clear-eyed and almost girlish, her rounded, regular features set off picturesquely by her hat and its flowing purple plumes, even though both hat and plumes were extravagant in size. Willoughby must have known another reason to frown.

"Where've you been?" he demanded, heavily, his voice bare of any interest. He was a large, florid man, heavily built, square-jawed, and with the deep, scrutinous eyes of one aware of his own power and accustomed to enforce it. But now his eyes seemed listless, as if weary of the strain that had kept them so long on the alert.

"I? At the club," she answered, briefly. Though her own home was large and amply appointed, few were ever asked there to anything more formal than a luncheon or an afternoon at bridge. Home hospitality and the housekeeping it involved had long since become a bore to her; like many others in her set, she had learned to square her obligations through the convenience of her husband's club. The hospitality there entailed no other bother than paying the bills. "Just dinner at the club, and the theatre afterward."

She stripped off her long gloves and dropped them to the floor beside her carriage slippers. Again her husband studied her, almost covertly, one might have thought.

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"THE SEVERANCES ARE BACK IN TOWN, HARMON."

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"Any one there?" Willoughby began absently to pick at the edges of the papers on his desk.

She shook her head. "No one you'd care about, I think. There were only three tables besides mine. Mrs. Chardon and her daughter with some of her young friends, and then—" Mrs. Willoughby closely inspected one of her rubies. "The Severances are back in town, Harmon. He and his sister were there with Hudson Mills and his wife."

"Severance—with *Mills!*" cried her husband, lifting his head alertly. It was not often that Mrs. Willoughby's talk with him evoked such instant attention. "See here, Stella, are you sure it was Severance?"

"Sure? Sure whether it was Severance? Why, of course I am!" she answered petulantly. She and her husband had never discussed the man, and it seemed a late day now to begin. "What in the world is—?" she began, and then desisted. Willoughby, slouched down in his chair again, had dropped his chin on his breast and was nervously gnawing his lip.

His wife leaned over and gathered up slippers and gloves. "I think I'll go to bed," she murmured carelessly, and wandered toward the door. Willoughby made no response, and she turned and slowly came back. A calendar hanging from the gas bracket had fallen a little aslant, and she reached up and critically straightened it. "Harmon, I hear Case Severance is rich again. I wonder how he managed it."

"Hey? Who?" Willoughby jerked up his head as if startled from a dream—and not a very pretty dream, either, if one might judge from his countenance. "Oh, you mean *him*," he uttered thickly. "How do I know? I suppose he's been up to some of his games again." An almost savage dislike and contempt evidenced themselves in his tone, and, pushing back his chair, he picked up his papers and arose. "You'd better go to bed, Stella," he suggested brusquely, averting his eyes from her quick scrutiny; "I've got a lot of work here."

She laid a hand on his arm. "What's wrong with you?" she asked intently. There was alertness in the question, rather than responsive softness. Willoughby drew a hand across his mouth. "Nothing's wrong, Stella. I've had a hard day. Aren't you going?"

"Yes—in just a moment." She had moved toward the door again, and now was standing with her hand on the knob. "It's Willard's birthday next Wednesday." Willard was their boy. "He'll be eleven, and he wants an electric runabout. The Doane boys have one, and he's just crazy about it. We'd better let him have it."

Willoughby frowned, and irritably ruffled the papers in his hand. "A runabout? No; he sha'n't have it. He's too young, and besides——"

"Oh, nonsense, Harmon!"

Willoughby fluttered his papers more irritably than before.

"Well, he can't have it; that's all I have to say." Ordinarily, he gave to her and the boy what they wished, never questioning the cost or character of what they bought. "Eleven, and wants an automobile!" he commented, sullenly. "When I was his age I was working day and night to support my——"

"Yes, I know, Harmon," interrupted Mrs. Willoughby, affecting to stifle a yawn; "but Willard, fortunately, doesn't have to think of that."

Mrs. Willoughby gave her gloves a disdainful, careless twirl, and went on her way to her room. To her astonishment, a few moments later, she heard the front door slam. Willoughby had gone out.

He was away for nearly a week; and when he returned, his eyes were heavy and bloodshot, his face was pallid and wearily drawn.

"Well, so you are back. What have you been doing?" Mrs. Willoughby asked, perfunctorily. Though it was late in the morning she was still in bed, sitting up in a dressing sack, and turning the pages of a weekly publication that dealt in news of local high life. Its chief item, to-day, was the announcement of a dance she was to give shortly—at the club, as usual—and she had just finished for the second time the commentator's glib and unctuous phrasing.

He answered evasively, "Oh, just away on business." As he walked to the window and looked out, she carelessly turned the pages. "Stella, what did you do for the boy's birthday?" he asked, slowly pacing back to the foot of the bed.

She turned another page. "The boy? Oh, I gave him some money, and sent him down-town with the coachman. I was too busy." Smiling lightly, she went on glancing through the paper. "I suspect he stuffed himself on candy."

But there was no answering smile on Wil-

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loughby's face. "On candy? How much did you give him?"

Without looking up, she answered as lightly as before. "Oh, I can't remember now. Let me think." Then she vaguely named an amount, and Willoughby pressed his lips together.

"Stella," he said slowly, after a moment's darkening of his eyes, "do you know that amounts to a week's salary of more than one of my clerks? Don't you think it was a great deal to give a boy?"

She looked up now, astonished—a little vexed, too; for this was the second time he had questioned her use of money. "Well, what of it? It seems of little consequence." She buried her face in the paper again after this shot, and Willoughby stared at her.

"No," he murmured, reflectively, an alarming bitterness in his voice; "nothing seems of any consequence."

As she glanced casually over the top of her paper, she saw him draw a hand across his face; but, still vexed, she took no warning from the sign. "Well, there's no need of making a fuss, is there?" she asked, rebukingly. Thus showing how distasteful the subject had become, and, having had her say, she instantly changed the topic. "You're coming home Thursday night, aren't you?"

Willoughby watched her absorbedly. "I don't know. Why?"

"Oh, I just wanted to find out. It's the night of my dance, you know."

"A dance? Your dance?" He drew in his breath, and his hands, gripping the bed's footboard, closed a little tighter. "I'd forgotten that. Yes, your dance, and I——"

He broke off wearily, his lips framing a mere wraith of a smile, and in its gravity she still saw no warning of deep waters stirring troublously. "A dance—you're giving a dance!" he repeated, and there came into his eyes a subtle hint of mockery that, coupled with the words, gave them almost the significance of a jeer.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Harmon!" Mrs. Willoughby threw down her paper irritably, aware only of the unspoken protest in his manner, and disdaining to analyze it. "See here—are you going to make a fuss about that, too? Or are you still growling about the boy? I should think a man with your money would be above——"

It seemed unnecessary to round out the sentence; in itself the fragment, sharply uttered, peevish and fretful, conveyed more than enough. "You wouldn't let him have what he wanted; so what's the use of making it any worse? He swallowed his disappointment; but if you're getting ready to complain about me now, I'll——"

"Yes, I've thought there was good stuff in the boy," he interrupted, the slow words cutting short her vehement protest. "Where is he now?" he added abruptly. "I think I'd like to see him."

Mrs. Willoughby flounced down among the pillows. "I don't know—at school, I suppose. Aren't you going to your office to-day?"

Willoughby shook his head. He turned to the door, moving heavily; and there, at last, in his sunken head, his shoulders wearily bent, she caught some hint of the man's hidden emotion. Astonishment at first ousted all else from her thought, and she gaped at him in wonder. Then came a small, chilling touch of fear.

"*Harmon!*" At the swift call he looked back at her. "Harmon! Has anything happened?"

His answer was an evasion, and she knew it. "I'm staying home to see some men. That's all."

But the moment's fear was too stressful to be so easily set at rest. "Wait—do you hear?" She slipped from the bed, and, with her eyes still fastened on him, she groped about till she found her down slippers. Willoughby had slowly opened the door, but his wife angrily reached over his shoulder and pushed it shut. "You *shall* tell me!" she insisted, fiercely determined. "I want to know what's happened."

Willoughby shook off her hand, and renewed his effort at the door. "I've nothing to tell you," he rumbled sullenly; and then —"What do you want to know for?"

She caught her breath, certain now of the fear that shook her like an ague. He was in trouble, and trouble, to her, meant but the one thing—a money trouble. It was the first time in her years of placid, self-possessed vanity that any terror like this had come to jar her. To lose it now—this bought and paid-for complacency, this counterpart of happiness, struck her to the heart with a keener, more convincingly human emotion than she had known for many a day in her negligent, shallow existence.

"You want to know?" he answered, and smiled at her in grim, accusing mockery. "All right, then; I'll tell you. You'd better

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be ready for it, too." In his brutality there was a guarded note of self-pity, as if to see her suffer would somehow rejoice him in his own trouble. "Well, I'm smashed up—that's all. I'm ruined!"

Mrs. Willoughby, shrinking away, laid a hand on her lips and stared with distended eyes. "*Ruined?*" she gasped, unable to believe him—incredulously, as if at some barbaric jest. "Ruined?" She had turned quite white. "Oh," she cried, wetting her lips, "does it mean there is nothing left? How did it happen? Oh, it can't be true!"

"How did it happen?" Willoughby had thrust both hands into his pockets, and his head was turned sideways, as if the better to study the depths of her emotion. "Oh, the usual way—flying too many kites, I suppose. Poor?" he growled savagely. "Yes; we're poor as Job's turkey! They've cleaned me out of everything—their —— Teton Sisters, too!"

In her mind's bewilderment of distress she caught at the name; it was the property in which Severance had lost his money; and she recalled ugly rumors that, before, had not affected her. Now that his money was gone, they attached to themselves a newer significance, accusing and indefensible. "The Teton Sisters! What do you mean?" For was the shame of losing his wealth to be coupled with the shameful admission that he had taken a hand in gouging her former suitor? It was singular she hadn't thought of it before; now it struck home with redoubled poignancy.

"Mean, hey? I mean they've got it away from me—Mills and that fellow Severance. It was the prettiest thing I owned, too," he groaned, careless of what he was saying, and blurting out the acknowledgment. "But that ain't the worst—no, not by a long chalk! Do you know what they're going to do?" he demanded, hoarsely, and with an almost weeping resentment, yet as if glad to find some one to whom to pour it out. "They're going to sue for the money, too!"

"What money?" she persisted, hollowly, determined now to know all. It might be dreadful to lose one's money—it *was* dreadful; but to have this man drag her down into his own shame, too—*ah!*

Willoughby threw up both hands in a gesture of ungovernable petulance. "Oh, what's the use of talking about it?" he growled, and then instantly his voice dropped. "Stella, I'm sorry for your sake. We'll have to begin all over again, dear."

"But you shall talk of it!" she directed, with a cruel and cutting significance in her voice. "You can't hide it from me now."

His mouth opened dumbfoundedly. Then he thrust out his jaw with a reawakened truculency, now aimed at her.

"Well, then—it was the money I took from that fellow—from your old friend, Severance. He was——"

"You took it from him!" she cried. "You mean you *stole* it!"

Willoughby's mouth twitched, as if she had struck him a blow. "So that's the way you look at it now, is it?" he said, his voice quietly effective. "All right, then! I came in here hoping to get a word of sympathy from you—perhaps a little kindness. But I knew it was only a hope." He drew a deep breath. "Now don't work yourself up over him, I warn you, my dear. I won't tell you why I ruined him, years ago, but I'll tell you how. You've called me a thief, so I'll give you some more facts before you jump at conclusions."

"I don't want excuses—it's explanations!"

It was another taunt that struck home, but Willoughy again mastered himself grimly. "Any one of us would have done it," he answered, ignoring the remark. "Severance made it easy. I did to him only what he tried to do to others. When he saw how good the mine was, he wanted me to help him rook them out of their stock, so that we could get it. Simple enough, of course, but they'd been square with me. No, I refused—but I did accommodate him to the extent of doing him out of his own block. He'd mortgaged everything to buy shares, and when he was where I wanted him, all tied up with loans and not able to borrow another cent, I told the mine people what Severance was trying to do. So they put in a ruinous report, and every one from whom he'd borrowed a cent just called his loans and foreclosed on him right and left. He went down and out—and that's all there was to it. Nobody else got hurt, and we divided his stock among us. Can't you see how it was, Stella?" he asked quietly, and stood awaiting her verdict.

"Yes! I see how it was!" she flashed. "It was robbery—you can't excuse yourself."

If she had wished to sting him again, the attempt seemed to become fruitful. "Excuses! I make none, do you hear?" he retorted, incensed. "I ruined him to get

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him out of your way—yes!—oh, you needn't say it!—out of mine, too. Look here!" he cried, passionately; "don't you think I didn't know you? All you looked for or lived for was—" But he broke off there, and surveyed her with an affronted dullness, as if it were only wasted effort. "Oh, well, what's the use?" he muttered, and with morose and glowering eyes slouched through the doorway.

Mrs. Willoughby lay among the pillows, her arms flung out and her face half hidden by her disordered hair. *To be poor!* Her mind seized on that as the one incalculable shame that had befallen her—on that, rather than on her view of his dishonesty. Curiously enough, it was not only the loss of the money itself and the imminent surrender of her ease and luxury and ostentation that dismayed her. She was anguished, as well, by the stigma of being poor. She was able to see only the mean side of it; the pity of her friends already rang in her ears like scorn, mocking her because the one thing that had made her was now stripped away. Hers was not the nature to see the other side of it—the helpful nobility of self-denial, the heroism of unselfishness, the courage that stoically faces the narrow and sordid effort whose rewards are only in the future. No, indeed!—there was only a savage resentment in her mind, the inexplicable sense that somehow she had been tricked and cheated, and that he alone was to blame.

Though she accused him of dishonesty in the Severance affair, the charge was only secondary. Given another time, she might carelessly have acquitted him, taking his own say-so as enough; but Willoughby now had chosen a poor hour for his acknowledgment, when he linked it to the tidings of his ruin. All that day she kept to her bed, her mind absorbed with the catastrophe that had swept out from under her the unsolid prop of her arrogant money pride. For, again, without money what was left?

She showed herself the day following, wan and silent. Willoughby was away; the news of his failure was public property, and she writhed when she read of it in the daily prints. But in the following days she suffered other pangs that were a healthy counter-irritant—she learned to pick and number her *friends*, and to know, among so large a list of acquaintances, how very few they were. Though she was prepared for this, well aware what befalls the one with broken playthings, nevertheless she was filled with bitter exasperation against those who were no more careless than she had been herself. So she left orders with the servants that none was to be admitted.

Her husband was not so easily evaded. He returned, three days later, and, walking straight to her, laid a hand on her shoulder. "Stella, I'm mighty sorry; but if you'll help me, I can get on my feet again."

"Oh, don't bother me!" she retorted, flinging off his hand. Willoughby flushed, seemed about to make a bitter retort, and apparently changed his mind. "Stella, I'm in a good deal of trouble. A kind word or two would help." But the wife maintained a sullen dumbness, her eyes turned away from him; and Willoughby retired, shaking his head.

At the week end he tried again, hopefully. "Stella, it's not so bad as we first thought. I think we'll save enough to live on—maybe enough to keep our home. But you'll have to lend a hand."

She looked up from her packing. "What do you say?" she demanded, with a rekindled interest, and at the sight of it his eyes lightened.

"Why, if you're willing to go slowly, and put up with a few things, we might be able to do it."

"Humh!" Mrs. Willoughby bent over her trunk again. "I suppose that means you'd make me a kind of drudge. Thank you; I prefer the other way."

"The other way?" he inquired, looking at her closely. "What do you mean by that?"

She affected to show her carelessness by smoothing the clothes in the trunk tray. "Oh, I'm going to take the boy and go away somewhere for a while."

It was not unexpected. Willoughby came a step nearer, his brow wrinkled ominously. "You shall not!" he said, with a slow distinctness, every syllable rapped out decisively. Then his anger, righteous enough in its way, got the better of him. "Listen to me, Stella!" he gritted, clenching his hands beside him. "I can see clear through you. You haven't the nerve to face this down, so you're going to sling me overboard. That's it, isn't it? Well, you sha'n't. I've handled you like a fool, these years, and now I'm going to take charge. You'll stay here—not because of yourself or me—but for the boy!" he cried; and Mrs. Willoughby arose, quiet, but white.

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"No," she answered, clearly; "we've played this farce too long, Harmon. I don't think I'm suited to you, and I'm sure you're not suited to me. We married under false ideas of each other."

Willoughy turned white, too, but, restraining himself, he peered at her from under his heavy brows. "No, we didn't!" he retorted, solemnly. "*You* did, but *I* didn't! You married me thinking my money would buy you what you wanted. I question whether you thought of *me* at all. But I married you, Stella, knowing exactly what you were, and, since I've paid for it, I intend you shall stick to your bargain."

"Oh, yes," she answered, smiling a little in scorn, "it would be like you to call it a bargain. But you can't prevent my leaving."

"No—perhaps not; but I can give you a good, strong argument why you shouldn't. Don't think I'm the only one that knows you—why, good Lord, Stella, I've no monopoly on the knowledge! Do you know what they'll say of you, all these fair-weather friends that've dropped you like a smashed toy? *I do*—they'll say you've wrung me dry, and that now I'm ruined you've chucked me just as they thought you would. If you care to know, I've heard whispers of it already; so I'm going to save my boy, if I can."

Mrs. Willoughby stood with a hand at her throat, gasping; the shot had struck home. "How dare you?" she whispered. "How dare you, after what I know of you? You say that, after cheating me into marrying you?"

AT DINNER HIS LIGHTNESS, GOOD-NATURE, GENIALITY BECAME INFECTIOUS.

Willoughby tossed his head. "Do you still refer to Severance?" he inquired, caustically; and then his face darkened. "I'll tell you why I cheated you into marrying me. It was because I loved you, I think," he said, and there came a wistfulness into his voice that almost startled her. But she put it away scornfully.

"You mean you stole his money to get me!" she retorted, unequivocally.

"I did—you're quite right!" he answered quickly. "And do you know what became of the money?" he demanded, pausing long enough to wet his lips, but giving her no time to reply "Well, it bought the clothes you wore—your hats—your gloves—your jewels. It's paid for your extravagances—or a part of them. It bought you the carriage you wanted; your string of pearls too. My soul!" he cried in a kind of fierce wonderment, "it bought nearly all there is of you, I think! It bought you, besides—that money did—his, with a lot more added to it!"

Mrs. Willoughby stared at him confounded—the situation had become reversed. She found herself impugned and called to defend when she had thought only to attack. It was a bitter reflection that he had, all along, hidden his contempt, while she had been idly picking flaws in him.

"Oh, yes!" he cried, going on; "all you looked for or lived for was money. I'd heard your father drum it into your head, and I'd seen the way you took it in!" He threw up his hand with a gesture of intolerable regret,

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this man who had been only a money-grubbing automaton. "I was ashamed, at first, but as you'd seemed to take a fancy to me, I deluded myself into thinking you cared. I knew Severance, too. He was clever and shrewd, but crooked as a fish-hook. At the time he was making love to you, there was another. But, never mind, I won't talk of that. I saw you, and it didn't take long to turn my head." He smiled wistfully, as before. "I'd never seen a woman like you, you know. I'd been too busy trying to keep alive. But there was this Severance, and—oh, well, what's the use?" he muttered again thickly. "You got your money, and I got the woman I loved. Yes, I got her—my soul!" he protested; "and it's a pretty trial balance, isn't it, to cast up on a day like this?"

Silenced, she stood and watched him, waiting for the next storm of his passion. But Willoughby's rage seemed to have burned itself out. He drifted across the room and reached his hand for the bell-pull. "Put away that trunk," he ordered quietly, facing her; "I'm going to run things now. If you're determined to leave me, you'll have to put it off a while. I'm going to save the boy. When I'm on my feet again, I'll give you what money you want; but there shall be no open scandal." Still silent, she was watching him, when the maid came in answer to the bell. "Help Mrs. Willoughby with these," he said curtly, denoting the half-packed trunk; "we're not going away." And in the presence of the servant she dared make no rejoinder. Later in the day he looked in again; Mrs. Willoughby and the maid were rearranging the room, and the trunk had been whisked away. He smiled grimly, and withdrew.

EVEN MRS. WILLOUGHBY SUFFERED HERSELF TO SMILE.

There could be but two results from a conflict like this: she would either scorn him the more or she would come to respect him. For days the outcome wavered in the balance. They met at the table only—she sitting preoccupied, he talking quietly with the boy. At the week end he brought her a roll of bills. "For the house money," he said briefly; and when she would not reach out a hand for it, he dropped it in her lap, and went away. But that night she entered into the talk at the table, a little quiet, still repressed, and showing her hurt. Willoughby, quietly deferential, kept to his part of the conversation exactly as if nothing ugly had occurred between them. His bantering with his son was genial and affectionate, and once she thought he tried to include her in this *camaraderie*. The few last shreds of her vanity, however, still waved distressing signals of the hurt, and she evaded it. But she felt strangely alone, notwithstanding; with an almost unconquerable self-pity she reflected on the fair-weather friends that had deserted her. A little sense of comfort trickled into her heart, though, when she thought of her boy. *He*, at all events, had not been affected by the rumble of drums that had beaten her out of the worldly camp where once she had commanded. That night Willoughby looked in

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at her, while she sat musing over a book, and when she would not look up at him he went away again. A more complete sense of her loneliness came over her as the hours passed in the big, silent house. So she laid down her book, and went up-stairs to her boy's room.

"Who's there?" he cried, awakening from a doze.

"Just I, Willard. I came up to see whether you were all right."

"Oh, yes, I am!" he answered, a little perplexed; it had not been often that she had found time from her busy affairs for a visit like this. The boy took her hand in his and snuggled down in the pillows. "It's nice to have you, mumsy," he mumbled, comfortably.

Willoughby, coming home the next evening, heard her talking to the cook. "You mustn't be so wasteful, Annie. Unless you can do better, I shall have to get some one else." Her voice was peevish, but to Willoughby it sounded full of inexplicable melody. Nor when she carried her complaint to him later, at the dinner-table, was he less affected with a secret joy. "Harmon —we'd better take a smaller house. I can't do it any longer on what we have."

"You needn't," he answered lightly; "I can let you have more. Things are working out better than I expected. Just let me know what you're short at the end of the week. I can manage it."

That night, too, he came and sat in the room where she was reading. He said nothing, and picked up another book. But she knew what he wished, and resolutely steeled herself. The next night he was there again. "Good night, dear," he said cheerfully, daring the added word when she arose to go.

"Good night," she answered.

But on the evening following they talked together, each evading the shoals of past regret, and threading only the safe channels of the commonplace. "Good night, Stella dear," he said, unaffectedly, as she picked up her things; and she answered: "Good night, Harmon."

He came close to her, and looked down into her face. "Stella," he said, quietly; "Stella, it would make me very happy if you —if I might—why, kiss you good night."

Mrs. Willoughby gathered up the remainder of her things, and then slowly shook her head.

"No, we won't talk of that—yet!" she answered, and went away up the stairs. Willoughby bit his lip, looking silently after her.

"Why, mumsy!" exclaimed the boy, his hand touching his mother's cheek as she leaned over him. "What's wrong?"

She shook her head vehemently in the dark. "Nothing at all, dear. You must go to sleep now."

The next day, Willoughby, on his return from down-town, found her busily superintending the two servants while they cleaned up his room. It was an unexpected attention on her part. He withdrew quietly. A little while later, leaning over the balusters, she saw Willard whispering to him earnestly. "Did she, my boy?" she heard the man cry under his breath. "Why, now, mumsy must just have been a little tired. I don't think it was anything else." Willoughby's smile seemed enough at the moment to reassure almost any one.

At dinner his lightness, good-nature, geniality became infectious. Even Mrs. Willoughby suffered herself to smile at his whimsical jollity with the boy. Later there was the little comedy of the good night; and then they parted again. But Willoughby did not go out as usual.

It was very late that night when Mrs. Willoughby awoke with the conviction that some one was in her room. Her first impulse was to cry out in alarm; then, in terror, she lay quiet, peering from beneath her half-closed lids. Across the lighter background of the curtained window a figure moved, big and familiar in its bulk. She knew then, and there seemed a greater reason than ever why she should remain quiet.

Nor was she wrong in her surmise. A moment later Willoughby leaned over, and she felt his lips lightly brush her cheek. A little sigh followed, and then he was gone, tiptoeing cautiously. Mrs. Willoughby sat up in bed, her face in her hands, and reflected in the stillness that presages the storm. But loneliness no longer pained her; the solitude had become suddenly peopled with vivid, poignant regrets, shouting loudly their indictment aud their appeal.

Then, with the curious informality of a woman's emotion—whether of grief or of joy, whether of pleasure or of pain—she rocked down her head to her knees, while through her fingers poured the scalding tears. Mrs. Willoughby had become sincere at last.

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The Painter of "Diana of the Tides"

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "The American Stage of To-day," etc.

GIVEN nearly three hundred square feet of blank wall space, and it takes something of an artist to fill it up with interesting paint. Probably you would not pick a miniature painter for the task. Yet, curiously, John Elliott, creator of "Diana of the Tides," the great mural painting which adorns the large gallery to the right of the entrance of the new National Museum at Washington, also paints on ivory. He works, likewise, in silver point, that delicate and difficult medium; he draws pastel illustrations for children's fairy tales; he works in portraiture with red chalk or oils. And, when the need comes, he has shown that he can turn stevedore, carpenter, and architect, to slave with the relief party at Messina, finally to help design and build, in four months, an entire village for the stricken sufferers, including a hotel, a hospital, three schoolhouses, and a church. The too frequent scorn of the "practical man of affairs" for the artist and dreamer, the world's sneaking tolerance for the temperament which creates in forms of ideal beauty rather than in bridges or factories or banks, finds in the life and work of such a man as John Elliott such complete, if unconscious, refutation, that his story should have its place in the history of the day.

John Elliott was born on Good Friday, 1859, one of a famous Scottish border family. His residence is now in Boston, Massachusetts, at the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Robert Louis Stevenson had Elliott blood in his veins. "Parts of me," he once wrote, "have shouted the slogan of the Elliotts in the debatable land." If Stevenson's Homeric account of the Four Black Elliotts in "Weir of Hermiston" is historically veracious, we might fancy that one of their descendants would feel his activities somewhat cramped on Beacon Street, Boston. The Elliotts were a wild lot, and some of them did not escape the hangman. Their family tree appears to have been the gallows. But Stevenson tells us they were noted for their prayers, and at least one of them wrote poetry, and declaimed it, drunk, to Walter Scott, who retaliated in kind.

But the present John Elliott, artist, though he is of the kin of Stevenson, and bears the dark hair and rather prominent, melancholy eyes of the traditional Elliott stock, yet physically much more closely resembles Edgar Allan Poe. If you press him hard, he will confess that he began life by studying for the stage, and "almost played Romeo," before painting drew him away. Reaching Italy, he aspired to enter the studio of Don José di Villegas, now director of the Prado Museum in Madrid, but then in Rome. Villegas took no pupils. But "Jack" Elliott is Scotch. He made a bargain. He would teach the master English, in return for instruction in painting. At the end of two years, young Elliott had learned much about art, but the master, he says, had acquired only one English phrase—"I haf no money!"

At the end of two years, Elliott wished to leave, because he despaired of painting like his master. "That is why I keep you," said Villegas; "you have retained your own manner and choice of subjects." So the pupil stayed on in Rome for five years, sharing his studio later with Aristide Sartorio, now a leading Italian painter. Here, in the Via Flaminia, he painted his first important mural decoration, for the dining room of Mrs. Potter Palmer's Chicago Lake Shore mansion. This work, called "The Vintage," is decorously inebriate, a vinous riot of little cupids. It led, shortly after his marriage in 1887 to Miss Maud Howe, a daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, to his establishing himself in Chicago, where he did many decorations and portraits. In 1894, he went back to Rome to execute a commission for a huge ceiling piece for the Boston Public Library. The piece was for a room later converted into a children's room, and after the canvas was placed, in 1901, the incongruity of the adult painting and the purposes of the room caused unfavorable comment. But the room has been recently readjusted. It is now lined with high

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oak shelves, almost to the cornice, filled with musty old books of a beautiful brown—perhaps the most effective decoration in the world—and the ceiling tells at its true value.

This ceiling, fifty feet square, divided into two equal panels, represents the twenty Christian centuries, as horses, led by the hours (winged female figures) out of the mists of the past into the illumination of the present. The models for the horses were the undersized nags of the Roman Campagna, which are "small but decorative beasties," as Mr. Elliott puts it, and lend themselves to a slightly conventional treatment. They sweep two by two, out of a cool mistiness, round the ceiling past the suggestion of a pale moon, into the full radiance of the golden orb of the sun. The triumph of the picture is its handling of the problem of light. This golden daybreak pierces the mists whereon the horses gallop, touches here a flank, there a wing feather on one of the hours, and warms to rosy glow the tip of a cloud. It appears in unexpected places, grows where only shadow seemed to be, and surprises you anew each time you look up. Painted in the flat—that is, with no part of the picture telling as farther from the eye than another, to distort the proportions of the room—the ceiling yet has great depth, distance, airy lightness. It is a true decorative painting.

While at work upon it, Mr. Elliott painted many portraits, including the well-known red chalk heads of the "Soldiers Three," Lord Ava, the Marquis of Winchester, and General Wauchope; the portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge; and that of Lady Katherine Thynne, now Lady Cromer, a celebrated English beauty. Indeed, he made her the model for the second hour in the Boston ceiling, the figure next to the leader in the procession. Three studies of her head for this figure, well known from reproduction, are now in the possession of Thomas W. Lawson.

In Rome the Elliotts occupied for some time the apartments of Mrs. Elliott's cousin, the late F. Marion Crawford, in the Palazzo Santa Croce. In writing "With the Immortals," Mr. Crawford had collected many death masks, including one of Dante, which fascinated Mr. Elliott. Two pictures of "Dante in Exile" were the result. One of them now hangs in the living room of Queen Margherita of Italy, the other in the house of Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears of Boston. A third pastel study was made, an unfinished head of the poet, and thrown into a waste-basket. By a curious fatality, it is now better known than either of the paintings. Mrs. Elliott rescued the drawing, smoothed it out, framed it, and was allowed to hang it in her chamber. Later it was seen and purchased by Mrs. David Kimball of Boston, and in reproduction has gone all over the world, receiving honors in Japan and the higher honor of a place over the desk of many Dante students. Yet few who possess the reproduction know anything of the artist.

Mr. Elliott, receiving his commission to do a great mural painting for the new National Museum in Washington, again went to Rome four years ago. "Diana of the Tides" was completed and signed on Christmas day, 1908. Three days later came the awful news of the Messina earthquake, and the Hon. Lloyd Griscom, then American Ambassador to Italy, at once called for volunteers for his relief expedition. John Elliott was among the first to respond. He went south officially as an interpreter. Actually, he played the part of stevedore as well for ten days on the relief ship.

"I have dropped my last knuckle down the hold this morning," he wrote back, "and I have only two fingers left that I can wash."

After a few weeks, he hastened back to Rome, to give a promised public exhibition of "Diana of the Tides," and, as soon as the exhibition was over, rushed down to Messina again.

There Commander Belknap, who was at the head of the American relief forces, put him to work, as architect, on the erection of the American village, in the lemon groves on the outskirts of the stricken city. "I had never been trained as an architect," he says, "but I once made over a house up in Cornish, New Hampshire, and that gave me a practical experience which came in remarkably handy."

Most of the lumber had been cut for the erection of small houses, and the door and window frames were stock pieces. It became his task to design and build, as quickly as could be done, not only comfortable houses for many thousand people, but a church, a hotel, three schools, a hospital, all out of these small lumber units. He combined the units for the larger buildings, so grouping the small stock window frames as to give a pleasing effect of size, even constructing a kind of rose window for the church. He helped lay out the streets in such a way as to preserve all the trees possible. And, in spite of the haste

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JULIA WARD HOWE—JOHN ELLIOTT'S PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

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GENERAL WAUCHOPE—ONE OF THE WELL-KNOWN RED CHALK HEADS OF THE "SOLDIERS THREE."

with which the work had to be done, and the sixteen-hour-a-day strain under which the workers labored, the Zona Americana emerged an attractive and sanitary, as well as practical, village. Queen Helena, as soon as the American village was under way, got Mr. Elliott to go over the drafts for the plans of the American quarter in her village near by, working them up along the same lines. So, in four months, he designed and superintended the erection of houses, churches, schools, and hospitals for a town of several thousand inhabitants.

Commander Belknap's report spoke of him as "the first to volunteer, and the most devoted worker, sharing every hardship with unfailing good humor and leaving his beautifying touch on every part of the work."

On June 12, 1908, having built his town and recovered his lost knuckles, John Elliott returned to Rome, where the soil did not rock, and set quietly about making twenty-four small pastel drawings to illustrate a fairy story! From building houses for the wretched homeless sufferers, he turned to the play tales of childhood. He laid down the T square and the hammer for a piece of pastel crayon. But he had triumphantly refuted the scorn of the "practical man" for the artist. He had shown the stuff that dreams are really made of. Incidentally, he had won for himself a decoration from the King of Italy, and the medal of the American Red Cross Association.

"Diana of the Tides," which now covers the end wall of the right-hand gallery of the new National Museum at Washington, is akin to the Boston Library ceiling in its employment of horses symbolically, its light, luminous color, and its subtle play of illumination. This charm of illumination is unfortunately lost in reproduction. Mr. Elliott has made symbolic use of Diana, the Moon Goddess, in a way obvious enough, but hitherto, oddly, untried by artists. It is a way singularly appropriate in a museum of scientific character—a combination of ancient myth and modern science. As the Moon Goddess, Diana controls the four tides, which, in the shape of horses, draw her erect and jubilant figure on a great seashell. They are without guiding reins and harness, to suggest the unseen channels of her sway. If the reader will note an advancing wave, he will see that, just before the crest curls over, the foam is tossed back. Then the wave bows and breaks. So the nearest horse raises his head slightly, the next higher, the third tosses his head back, and the last has bowed his neck. In their motion and grouped attitudes, as they gallop up on the

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beach, is the rhythm of an oncoming wave. Farther than that Mr. Elliott wisely did not go. "Let them suggest more obviously a wave," he says, "and you have a trick picture. After a while, you wouldn't see anything in it but the trick." The wave motion is repeated on a comber out at sea, and, to the left, against a rock on the shore.

Diana stands behind the horses, against the great, golden moon—a radiant halo. She has just unloosed an arrow from her bow. Her draperies are of indefinite color, the rose and lilac and amber of sunset. Her face, it will be noted, though she stands against the moon, is lighted from in front. In that fact lies the secret of the illumination.

For this picture was supposedly painted at that one Byronic hour of the year when

> The sun was setting opposite the moon

Turner, in a small water color, has worked out a similar problem, with the cool copper of the harvest moonlight bathing one side of an old stone tower, the warm rose of sunset the other. In Mr. Elliott's great canvas the mutual lights kill all shadows, and out toward the great yellow disk of the moon the invisible sun floods its lilac and pink, kindling the waves, the draperies of the goddess, the wet flanks of the horses, and suffusing the whole painting with its delicate, bright warmth,

JOHN ELLIOTT'S PICTURE OF "DANTE IN EXILE" HANGS IN THE LIVING ROOM OF QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY.

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which is yet kept too cool for gaudiness by the twilight of the moon.

While this canvas was being unpacked in Washington last winter, Mr. Elliott was exhibiting in Boston his portrait of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. It was begun and nearly finished at Newport four or five years ago, but Mr. Elliott has not cared to complete it, for during the interval the "Grand Old Lady" has considerably changed in appearance. She is now more than ninety years old. When the sittings began, Mrs. Howe had just recovered from an illness, and could read or talk only for brief periods. Mostly she sat looking out of her window at a bird which had a nest in a near-by tree. In this attitude, the eyes raised, the face quiet yet alert, the artist has caught her; calm, patient, but with one hand characteristically clenched on the arm of her chair, showing a touch of hidden force and commanding will. She is dressed in light green. The background is an indistinguishable brown. Her eyes have that very delicate light blue of advanced age, wistful yet prophetic. The skin, too, has the rare ivory delicacy of old age, of old age gently dealt with and protected. The light is unobtrusive yet luminous—morning sunshine. The picture is utterly simple; the more so for its touch of incompleteness. The masses are broad, artless. It is tender, reverential, a sweet and solemn glorification of old age, and of the old age of a distinguished spirit.

THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER—ONE OF JOHN ELLIOTT'S PORTRAITS.

And at the exhibition in Boston one of the women visitors complained to the artist: "But you know, Mr. Elliott, when Mrs. Howe comes to the Woman's Club, she always looks so bright and animated, and always has something smart to say!"

To which the artist replied: "No doubt, my dear lady. But I was not painting a president of the New England Woman's Club, but the author of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'"

Queen Margherita of Italy made a truer comment when she saw the portrait in Mr. Elliott's studio in Rome. "That portrait deserves to go into any collection in the world," she said, "not because it is a good portrait of a distinguished old woman, but because it is a portrait of old age as it ought to be."

Can it be that a mere Continental Queen is a better judge of art than a member of a Boston Woman's Club? Such thoughts are very disturbing!

Queen Margherita, ever since she first visited Mr. Elliott's studio in Rome ten years ago, has been his warm patron. It was for her he made his well-known silverpoint portrait of the late King Humbert, which she carries

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THE LEADING FIGURES IN MR. ELLIOTT'S CEILING PIECE IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, WHICH REPRESENTS THE CHRISTIAN CENTURIES AS HORSES, LED BY THE HOURS FROM THE PAST TO THE PRESENT.

with her on all journeys. It has, indeed, the boldness of line inseparable from good silver-point drawing, where a stroke once laid on is indelible and no "working over" is possible. When "Diana of the Tides" was exhibited in Rome in February, 1909, the Queen was one of the first visitors. She was not the first, the Chinese Minister arriving ahead of all others, on the stroke of ten—the opening hour—attended by all his suite, to signify his profound Celestial veneration for the Fine Arts. The Queen, seeing the picture, expressed delight and volunteered to tell her son, King Victor Emmanuel, about it.

A few days later, at seven thirty in the morning, there came a knocking at the door, with the announcement, "A message from the King."

The King, said the messenger, would follow in an hour. Presumably there was some hurry of preparation in the Elliott family. A New York artist, at any rate, at seven thirty A. M. would be in no condition to receive a crowned head—or any other! Promptly at eight thirty—punctuality being a royal virtue—King Victor Emmanuel drove up in a motor car with two aides. He remained half an hour. Being fond of horses, he found much in the picture genuinely to interest him. The artist accompanied the monarch to the door of his car, where he thanked him for the honor of his visit.

"Not at all," said the King, in his excellent English. "My mother told me to come."

Which shows, at least, that the Fifth Commandment is honored in Italy.

The twenty-four pastel drawings made to illustrate Mrs. Anderson's fairy tale, "The Great Sea Horse," were also exhibited in America last winter. Made immediately after Mr. Elliott's heartbreaking labor on the rocking soil of Sicily, they are none the less quiet, childish, and fanciful in their charm. Only one of them might have been inspired by the turning over in his uneasy sleep of the giant buried beneath Etna—the picture of the naked giant sitting on a headland and emptying his hot pipe ashes into the sea, where they

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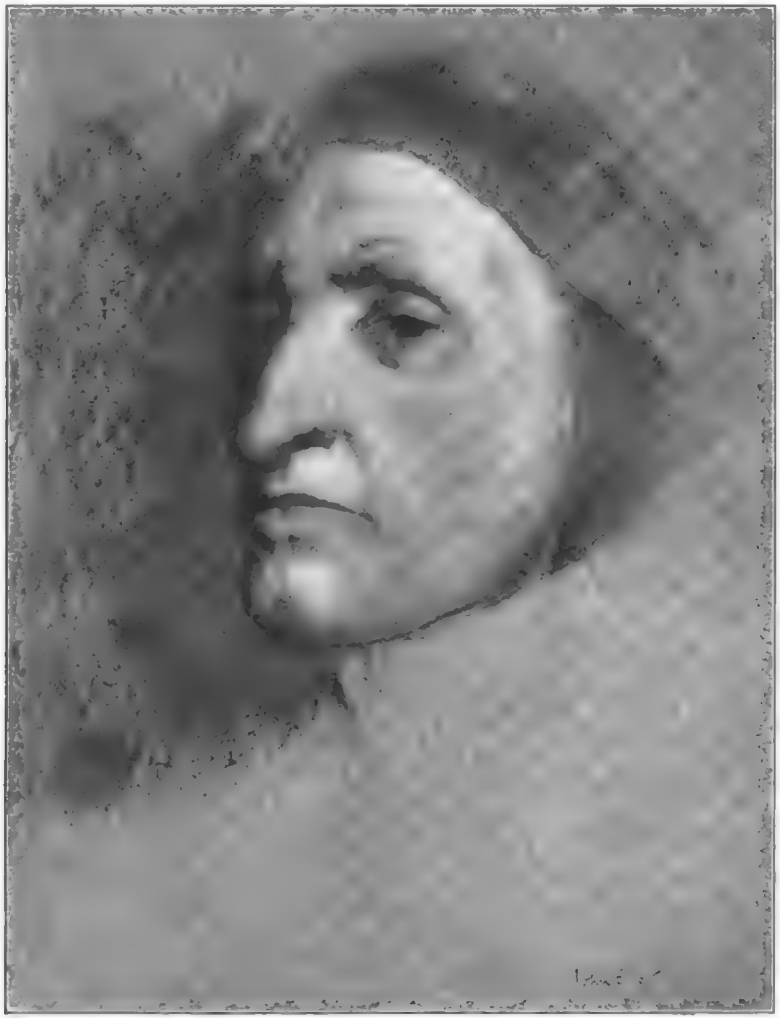
form a volcano. The grim, grotesque old fellow is carefully drawn, with a fine rhythm of line in the seated limbs. His bulk dwarfs the headland, and his head and shoulders grow blue and pale in the sky. One questions why the ashes do not fall farther out to sea; they seem to lie in the shallow tide water on the beach. Barring this note of smallness, the picture is a true grotesque in miniature.



A PASTEL STUDY OF DANTE, RESCUED FROM THE WASTEBASKET BY MRS. ELLIOTT, AND NOW KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.

Mr. Elliott also works in genuine miniature. He has painted several portraits—of Mrs. Potter Palmer, the Chanler sisters of New York, and many more. He has painted landscapes, as well. Professor Barrett Wendell possesses a charming example. Most recently he has been engaged on a large mural decoration, best fitted, perhaps, for a music room, showing Pan seated on a tree trunk by a lake, making into a pipe the broken reeds in his hand after Syrinx eluded him. No horizon line shows. Pan and his tawny leopard skin (his automobile coat, the artist calls it) tell against the high purple banks across the lake. The god is making the best of his loss—making music of it, in fact. He was the eternal boy, before Mr. Barrie rediscovered him and surnamed him Peter.

And there is something of the eternal boy about John Elliott. He plays with a paint box on a fifty-foot ceiling or a twenty-seven-

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foot end wall, turns aside to paint a miniature on ivory, drops all his paints when a great national calamity comes and is converted into an architect overnight, building a whole town in four months and making it as beautiful as he can in the process, though the "practical" man would say that utility alone was demanded; and then, when this work is over, turning blithely back again to make pictures for a fairy book. He is strong, through his fresh imagination, to combine ancient myth with modern science in a huge decorative canvas, to reflect the dignity and loveliness and spiritual power of an exalted old age, to do practical work in a practical crisis—and to joy, at the same time, with the moon baby dancing on the beach!

LORD AVA—ONE OF THE FAMOUS "SOLDIERS THREE."

"Jack Elliott," they will tell you who know him, "has an artistic temperament." Well, if this be the artistic temperament, what a pity there is not more of it in the world! It is not the temperament that is self-centered, whining, ineffectual. It is the temperament that does whatever comes to hand as well as it can, for sheer love of the task, and of beautiful workmanship; that through imagination wins to sympathy, and through imagination grasps the opportunity to do practical work beautifully, where others would only do it practically. It is the temperament, eternally boyish and buoyant, which is on the side of sweetness and light.

Perhaps it is not what the world means by the artistic temperament. But it is the temperament of the true artist. "Never do a pot-boiler," said Mr. Elliott to a young painter the other day. "Let one of your best things go to boil the pot." In these words is a rule of conduct that all of us—artists or artisans, brokers or clerks, men or women—might well walk by toward the light of a more beautiful and cooperative society.

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"DIANA OF THE TIDES"—IN THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM IN WASHINGTON.

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I HELD THE LETTER THERE IN MY LAP FOR A WHILE. . . . IT MADE ME FEEL VERY DEEPLY AND VERY STILL.

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A SUCCESSFUL WIFE

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS: At twenty-five, Esther Carey has her own office as a law stenographer, and is the principal support of a family of four. One of her principal employers is Will Falsworth, for whose shallow-natured wife Esther has worked. Falsworth, bitterly discontented, begs Esther to go away with him; but even when at last she has consented, she breaks her promise to meet him. Meantime Senator Bellars, in the same building, has summoned home from Paris his nephew, Stephen Kirkland, a man of brilliant genius, but with a record of ineffectiveness and dissipation; and Esther Carey helps him in his fight against the powerful attacks of temptation to drink. That fall Kirkland stands by Esther through the illness and death of her brother, and a few months later, despite the furious opposition of Senator Bellars and of Esther's sister, Fanny, they are married. Kirkland has been absorbed in writing a drama, but when the manuscript meets one refusal, he turns abruptly to finance. At intervals Esther has to renew her fight against his besetting temptation, and she employs the unusual weapon of silence. Presently they go to the Adirondacks for vacation, where Kirkland's attention is caught by Miss Pagee, a beautiful Washington girl. In the midst of this affair, he returns to New York on business that he believes is to bring him fortune. On the day before he comes back, Miss Pagee, paddling alone, is drowned. Kirkland, meanwhile, has lost instead of won, and he takes a position as secretary to Senator Roxburg. His haunting trouble pursues him, and after the death of his closest friend, Sinclair, he disappears for three days. At last his wife finds him in Albany and tells him that she is definitely leaving him. But when she reaches home, he is there, and after he has voluntarily given his word never to drink again, she decides to stay. They go to Washington, and for a time Kirkland is held by an interest in Mrs. Roxburg. Later they return to Esther's former suburban home, and Stephen practices law. Then, with Fanny, they start West, Fanny strongly under the spell of Stephen's charm. On the day set for an excursion, Esther is too ill to go, and spends anxious hours awaiting them.

CHAPTER XLIII

ABOUT supper-time they drove up in a hotel carriage, both of them sitting back and neither of them saying a word. Fanny said she was tired and hot. She looked cross, and went up to change her dress for supper. Stephen was as bright and gay as a bird. He said: "I have been impressed, absorbed, intensely absorbed by the beauty of this country. The clarity of the atmosphere—this air like wine. Still, I don't feel that it is my natural element. Can't we get out, Esther? I want to leave Colorado."

He took his hat off, and told me about the ranches they had visited. He asked me if my head was better, and said he was sorry I hadn't been along. Here one of the clerks came out and gave him a despatch, and he went up to change for supper. I was certain by the way he acted that we had passed a crisis right here in Colorado Springs, and I would have given a good deal to have seen how Fanny and my husband had spent that day together—especially after his talk to me up in our rooms that night.

"Esther," he exclaimed, "my dear girl, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I am *bored, bored to extinction by your sister*—I am sorry to be rude, my dear, but another afternoon like this would give me softening of the brain!"

Then he smiled at me with his greatest charm, and suggested, like a little boy who is asking a favor:

"Couldn't you arrange to send Fanny home? *Couldn't* you, my dear girl? . . . It's like going to market to go out with her for eight hours on a stretch, and I feel as though I had carried all the vegetables home!"

And still smiling at me, he waited, eagerly, for me to help him out.

"Let's all go back to Bracketsville to-morrow, Stephen."

"No, no! I'm out to explore, and I'm not going to turn pale at the first variation of the compass. I have interests in Oretown, Nevada, for Judge Rollins, and you and I will go on to-morrow and send Fanny back."

But I told him that we couldn't do anything of that kind; that she was with us as our guest, that she was going to stay with us right along, and that when he had finished his business in the West we would go back together.

He gave up rather humbly, and said: "All right, my dear; only remember that I married you and not your family," and I told him that we were narrowing down fast.

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"Well, don't get any more headaches on our all-day excursions," he said.

Fanny had eaten her supper up in her own room, and I went in to see how she was getting on. She was reading a novel in bed. She looked tired out, and a little as though she had been crying. Just as soon as I came in she said:

"See here, Esther, I'm sick of this trip. Europe's a great deal prettier and more cultivated. Anyhow, I don't believe Mr. Snellgrove [he was her employer] is ever going to get on with my substitute."

"Didn't you like the ranches?" I asked her.

"Goodness, it's awfully tame after Europe! I am ready to go home."

I told her we were going on to Oretown the next day, and I couldn't let her break up the party like this here. And when I bade her good night I said:

"If you want to go back from Oretown on Sunday night, I guess we can fix it up; only your ticket is good as far as San Francisco."

CHAPTER XLIV

THINGS that start away and round out into a wide, wide circle, start from the littlest specks. As I look back now, Oretown, out in Nevada, seemed a speck to begin from, so little and dark and dirty, such a fearfully long way off; and yet I really think that Stephen's life started right there. Our train was fourteen hours late, with freight blocks and washouts, and we had to wait once while some men finished repairing a mile of the rails. As we got off the dirty, filthy cars, we saw a bare stable, a bare, hot road, and, half a mile back, a settlement of houses, which was Oretown, some hundred miles from Reno. It was hot and dusty, level as the floor.

There was a group at the station, for the town had turned out to meet Stephen, who had come here to finance the new railroad. An old hack, white with dust, with skittish horses acting like sixty, waited to drive us over. The men were awfully Western in their looks and dress, but their manners were elegant, and they were very polite to Fanny and me. They wore turned-down collars and "made" ties. Mr. Madder was the editor of the Oretown *News*; his hair was shiny and smelled of violet oil, and he had one yellow tooth and one white one alternately across the front of his mouth. The others were representative men who were interested in this new town.

I looked over to Stephen to see how he took what he was seeing now of the West. He seemed carried away by everything, talking with the gentlemen in his most fascinating manner. Just before we came to our destination, the best-looking man of the party, Judge Baxfield, said:

"I had planned to receive you at my house, but I did not know there were three of you in your party. I have only one spare room."

He seemed to be very much cut up about it, and my husband said:

"If you are really so kind, Judge, as to want any of us, take the ladies; I can put up at the . . ." And he asked the name with his eyebrows of Mr. Madder.

"The First Hotel," Madder answered, "and it might be called the first and only."

"Good!" my husband said. "I'll go to the First Hotel for the few days we are here."

There was a car line running through one street—a one-horse car line, and the rails were set down deep in the dirt. The street was narrow, as though the country were made out of gold and no one had dared cut into it.

The Judge was very good looking. I could see that Fanny thought so. He had on a white waistcoat, a gray pepper-and-salt suit, a white straw hat with a blue and white polka-dot band, and the same kind of a tie. He looked clean and cheerful and smart. He had white teeth like new corn, and a pointed beard just turning a little bit gray. He laughed a great deal, and his voice was pleasant and Southern. I should say he was about forty years old.

"You don't know how proud I am, ladies," he told us when he had gotten us in the hall. "Such a pleasure as this hasn't been mine since I came to Oretown." He showed us the parlor and the dining-room. "It is not New York, but it's all yours, from now on, and the guest room is at the head of the stairs."

There was a colored boy at the door with a white apron on and a face as black as ink.

"George," Judge Baxfield said, "carry the ladies' bags upstairs, and the trunks will be around later; then Mrs. Kirkland will give you another bag to take over to the First Hotel to Mr. Kirkland."

Judge Baxfield showed us our room. It was big and cool, with the blinds shut, and an enormous bed with a white spread over it, and everything was perfectly fresh and clean and nice, as if it were kept by a man who cared a

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lot about nice things. The furniture was old Virginia Colonial, he told us; his mother was a Southerner, and when he had come out to Nevada to live here, he had brought his goods with him.

The other rooms upstairs were not furnished. That was how it happened there was only one guest room. I learned afterward that his wife died the first year they were out here, and that he had never shown any heart in fixing up. It was nearly eight o'clock when we got there, the sun had just set, and our windows fronted the west. Outside, the horizon was a long, fiery band, and the light floated in and laid its crimson touch over everything.

I began to fix the bags and to sort out the things for Stephen. It seemed strange to have our things apart, and to send him over his. I hadn't any doubt that he would put them on all wrong, for if I hadn't given him out what I thought was right for him to wear, he would put on one gray stocking and one black and never know the difference.

"Judge Baxfield is nice looking, isn't he, Fanny?" I asked.

"H'm, he hasn't much style," she said. "They all look like hayseeds."

And I told her I guessed it was right they should, for they had sowed their first crop of hay all right. Senator Bellars was from Nevada, and I thought it had a kind of charm, but I could see that she thought I was very limited because I hadn't traveled abroad.

XLV

Oretown was a man's town right through. There were men everywhere, and none of them appeared to have anything to do but be nice to us, and Fanny flirted with them perfectly frightfully. Judge Baxfield seemed delighted to have us, and it was best for my husband to stay on at First Hotel—people came from all over the district to see him, and there they organized and put through (my husband as chief, for Judge Rollins, and Senators Hendricks and Rose, and Mr. Thompson) the road known at first as the O. & W. N. and to-day as the Big N.

I did all the secretary work that was needed for some time, on a machine that rattled like an old tin pan. I used to go over to the First every morning about nine and write there until one, and my husband would come back with me to Judge Baxfield's for dinner. In the afternoon he wouldn't hear of my writing again, so sometimes I would sew in the parlor, or Judge Baxfield would take us out in his surrey to drive over the soft, reddish roads to "prospect," as he said. He rode a great deal on horseback, and in his riding clothes looked something like an officer of the Confederate army. And Fanny! You couldn't lay your finger on her! She was off from morning till night with some beau or other. It seemed as though she were the only single woman in Oretown, and they were all crazy about her.

One day when we had been working awfully hard at First Hotel over prospectuses and old grants and new land purchases, Stephen said to me:

"Here's a little souvenir for you, my dear," and he put down on the table a tiny box done up in paper and seals by registered post from New York.

"Open it: it's a tribute from the O. & W. N. to the private secretary."

When I opened it, I found it was a ruby ring for the little finger, set round with diamonds—a perfect beauty. It was the only present my husband had ever given me except my wedding ring. I was perfectly delighted—I knew right then and there that I was fond of jewelry. I put my hand on Stephen's shoulder, and watched my ring sparkle, and thanked him—and he called me a name he often used afterward, "*Best in the World.*"

He was both lawyer and financier out here on this deal. As soon as they had looked over the contract, drawn up the sales and deeds of the district, and had done the land purchase part, Stephen's chiefs were to come out, with other capitalists who were interested in this railway scheme. And it was out of his first check for the work he had done—on the day they broke the first ground across the plains toward Reno, the day that the first bunch of Italians walked in from the Junction—that Stephen gave me my ring.

CHAPTER XLVI

Judge Baxfield was very much of a dandy: he used to put on a Tuxedo coat for supper. As for my husband, it was all I could do to make him wash his hands. We had been West over six months, and our dressmaker in Bracketsville sent me out some things; she knew Fanny's style and mine. I had a real pretty *crêpon* dress, and I put it on that night to keep up with the ring. I hadn't showed my present to Fanny, but at table,

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when Judge Baxfield finished carving the meat, she said: "Gracious, Esther Carey, where in the world——?"

"Oretown and West Nevada," I answered. I was proud of it; I had to show it round. Judge Baxfield didn't say a word; he handed it back without remark.

"Very curious," Stephen said, not noticing Judge Baxfield's silence, "very curious the way I feel about presents. It never interests me to give one unless it can be *really beautiful*. I am inclined to think this is the first gift I have made my wife since we were married."

Judge Baxfield said with meaning: "That *is* very curious!" He was solemn as a goat all through supper, and Fanny talked to him more than usual. It was a nice evening, and we walked into the little garden back of the house where Judge Baxfield had put out a lot of flowers and planted some splendid young trees. There was a bit of old orchard that ran down to a creek which the district called by the name of Ore River, and Fanny and Judge Baxfield went ahead. As we walked along Stephen said:

"Judge Baxfield would make an ideal husband for your sister, my dear girl. I thought it the first day we rode in from the Junction in the stage. There's a chap with a heart and brains, and he's a perfect fool about a woman. Fanny should set her cap for him."

"I don't believe he's as easy to catch as you think," I said.

"There isn't a man living whom a clever woman can't have for the trying, and you'll admit that I have never suggested a *parti* for your sister before. I advise you to stop her heartrending flirtations with the riffraff of this town and get her married: she'll never have a second chance like this."

That night, upstairs, Fanny was quieter than usual. I asked her what she was going to do next day, for there was a concert at Maryville, a little town two hours' ride away, and most of Oretown was driving over in buckboards and buggies.

"I'm not going to that old show, if that's what you mean," she said, braiding her hair. "Hasn't Judge Baxfield an elegant figure, Esther? He makes the rest of Oretown men look common."

"I didn't know you liked the Judge, Fanny."

She finished her hair—it sort of curled up as she braided it; she was awfully, awfully pretty; there wasn't any doubt about it.

"That shows how slow you are to see things," she answered. "He's the kind of man you'd respect awfully—so sensible and calm."

I was doing my hair, too. We had candles at the Judge's, and I did my hair slowly, so the light would sparkle on my ring. Besides, I liked to look out. Judge Baxfield's house stood where we could leave our blinds open on the west side. There was nothing in front of us for hundreds of miles: I was perfectly crazy about that west outlook. The meadows were high with grain on the other side of the house. There were farms and a road, and there was a lot of passing. This west view would have been called plain dreary, I suppose. Fanny thought so; but next week they were going to cut the line through, and I could watch it grow from my window. I looked forward to it.

"If Judge Baxfield would ask me to marry him, I'd do it quicker than a wink," Fanny said.

"Well," I answered, "if you really feel that way, if I were you I'd go home right now."

"Goodness gracious! What for?"

"Because you've carried on so here and flirted, and now you're so sick of it that you'll throw yourself at his head, and he may think so. Go to Bracketsville and let him miss you."

When we had blown the candles out and gone to bed, Fanny said: "I believe you're right, Esther. Now you can see that I'm really set on this, and serious. I'll take your advice and go home this week." After a little she said: "Suppose he never comes and never asks for me?"

"Why, then you can come out again. It's likely we will be here right along for a year or so, anyhow."

CHAPTER XLVII

FANNY went East a few days after our talk. It was the one time she took any counsel from anybody in the world, I guess, and she hadn't been gone a week when I wondered what on earth had made me send her and what she would say if she could see what was going on right here in Oretown.

I don't really think it was my fault.

Judge Baxfield didn't suggest that Stephen should come over from First Hotel when he found that Fanny was going away—or, if he did, it wasn't one of those suggestions that you jump at and plan to stay a week! So I went to the hotel, and they put me up in an awful room—my lovely west view had dis-

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appeared. We went over to meals at Judge Baxfield's regularly. My husband said he was "*an ideal man.*" For my part, I don't think there *are* any ideal men going round on two feet. There may be some yet to be born, or some dead; I never saw any—not *my* ideal, anyhow! But the very things they're short on make you like them just for those reasons.

Stephen was devoted to Judge Baxfield, and told him about his schemes and his work with O. & W. N., and Judge Baxfield listened; but it was plain as the nose on your face that he couldn't stand my husband. Whenever there was a dig to give or a little sharp thing to say, he didn't lose the chance; but Stephen didn't appear to notice or mind.

Judge Baxfield took me out riding in his buckboard to see the men laying rails, and over back to the mines in the other direction, and before I knew it we had pretty much ridden through the district. He seemed to love the state and to understand it. He told me that he hadn't quite made up his mind whether or not to run for the Senate at the next election. Senator Bellars was the other senator for Nevada. In the afternoons, when I had nothing to do, we used to go down to the orchard back of the house, where Judge Baxfield had built an arbor. He would read aloud to me, his straw hat on the bench by his side, and I would work on some centerpieces I had ordered sent out to me. I was always thinking now of a real home.

It was nearly apple time, and fruit hung red in the trees. The air was perfectly delicious, like wine, and gently blowy. From where we sat we could hear the creek running down to the quarters of the workmen on the road. My husband had closed up the first part of the railroad work, and there wasn't any reason why we should stay on an hour here, and I expected any minute he would tell me to pack up and go on; but lately Stephen had taken to riding over to Reno and through the district, showing an interest in the country in general. He was one of the people you couldn't prophesy about; and as I sewed and listened to Judge Baxfield read "Middlemarch," I was thinking I wouldn't be surprised if Stephen stayed out here for some reason or other, and that I should like it as well as anything.

Judge Baxfield said: "Either Mr. Kirkland or I will have to go East." He put "Middlemarch" down by his hat on the bench, folded his hands on the back of the seat, and leaned forward, looking at me with all his mind. There was so much in his face, he looked so earnest and sad, that I got right up and let my work fall. To go out of the arbor I should have to pass him, and somehow it scared me.

"Ever since I came here from Virginia I have been trying to forget one woman," he said, "and now I don't know where to go to forget you. I was a young man then: it will be harder now. Don't speak—don't speak. I know what you would say. I know, I know."

I didn't say anything; I didn't know what to say. I couldn't preach—I hadn't been very good about not caring for married people myself! Besides, he was so quiet and so intense, just gentle and resigned. The creek dashed by loud and clear, and up in the red apple-tree, where I looked to get away from his eyes, there were dots of bright sunlight like fairy swords. He had asked us to supper, and I thought to myself, "Dear me, we *can't* stay now."

"Since the day you got off the train at the Junction and drove over here sitting opposite me, and came to my house and under my roof, and lived like a dove with your sister, I've loved you. You are not so spoiled that it will do you any harm to hear this."

"Yes, it will," I said. "Please don't tell me any more."

He answered quietly: "I will not tell you any more. I will never speak again—and that's a great deal to promise a woman. But I will say that I have read of good women, of strong and tender women, and women who were sacrificed to men's egotism. . . ."

"Please, Judge Baxfield——"

"I have read of the patient Griselda and thought it folly. You are the ideal woman—" he said this several times, and then rose. "*The ideal woman.*"

It was so utterly foolish that I couldn't take it as deeply as he meant me to.

"I won't say anything about your husband," he went on, "or rather about *the man you've married.* But if there's anything you ever want done, at any time and anywhere, any service on God's earth, let me know it, let me render it." He put out both his hands. "I pray of you, let me be the one to serve you." He stood like that, his hands outstretched, and it all flashed over me.

I said: "There *is* something that you could do, that I would like you to do; but you wouldn't hear of it."

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He laughed a little: it made my heart ache—it had such a kind of expectant pleasure in it.

"Wouldn't do it? Why, I'd live to do it day and night. What is it?"

"I don't suppose you'll do it right now," I said, speaking very fast, for it wasn't easy with him staring like that. "I don't expect you to do more than think it over. I'd be glad if you'd marry my sister."

He stepped back and sort of fell down on the bench and just stared at me, and burst out into an awful laugh.

"I *beg* your pardon," he breathed after a second; then he went on quite violently: "I think you must be crazy. *Marry your sister?* Why, I love you, I love *you.* Don't you know, starved and neglected woman, *what the word love means?*"

I didn't answer this; it was none of his business.

"There are some men," he exclaimed angrily, "who seem to draw good women by their very vices; it is the climax to their vice; their very weakness has a charm for certain devoted feminine souls——"

"My sister Fanny would make you a good wife and make you very happy," I said, right on top of this. "I ought not to tell you, but I will: I really think she likes you very much."

I believe he swore; he clenched the seat between his hands; but I had to stand there, not daring to go past him. After a second he said: "You are free to leave this arbor, Mrs. Kirkland, when you will"—and he stood aside and I flew out.

I hadn't gone as far as the front porch when I met Stephen coming along gay as a boy, his papers under his arm. I wanted to tell him that I had a headache and couldn't come in to supper, but before I could speak he took my arm through his and sort of hurried me up the porch steps, telling me about his visit to Reno, where he had been for two days. Well, we stayed to supper, and Stephen talked all the time, and very pleasantly too. He said a lot about the "pæans of the Occident," and "the hymns of the Virgin Land," how glad he was he had drifted West, and of how the country had need of every thinking man to speak for her.

"Oretown is my branch," he said; "I shall poise here until I am ready to fly."

And Judge Baxfield said quietly, "I don't think First Hotel is much of a perch for Mrs. Kirkland to poise on."

Stephen laughed. "Esther doesn't mind, my dear Baxfield. She is not a materialist; she's above the branch—aren't you, my dear girl? But, curiously enough, that's just what I want to talk to you about, Baxfield."

Goodness, it was terrible to me to see the Judge's face and to realize how nervous Stephen made him.

"Do you want to talk to me about Mrs. Kirkland's spirituality?" the Judge asked.

"About settling down here, right here in Oretown. I've decided to practice law in this county. I've bought the Oretown *Cry*, and I'm going to make it echo over the eternal plains, and I'm going to do some of their law work for them, and so on and so on."

Judge Baxfield took it up. "And so on," he said slowly, "*to the East again.*"

My husband leaned back in his chair, smoking his long cigarette and smiling as simply as a boy, just as though he wasn't talking to a man who had his own career and political ambitions of work right there in that district. "So on to the East again!" he nodded genially to Judge Baxfield.

"*To the House of Representatives?. . .*"

Stephen smoked and smiled.

"*To the Senate?*"

Stephen didn't say a word. Judge Baxfield laughed softly and drank off his glass of water, wiped his mouth, and put his napkin down; then he looked at me quite a long time. Stephen was gazing in the air after his tobacco smoke. Judge Baxfield said a million times in the look he gave me what he had said to me out in the orchard, and I blushed. His expression was perfectly wonderful: sort of exalted and noble and beautiful, triumphant. He made me look at him, and it seemed as though his eyes said: "There, I've told you everything; now you know, so you'll have to accept what I'm going to do." Then he looked over at Stephen and the light died from his face.

"You want to speak to me about settling down here in Oretown for a time, Kirkland, in view of your new career?"

"Yes; the First Hotel may be all very well as a penance, but it's played out."

"Quite so," the Judge said. "Why don't you take my house?"

My husband put his chair down on its four legs and took his cigarette in his hand.

"I'm going East this week," Judge Baxfield continued. "I've had news that calls me out of Nevada. I'm thinking of going to Washington for some time, and in all likelihood I shall never turn up here again."

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"But, my dear Baxfield——"

"This place will be a white elephant on my hands, as you can see for yourself—a useless extravagance and expense. It has served its purpose, and, as you say of First Hotel, it has worn itself out. It would be a real favor to me if you would take it off my hands."

"By Jove," Stephen exclaimed, "one of the reasons for my hanging on out here is *you!* We all hit it off so well together."

George had brought in the black coffee, and the Judge poured out the three cups and handed me mine.

"I shall be sorry to go, in some respects, and glad in others; at any rate, it's a settled thing. Think over what I say about the house."

"Well, then," Stephen accepted, "I'll take the house at once." He never asked me or turned to me or said a word, and I couldn't break in—I knew him so well. I sat stirring my coffee until I felt that we were nothing but robbers of this man's goods, and I took courage and said to Stephen, "Any house is good enough for us while we stay here."

And Judge Baxfield broke in: "There you are wrong. This house is rough enough and simple enough, God knows. The life is dull and hard out here, but it will be more like home than anything in Oretown, and I reckon a woman likes that." He was looking at me steadily. "I shall be honored if you will move in here, Mrs. Kirkland, and make a home of the place, and watch the O. & W. N. grow from your window, and watch your husband's career from here."

I could have cried, angry and touched as I was, for I knew that the Judge adored this house and the garden.

"Now about the price, Baxfield?" my husband asked, and Judge Baxfield answered harshly: "We'll discuss it later, you and I. It's an old habit of mine not to talk money before the ladies."

Stephen laughed and begged pardon and looked toward me as much as to say, "There's not much *we* don't talk together, is there?" And I knew that Judge Baxfield had a triumphant feeling in his heart. I could tell without any words that he felt he was giving me my first home, the one he had built and made. And he was right: it was the first real home I ever had.

We were to move in on a Wednesday, and to take the keys from the Judge himself. Stephen and he transacted the deal together; but when we came to take possession, we found he had gone on East the night before, and we went in alone, my husband and I, and he was perfectly delighted.

That first evening in the west room, he and I stood there together looking out. There were frame huts thrown up now, here and there on the plains, along the line of the railroad; and many miles away in the clear atmosphere we could see the smoke of the first cabins of the Italians.

"It's tremendous, isn't it?" Stephen asked. "Big and inspiring; and the road cuts through like a sword."

I said that I was proud of him, and he turned suddenly and asked: "Why, pray?"

"Because you have made a mark right here in this state: that's your road, the O. & W. N."

"Nonsense! It's the Rose and Hendricks gold that created it."

"Gold never created anything, Stephen; it's brains, and I'm proud of you."

He seemed awfully pleased.

He said later: "Baxfield's a queer chap, don't you think so? To rush off suddenly out of a state he could sway to his will? They would have made him governor if he had stayed. Do you know, my dear girl, I've thought it all out, *and I believe he's gone to be married.* Nothing but love would take a man out of his element like this, and I must say that I've never seen it stop a career like this before. And I think it's Fanny."

CHAPTER XLVIII

The little finger ring was the first of Stephen's presents: they came quite fast afterward. He liked to buy things, to have packages sent out from the East; and I never opened anything until he was there to cut the string and the seals, and to watch me. O. & W. N. had gone on the market long ago, and had luck from the start, perfectly extraordinary luck and confidence right through. When the road got through Reno and then turned toward Carson City and San Francisco, Stephen's chiefs came on—Judge Rollins and Mr. Rose and Mr. Hendricks and Mr. Thompson.

The same old hack stage fetched them over to First Hotel, and although we couldn't take care of them at our house, still they dined with us, and it was "a big thing" for my husband—he said so; and I cooked every single bit of the dinner from soup on down to the pie. George had gone with his master. We

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had a girl just for the week the railroad chiefs were there. She waited and did nicely, but I couldn't depend on her for the cooking. I was in the parlor in time, though, dressed in my best, and not red in the face, either.

Stephen sat at the head of the table, and they talked about Washington and the future. Judge Rollins said:

"You've got my backing, Kirkland, from skin to hide, if it will do you any good out here."

And Senator Hendricks said, "I shall have the pleasure of contradicting you yet in the Senate, Kirkland." And Stephen's cheeks were red and his eyes as bright as a boy's.

He had got wines for them, and the best cigars, and siphons and Apollinaris, all sent out in cases. They wouldn't hear of my leaving the table after the ice cream, and so I sat on and heard them toast. And Senator Hendricks said: "Not any *champagne*, Kirkland, to wet a toast for the little road?"

My husband lifted up his fizzy water and said: "*This* is my drink, gentlemen," and then some one turned the subject.

Of course they drank my health, and as I looked at them Stephen seemed as good as any of them, and I was proud of him. He was the gayest of them and the best-looking, anyway. Mr. Thompson asked me if I knew I owned a thousand shares of O. & W. N. Of course I didn't. Stephen hadn't told me; it was an anniversary present, he said. And I told the gentlemen that I was glad to have it, for I had watched the road grow from my window. I didn't take in what a thousand shares meant, but I began to the following year, when the dividends came in.

The private car the gentlemen had come in had been switched off on to our little line. Stephen and I were invited to go out with them, but I made him go alone. Up in the window of Judge Baxfield's spare room I saw the splendid Pullman car and the one baggage car and puffing engine pull off across our road. It was wonderful to me, and I know that Stephen looked back at the house as long as he could see it. And as the smoke came from the locomotive and the bell rang and the Oretown crowd cheered, I cried; I couldn't help it.

Miss Purchase was standing in the doorway when I turned. *She* was the servant! You *had* to call her "Miss" Purchase; she wouldn't stay otherwise, and it was almost impossible to get help. The first day she asked me to call her "Lady Diana," but Stepher was there, and he roared so that she was a little ashamed, so we compromised on Miss Purchase. Well, when I turned round there she was; she had been ironing and had the iron in her hand, bottom side up, and she had tears in her eyes, too. She was from Connecticut and had come West to make her fortune.

"Mis' Kirkland, *ain't* it grand?" she breathed. "It seems as if I'd bust when that engine shrieked."

I didn't know that she cared for anything on the face of the earth until that minute.

"I come up here to tell you that *I'd stay*—I mean, I'll stay *on*."

The tears ran down her face. "Mr. Kirkland's a *real gentleman*, a real tony gentleman, and you do the best you kin."

In what she said I saw her heart, and it was a good one; like the rest of the pioneers, she was trying to make what she could out of the West. She was very independent and broad-minded, and when I said, "Very well," she said: "I mean I'll stay *forever*, not just a month—*forever*."

CHAPTER XLIX

As soon as Stephen touched his first big check, before Fanny went East, he bought the Bracketsville house and lot and gave it outright to Fanny, as well as a monthly income, enough to live and dress on. I hardly ever heard from Fanny except when she acknowledged the checks, as she always did, but I knew she was taking French and was very much thought of in Bracketsville, and that she made a first-rate home for Ferdie.

It was three years after Judge Baxfield had left us his house when I got a letter one afternoon. It happened that I was sitting in the arbor, sewing. It was in September, and the red apples were nearly ripe in the trees. Miss Purchase put the letter on the rustic table by my workbasket. The envelope was fat and directed in a strange hand, and on ship's paper with a flag and seal. I opened it, and it was from Judge Baxfield, dated the week before on the *Teutonic*, and it began:

MY DEAR LADY: [And that made me think of Mr. Sinclair for a minute.] It will be just three years from the time I sat with you in the arbor of the old place when you get this letter. Won't you go back to the garden with these few pages and read them there? The weather is fine in our Western late Septembers, and there will be sun shafts along the grass, and finer yellow shafts in the apple-trees. I know those trees, every one—I planted them all! The

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creek will speak as it did the day I left you there, and be the only voice to disturb your quiet. You know how I loved the place, and for that reason I gave it up to you. It has been a pride and satisfaction, a triumph, to think your feet walk the paths I laid out, and tread my stairs and my rooms, and that your first home was made by me. When the time came that I could do so without too much lying and too much disinclination to be fair to her, I did what you honored me by asking, and married your sister. This is our wedding trip, and I write to tell you of our marriage. Fanny is a beautiful woman; she is your flesh and blood—just above the ear where the hair goes less curly, there is a look of you—when I discovered this, I asked her to be my wife. If this fulfillment of your wish pleases you, brings you any satisfaction or content, if the fact that your sister's future is assured and protected in so far as I can assure and protect it—if this brings you any peace, I am rewarded.

Believe me, my dear lady,

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD BAXFIELD.

I held the letter there in my lap for a while. The sunlight, as he said, lay on the arbor and on the apples and on his words. It made me feel very deeply and very still. I thought it was incomprehensible that a man could do a thing like this for another woman. I couldn't understand it. It made me ashamed to think of what I had taken from him; and when I thought of Will and Mr. Sinclair, I was more ashamed than ever. That night I told Stephen that Judge Baxfield had married Fanny and they had gone off on their honeymoon to Europe.

"I am sincerely relieved," he said, "and sincerely surprised. I never expected Fanny to have the common sense to do a thing as genuine as this. Women like your sister, my dear girl, usually die old maids. It's women like yourself who marry, Esther," and I couldn't help asking him, "Dear me; *why*, Stephen?"

"Because you are the mothers of the earth, my dear girl, the reasons for the race, the excuses for being, the hearthstone and the arc. . . ."

I told him he was too silly for any use, and I wouldn't let him go on. You just *couldn't* get a sensible reply out of him when you wanted it.

"It's because we're the cooks and the nurses and the slaves," I couldn't help saying, and, looking at me very seriously, he said:

"It's because you are the ideal women."

CHAPTER L

STEPHEN'S interests ran right through the district and the state. He went often to Carson City and Reno, and also east to New York several times on short visits; but I never moved from Oretown until we had been there four years.

No one who had not watched my husband as I did in that crude little place would ever know how just he was or understand how popular he was simply as a man. It was perfectly wonderful. From Miss Purchase—who nearly killed herself over his shirts, starching and ironing them, and nearly drove *me* crazy because she roughdried my clothes—down to the blacksmith's where Stephen took his riding horse to be shod, my husband was a general favorite. He treated every one politely, with his smile and his deep bow.

In the third year Stephen ran for governor, and Oretown was wild for him. But there wasn't a tale against my husband so old that they didn't rake it up against him; and if I had had any illusions about the man I married, they would have been pretty well worn out in this campaign. Finally, poor Miss Pagee's story capped off the lot, and they told how she had drowned herself to escape scandal; it made me sick.

Before the election I got a wire from Stephen telling me to start for Carson City, and at the same time there came a notice from the Junction to say there was "a private car rolled in for Mrs. Kirkland." Miss Purchase and I packed, shut up the house, and started. The train had directions to take the branch road, and at sunset, when we passed beyond the old house—Miss Purchase and I in a private car—it didn't seem as though it *could* be true!

Quite a way out, we stood on the rear platform and looked back, and the sunset shone on all Oretown's windows, red as fire, but the blinds were shut in the windows of our old room. When the smoke from the Birdsall Button Factory had disappeared, and Oretown wasn't any bigger than a piece of paper on the plain, Miss Purchase said:

"I've just about used up Oretown, Mis' Kirkland, ain't you?" But I told her that I loved the house and the garden.

"It's too small for *Mr.* Kirkland, 'tenny-rate," she murmured, and I understood that she thought I wasn't ambitious enough. "He's risin' to a wider spere." She was excited, her cheeks were as red as apples, her glasses glistened. She kept them spick and span, like diamonds. "I hope to the Lord he'll get that 'lection," she said over and over again; and I believe Miss Purchase would

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have been willing to take the stump right then and there, with her black bag in her hands and her glistening glasses on her nose, and tell the district what *she* thought of Mr. Kirkland.

He didn't meet me at the train; I found him in his private office—one of the rooms his party had taken for him in the best hotel. There were half a dozen men in the room. The walls were stuck over with campaign labels, and his table was stacked with papers. Stephen stood there in a group, his hands in his pockets, his head thrown back: he was talking eagerly when I came in, and I was awfully excited myself. It seemed like a bell had been struck in me and I rang. Ever since the moment our train had put out from Oretown, I had been keyed up. He was the finest looking one of his party. The gentlemen stepped back, and I could see him, and to me he stood alone.

"Let me present my wife," he said, and repeated their names, and they shook hands with me. I recognized Mr. Collins, whom we had liked in New York, and I was so glad to see him. He had been taking charge of the state for Stephen. Of those men in that room, there was scarcely one who hadn't made some kind of a mark, and just then the same sort of fire appeared to run through us all.

"Well, my dear girl," Stephen asked me, "how do you like the Big N?" and that was the first time I heard it called by the name by which now it is known the world over.

Judge Pollock, afterward minister to Portugal, said: "There's something here bigger than the Big N, Mrs. Kirkland, and I don't believe I need ask you *what you think of him!*" And he put his hand on my husband's shoulder. "We're going to pull off an election such as this state has never seen—a man elected by the opposition ticket. Half the state of Nevada is voting for Governor Kirkland." And when he said those words, softly, something burned in my eyes, and I was glad to get away.

Stephen took me to our rooms. We had hardly shut the door when he turned to me:

"Esther, you've seen the election stuff, I dare say, in the papers; but Watterson [that was the name of the man who was running against him for governor] has got pretty much the same kind of hogwash to contend with. Things like that are all in the game; but I want to ask you something. Among other things they said . . ." He sat down in a big chair, crossed his legs, and lit a fresh cigarette. I took off my hat and my coat. I was tired and wanted more than anything else to get a bath.

". . . They said that Miss Pagee . . ." He paused after this name, the first time it had crossed his lips since our vacation in the Adirondacks. He repeated it, then cleared his throat. I didn't help him; I just thought, 'Now let the man pay up a little bit,' and I waited.

"*There*, read this," and he took out of his wallet a clipping. It showed how he must have cared, to have cut out this special one. "Read *that*." I did, then put it down on my knee. "Well, *you* were there, Esther; you remember Miss Pagee, don't you?" He smoked a second and then went on: "Well, you know, too, that this is all a falsehood. I wonder where she is. It is very hard on the girl."

I could scarcely believe my ears, *that he didn't know;* then I remembered the terrible state in which he had been when we left there, and how everything escaped him but his own fight for life and for decency and for place. Well, he had them all now, very nearly all.

"Why don't you tell me what you know, Esther?"

For a minute I was tempted to fix up some lie and spare him, but it didn't seem right, and then and there I told him from beginning to end. It took quite a few minutes, and he never moved. He stopped smoking and put his dead cigarette in a little ash-tray belonging to the Hotel, a spread eagle in brass, and there the dead cigarette lay beside his silk hat and the gloves he carried now but never would wear more than he could help. He wasn't an emotional man, but he was sensitive, and I couldn't bear to see him suffer. When I came to the end of my story, I got up and went over to my bag and began quietly to take out the things.

"Why didn't you tell me this before—?" he began, then he interrupted himself and said: "But why in God's name *should* you! This has been reserved for an especial time. Ashes in the mouth—dust and ashes in the mouth!" He walked up and down several times, then stood staring at me in the gloomy way he used to have of looking when the temptation was pressing him hard. "I want you to understand what I say when I tell you that it would give me no satisfaction now to be elected governor of Nevada. If the citi-

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zens of this state vote against me, it will be my just deserts. It wouldn't be much of a retribution; still, it might be a commencement."

And I said to him: "Stephen, you are talking about another man from the one at Paul Smith's."

"How do you mean?" he asked sharply.

"Why, the man that rowed out on the lake up there at Paul's isn't the one that's running for governor—this one has a right to his chance."

He made no reply, but he rang for a bell-boy, and when he appeared with a pitcher of ice-water my husband gave him the spread-eagle ash-receiver with the half-smoked cigarette lying on it, and told him to take it away and bring him a box of cigars: that was the last Swiss cigarette I ever saw Stephen smoke.

He was making speeches then every day, and immediately some one came and knocked on the door and took him out of the room. I saw him drive off in a landau with Mr. Collins and two other gentlemen. But I couldn't see very well. They were all laughing and talking together, and the hotel waiters cheered; there was a big banner across the street under which they drove: "Vote for Kirkland and Condon—Clean Politics." And I saw my husband look up at the banner as he drove under it.

Purchase came in and helped me get my things to rights, but she was so full of talk and so excited that I sent her away as soon as I could, and lay down and took a nap. There was to be a dinner at another hotel for Stephen. I didn't expect him home until late, so I ate up in the room off a tray, and sat down in my white dressing jacket and skirt until late, listening to the voices outside.

It was after eleven when Stephen came in. I had been sitting in the dark, and he lit the gas. He looked fagged to death, and all the signs of exhilaration I had remarked when I came that afternoon had faded away.

"Well," he said slowly, "this is the irony of fate, isn't it? I shall carry the state—there's not much doubt of it; I shall have a rousing majority, I dare say. . . . I shall withdraw my candidature to-morrow."

For a minute I thought he had gone crazy from too much brain work; his voice was hoarse from speaking, and his eyes were fixed on me without seeing me.

"I'm not fit for the trust the country gives me, Esther." His face was gloomy as the grave, and his eyes sad like a child's; it seemed to me as if my heart stood still. "It's useless to tell me other men have been in positions like this," he went on—"I don't care; it's useless to tell me I'm no worse than my opponent—that's *his* business. The tragedy of which you have told me has opened my eyes. . . . Late as it is, I shall refuse to run."

I went right up to him and put both my hands on his shoulders.

"Stephen Kirkland, you'll do nothing of the kind."

"My poor Esther," he began, but I cut him short:

"Don't 'poor' me—I'm proud of you, every inch of you. If ever a man deserved a good place, *you do*. How many men do you think have fought out what you have fought out, and conquered?"

He gazed on me pityingly.

"You're *all right*," I said; "what's past and gone is past and gone. As for Miss Pagee, she would be the last to wish you to ruin your career to make up for her folly."

"Don't," he murmured, "don't."

It was the first time I had ever taken any voice in his affairs or given him any advice: but when I saw his career tottering, shaking on the verge of success, I couldn't bear it. Senator Bellars seemed once more to say to me: "I hold you responsible for his life, Miss Carey."

"Rubbish, Stephen," I said. "Haven't they put all the vile things they could think of in the papers? Have you denied them?"

"No, not one."

"Well, then, if the state elects you in spite of that"——

"Why, they'd only say I bought the polls." He shook my hand off. "No, no, this is a way to atone for her death."

"Stephen," I said, "think of your poor party, of what you stand for—of your friends, and the shame you'll bring on the situation. You can't go back now; it's too late."

"On the contrary," he replied, "it would be a regeneration. They will have such a revival as will clean politics from the boundary to Texas."

"Nonsense!" I answered harshly. "You don't clean up politics by one man's making a fool of himself." I was wild. Any second I expected him to ring for a bell-boy, late as it was, and send some kind of extravagant message, and I could see that so far I hadn't changed him. His eyes seemed to gaze back

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years to Paul Smith's, to that lake, and to have been smitten with the passing of a ghost.

"You haven't any right to your own feelings, Stephen," I said; "you aren't an individual—you're a party."

"Go to your room, my dear girl," he said, "and leave me alone. I ask it as a great favor." He had gone over to the window and sat down on the chair I had left, and I followed him and knelt down by his side and took hold of his hand.

"Stephen, do you think you owe more to that dead woman than you owe to me?"

"How do you mean to you?"

"Why, I mean it will just break my heart if you give up your candidacy."

He stared at me as though he said to himself, "Esther has a heart to break—" as if he had made a discovery. He had never heard me mention my personal feelings on a subject, and it was a counter irritant—a great surprise—a dash of cold water—a real shock. He said slowly: "You mean to say . . ."

"I mean, Stephen, I am perfectly wrapped up in your career."

"I didn't dream you cared, my dear girl. I never knew you even took an interest in what was going on—that is, actively."

"You thought I was content to stay in Bracketsville and have you practice law, I guess. Well, I'm not. I'm proud of you."

"All right," he said. "I'm very much disturbed, Esther. Let me see my way clear."

I saw I had at last *made him think of me.* He was looking at me curiously, and the ghost that was dogging him and coming between him and realities had drifted away.

"*You* ambitious . . ." he wondered slowly. "*You* wrapped up in my career." He leaned over and made me get up from my knees. "You mustn't kneel, Esther! Like your namesake, however, you haven't pled in vain!" He drew me down on his lap and held me close to him for a second.

There was a noise in the hall: the porters were taking a drunken politician from the bar up to bed. "We must get some rest," he said. "It will be a hard day to-morrow. And will you hand me one of those cigars, my dear girl?"

The voices outside—for two men had stopped in the hallway—talked for us, and I could guess a little what Stephen had been going through. I knew he had suffered that day in Carson City as he had gone about his weary campaign; I knew he had relived those days up there in the mountains, and could have drawn a picture, as I could, of that floating, breezy form, and I guessed that the lake must have struck as icy a chill to Stephen, very nearly, as it had to her.

Pretty soon he said to me: "You're right, my dear girl: that's the highest cruelty and irony of it—*we can't alone.* And I owe you, as you remind me, more than I owe to any one, and if to see me governor of Nevada will give you the slightest satisfaction, my dear . . ." It made me think of Judge Baxfield's letter: one man married another woman to give me pleasure, and now a second man was going to be governor of a state for the same reason. I smiled to myself—I couldn't help it—and I thought, well, if it gives either of you any pleasure to think it's *for my sake*, you're welcome! I don't care, as long as the things get done!

CHAPTER LI

Carson City turned out to be just a sort of bush for Stephen's ambition to rest on before flying higher. I never felt that I lived there; I was dazed most of the time. My husband kept me busy, though: the house was full of callers—political people and secretaries and office-seekers and what not. No doubt it was because the governor's office was never meant to be permanent for my husband, that he himself never liked Carson City and was sensitive to every little annoyance. He never felt at home a single day.

I talked to him enough to make up for the years I had been so silent. He needed a lot of plain common sense salted down, and the little doses I gave him were disguised. He didn't know he was taking medicine, and he'd wind up with: "You see, my dear girl, it is just as I predicted"—and he always thought that it was own idea he was working out.

I never pretended to look after anything in the Carson City house. I just gave up housekeeping, of which I was getting fond; I left everything to Cornelia Purchase, and she was wonderful. I am sure she saved us from sheer ruin those days, for there was an economical streak in her that the discovery of a gold mine under her feet wouldn't have taken out. Stephen wouldn't hear of economizing; he wouldn't let me ask what things cost in his presence; and I don't think we ever sat down alone to dinner. Everybody passing through came to dine at the governor's, and, as he was not a bit of a snob, he asked all kinds of people and at all kinds of times.

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Of course, I got a bad name in the capital right through. They said that I threw money out of the window; and I would have done so fast enough if Stephen had come in the door with a certain kind of look on his face.

I never left Stephen alone. I hardly ever made any calls except on a keen jump, and people thought I was stuck up and swell (me!), and nervous as a witch, and poor company. I don't wonder. I took to sitting in the upstairs sitting-room window, which looked out front, and I could see Stephen drive up or walk up, and as soon as he turned in at the gate I went and stood at the head of the staircase. The first word he said as the man opened the door was: "Mrs. Kirkland at home?" I was never out, so it was just a form. Then I'd call, "Coming upstairs?" It never varied.

I don't think he'd remember it, but it stands out to me, for in all that time I don't think he ever came in like his real self—he was gloomy, heavy-eyed, and his head bowed; and I'd get him to come into the sitting-room, and cheer him up. I had to. He had been struck through and through that week before election. It showed how sensitive he was. He had an idea that politics was not his career, that he was a born writer, and he was dying to begin a new novel right then and there. Several times I found his papers scribbled over with names of chapters and dramatis personae, and so forth.

It hurt me; it made my heart ache, but it was too late, too late. There wasn't another branch like Oretown, for a poet to poise on and fly away from, and our circles were starting out and widening, and we had to go along with them toward the shore.

The party was perfectly fine! There were real men in that set up there. Not one of them had the dimmest idea, though, of Stephen's state of mind; after his struggles between literature and politics he went back to his meetings fresh. His state and party just took care of him, and had all kinds of ideas about his leadership and his power. And the Big N was one of the most important speculations on the market. One night when our dinner company had gone home, my husband said:

"You are a rich woman, my dear girl. How does it feel?" And he went on to tell me that he had put every cent of money he had in my name; that I was to pay the bills and sign the checks, and never let him know what he had or hadn't—that he didn't want money discussed.

"The only thing to my mind that is interesting about money," he said, "is that it saves you from being a bore to your friends, and, if you have enough, you needn't talk about it. It's coming in, as far as we are concerned," he went on, "like the waves of the sea, amethystine edged, and if there's any pleasure on those crests, why, drink in the delight, my dear girl—it's all yours. I don't want to be bothered. Only don't miser up anything. We've no children."

I began to speak of Fanny and her children, and he told me that Baxfield was in on the Nevada deal and had no need of any help of ours. And then he said, "I shall let him have a block in the Wildwood Mines."

And when he said that word it went all through me—the thought of Will Falsworth and his connection with them.

"Why, yes," he answered, when I spoke of the mines, "I told you about them the other day, didn't I? They're going to sell at 200."

That same year Judge Baxfield became Minister to Athens, and Fanny went over from the Riviera to her new "spere," as Miss Purchase called it, for a change. She had two children. Stephen was crazy over their pictures. They were both boys, and they didn't name either of them for Stephen.

One day Stephen asked me what news I had from my brother Petie.

"Isn't he coming home?" he asked. "I can find him a position here if he wants it."

And when I answered Petie had never mentioned anything about coming home, Stephen said: "Send him a check, Esther; don't be close with him. Send it with our regards, and go down town to-morrow and get a handsome solitaire diamond. Come," he said, laughing, "be a millionaire for me and tell me how it feels, my dear girl!"

And when we went upstairs together I kept wondering all the evening about the Wildwood Mines. Stephen hadn't spoken of them again, and I didn't dare ask. I was afraid if I did it would lead my husband to think back and to remember Will Falsworth, although he had never so much as mentioned Will's name to me since the two men stood in my office and Stephen had taken the revolver away from Will for safe keeping.

The Next Instalment of "A Successful Wife" will appear in the August Number.

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THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THE CIRCUS

By HARTLEY DAVIS

THE circus has become a highly organized business machine that sells amusement and instruction upon a big scale. Formerly it was a speculative enterprise, and rather more uncertain than most gambles. In the old days, the owner was primarily a showman. He eliminated the business idea as much as possible, hiring men to do this end of the work for him. Nowadays the business idea dominates the circus, and the showman is subordinate to the financier.

Probably the greatest showman that ever lived was P. T. Barnum, and he was a fairly good business man—for a showman. But when he tried to fight the business idea, introduced into the circus world by James Anthony Bailey, he found it more powerful than the show idea. Whereupon, Barnum proved his wisdom by joining forces with Bailey; and the two, forming a combination that made the perfect circus machine, became supreme in their world.

Now, it is a mooted point whether Barnum or Lincoln made the epigram about fooling all of the people part of the time, and part of the people all of the time; at any rate, Barnum lived up to it. There was much more morality in the advertisements of the Barnum show than in the show itself. Bailey's idea, on the other hand, was not to fool the people at all, but to make the circus clean, honest, above reproach inside and out. Anything that wasn't straight was abhorrent to him personally, and, furthermore, he believed straightness would pay better in the long run.

Until Bailey became a power in the circus, graft was one of its chief sources of income, although it was never mentioned under that name. It was called "privileges." In the old days the circus sold the gambling privilege, as it did the candy privilege, the concert privilege, the side-show privilege, and ever so many others. The late Adam Forepaugh was very ingenious in evolving graft games. Once upon a time some of his subordinates protested against a blind woman who was begging regularly at the main entrance. Forepaugh said he hadn't the heart to drive away the poor afflicted creature. It transpired that she paid him twenty dollars a week for the privilege of begging.

As a rule, too, all of the "privileges" were run dishonestly. Bailey, however, had secured his first real start as an owner of legitimate privileges, and he found he could run them honestly and make money. When he rose to ownership, he abolished the rental or sale of privileges, concentrating everything under his own control. He made the circus conform to recognized business laws; he standardized and systematized it.

The function of business is to give security, to insure, in so far as is possible, certain profits. To accomplish this, business attempts to eliminate, to the greatest extent practicable, the element of risk, which may mean huge losses or enormous profits. Under the old régime a circus run by a showman often made huge profits one season, only to collapse in the next. The showman, always an outrageous optimist, forever trusted to chance. He never could estimate what might happen. But Bailey always knew how much he could lose and how much he could make. He was always prepared for any emergency that confronted him.

While Bailey was revolutionizing the circus, six brothers from Baraboo, Wisconsin, were making their way upward in the show world. They started on nothing, the elder brothers, gradually drawing in the younger as they grew stronger. They realized the wisdom of Bailey's business idea, and they had the same personal principles.

Each brother mastered the details of the circus business, then each specialized in some one department. Their motto was that of the Three Musketeers: "One for all and all for one!" To-day the five Ringling Brothers

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—one died about a year ago—dominate the circus field in America even more completely than did Barnum & Bailey. They own the Barnum & Bailey show, the Ringling Brothers show, and the Forepaugh & Sells show—the three largest in the country.

The two biggest shows, as nearly alike as possible, each have eighty-nine cars. The Forepaugh & Sells show has fifty-five cars. Their nearest rival, the Hagenbeck & Wallace show, has about thirty-five cars. Gallmar Brothers show with thirty cars, and the Cole Brothers, with twenty cars, round out the list of the more important circuses. Of course there are many smaller ones.

Each of the two biggest circuses represents a cost of about $3,000,000, although it is doubtful whether either of them could be duplicated for that sum.

Suppose we go a little way into the details of cost: In the first place, a big circus has to have a pretty big manufacturing plant, maintained in its winter quarters. All the big circuses build their own flat cars. Because they do not conform to the standard in size and construction, it is cheaper for the circus to build them than to go to the big car manufactories. Nevertheless, the railroad transportation equipment—averaging sixty-three flat cars, fourteen Pullmans, ten coaches, two private cars—represents an investment of nearly half a million dollars.

Then—taking the figures of the two largest shows—there are sixty-two chariots, band wagons, and floats, which range in cost from $9,000 for the biggest one, drawn by forty horses, down to $2,000. There are 142 cages, which cost, exclusive of decoration, $1,500 each. The big circuses do all their own decorating, for the same reason that they build their cars—it's cheaper in the long run. In addition to these showy vehicles, there are the baggage wagons, the blacksmith wagon, the cook wagon, and many others, bringing up the total value of this equipment to about $400,000.

The wardrobe of a big circus nowadays is very expensive. In addition to the costumes for the people—and nearly a thousand take part in the parade, each having a costume or a uniform that the show provides—there are the gorgeous trappings for the horses, elephants, and camels, the banners and flags. The big show must not save a penny at the sacrifice of gorgeousness, and the materials must all be of the best, because of the wear and tear. They must last two seasons, the fine ones this season becoming the rainy-day ones of next. Therefore, the annual outlay for sartorial splendors is about $150,000, and this doesn't include the ring costumes, which the performers must themselves supply.

Obviously, circus harness, too, because of its elaboration and quality, is very expensive, and there is an enormous quantity of it. The total runs over $100,000.

The biggest shows carry between 650 and 700 horses and ponies. The 400 baggage horses cost about $350 each, and about a hundred of them have to be replaced each year. Of the sixty bareback horses, perhaps a third are owned by the performers themselves, and there is no estimating the value of a well-trained bareback animal. The total value of the forty-two special parade animals, thirty Arabian stallions, forty thoroughbreds and jumpers, twenty-eight trick horses, and fifty ponies, with the baggage horses, is about $400,000.

As for the menageries, those of the Barnum & Bailey and the Ringling shows are valued at about $750,000 each. But the estimate in different circuses and at different times varies widely—from half a million dollars to twice that sum. Plainly, a thoroughly acclimated wild animal that takes kindly to circus life is worth two or three times as much as a green one that may die in a few days or weeks. Then, in the case of the most expensive animals, like the rhino, the fact that three or four are on the European market may cause the price to drop from $10,000 to $5,000. The rhino is a mighty delicate animal, so far as health is concerned, however little he may look it. The hippopotamus, equally valuable but harder to secure, has much more vigor in captivity.

Then there is the giraffe, one of the hardest of animals to keep alive with a circus or anywhere in captivity, because, even when they don't succumb to disease, the creatures insist upon breaking those long necks—which isn't, after all, remarkable. There are very few giraffes in captivity, but because of their high mortality a circus will seldom pay more than $7,000 for one. Most circus owners prefer to accept the dictum of the man who saw the long-necked creature for the first time: "There ain't no such animal." With the Barnum & Bailey show is a pair that have traveled for eight years, which gives them an enormous circus value. In addition, they have a baby, the second one born in captivity, and the only one that ever lived. Naturally, these animals are beyond price.

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The law of supply and demand regulates the price of green elephants, and it varies greatly. Then, too, size and temper have much to do with their value, and of course the trained ones command about twice as much as the others. Green elephants bring from $1,000 to $5,000 under normal conditions.

Another animal whose value is difficult to appraise is the chimpanzee. A green one may sell for from $300 to four times that amount, while an acclimated one may be worth $2,500. A highly trained chimpanzee is held at the most absurd price when he becomes a real performer. For few of them are susceptible of "advanced education," and all of them are delicate creatures, likely to succumb to the slightest cold. But the big monkey folk are very valuable to the circus.

For other equipment: there are no fewer than nineteen tents with the big shows, covering some twenty acres of ground. They do not cost so very much in themselves, but when one adds poles, cordage, seats—the main tent seats 15,000 people—mechanical stake drivers, lighting apparatus, and all the rest, the total cost amounts to more than $100,000.

If you should add these figures, you would find the total considerably short of $3,000,000. For one thing, all of the investment of the winter quarters hasn't been included—the grazing land, the exercising arenas, the living places for employees, and scores of other things, which add perhaps $200,000. Furthermore, the traveling mechanical equipment for the show carries a paint shop, a harness shop, a dressmaking establishment, and so on; and these, with other offshoots, represent an investment of about $100,000.

There is a mighty important item of half a million that is invested in the bank, a surplus that is really an emergency fund, without which no big circus could be sure of existing through a season. Part of it is deposited in New York, part in Chicago, and part in St. Louis. It is at all times subject to a telegraph order to forward actual cash. The circus works on a cash basis always when it is on the road; about the only bills paid by check are the printing bills. In the old days the showman took all kinds of chances. But the modern circus simply insures itself against loss, and carries the insurance itself, just as many business concerns carry their own fire insurance. For there is always danger of a railroad wreck or a fire that may destroy half the show. Or there may be a prolonged season of bad business, due to bad weather. One year when Mr. Bailey owned the Forepaugh show, at the beginning of the season it had seven successive weeks of heavy rain. If he had not had an emergency fund to draw upon, the show must have been swamped, for the total losses for the first two months were nearly a quarter of a million. But the owner was prepared for the unprecedented, and the show finished the season with a profit.

So much for the investment. The operating expenses begin with the cost of wintering the circus, apart from all repairs. For convenience' sake, the car is made the unit. The twenty weeks that the show spends in winter quarters represent an expenditure of more than a thousand dollars for each car. So the big shows start on the road with a running-expense deficit of about $90,000. Then, on the road, there is a cost of about eighty-five dollars a day for each car; the unit charge is larger for the smaller shows, amounting to upward of a hundred dollars a car. Therefore, when the big show is traveling, it must pay out from $7,500 to $8,000 a day for seven days a week, while it has an income only six days in the week.

The largest single item of expense is the salary list, which amounts to $2,800 a day—a little less than $2.80 a day for each of the thousand employees, which shows that the average income of circus workers is very moderate, although it should be remembered that they get also board and lodging. The cost of food supplies for man and beast is about $1,500 daily, and, curiously enough, it is about equally divided between them, the individual cost of each meal being twenty-five cents, which amounts to $750 a day for the employees.

The salary list of the 400 performers, exclusive of the workers, amounts to about a thousand dollars a day, on an average, although it varies as acts are changed. The most highly paid acts are the "thrillers" which the press agent announces as "death-defying"—and there is no exaggeration. The famous "Dip of Death" stunt, in which a young woman tobogganed on a property automobile that turned a somersault, commanded a thousand dollars a week, of which the young woman who risked health and life received $125 a week, while the remainder went to the owner of the act.

It is interesting to know that the danger of riding down that chute and making a complete revolution in the air had no terrors for

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ever so many young women. During the two years this "thriller" was featured, applications for the job averaged ten a week throughout the season, and they were mostly from well-to-do young women who were not particular about the salary.

The "Dip of Death" was a valuable feature of the show because of its advertising value, and it made the kind of sensation that has a powerful appeal, especially to people whose lives are such that they do not often have an opportunity to enjoy real excitement. And that was the only reason it was retained. For the real circus folk themselves, from the owners to the grooms, and especially the performers, despised the "act" because its appeal was wholly in its danger, and the question of skill did not enter at all. Anybody could be strapped to the seat and make the journey successfully—unless the machine broke down.

But when a "thriller" requires personal skill and strength, then the circus people admire, no matter how foolhardy it may be. That is why "Desperado," in the Barnum & Bailey show, who dives headforemost from the top of the arena, on to an inclined plane, is considered a real performer. It takes tremendous nerve and nice skill to make that leap, for the slightest variation means death. "Desperado" gets $600 a week, for two performances a day, and the other performers consider it a fair salary.

Photograph by Repro Photo Co.

THE BOSS OF THE ARENA.

RINGMASTER SHIPP, WHO IS THE STAGE-MANAGER OF THE BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS.

Photograph by Repro Photo Co.

HARRY LAFEARL INTRODUCES MRS. LAFEARL.

The aërial and the acrobatic acts are given mostly by troupes or "families" of from four to ten; and the salaries range from $75 to $800 a week for the act.

Time was when the principal bareback rider was the highest-priced performer in a circus; but that is all changed now. Each year one or two of the old-time stars appear when the circus shows in New York, and always the same conversation is repeated again and again:

The old star wags his head sadly, and remarks that bareback riding has gone to the dogs.

"But the modern riders do all the tricks you used to do, including the somersault," some one protests.

"Yes, they do the tricks; but how do they do them? There's no finish, no grace, no style. The art of bareback riding is lost. Why, we used to stand before a mirror for an hour at a time, practicing kissing our fingers to the audience, and almost every movement received as much attention."

It is true. There are no riders like handsome James Robinson and ugly Charles Fish, the most graceful human beings I ever saw on a horse. The rush of the modern

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BUYING TICKETS FOR THE MAIN SHOW. A SINGLE TICKET SELLER CAN SELL

arena performance, with its many acts going on at once, and all timed to the minute, has done away with artistic riding.

No longer, therefore, do the riders get big salaries. Few receive more than $125 a week, even when they furnish their own horses.

James Robinson's salary of $500 a week in gold—equal to twice that much in the purchasing value of to-day—is perpetuated in a story at James A. Bailey's expense. Bailey took his circus to Australia, with Robinson as one of the great features. It happened that there was talk of an epidemic in the territory where the show was booked; and Robinson, who knew no fear in the circus ring, was terror-stricken by the thought of disease. Also Mr. Bailey saw that Robinson was not a big feature in Australia. So the showman suggested to the rider the possible danger, with the delicate intimation that possibly he would rather remain behind.

"Mr. Bailey," said Robinson, after a moment's thought, "if you pitch your tents in hell, I'll ride there as long as you pay me $500 a week."

The clowns alone are a very expensive feature of the big show. The Barnum & Bailey and the Ringling shows each carry fifty fun-makers, and they get from $35 to $150 a week. They are highly valuable, but still $75,000 a season, not counting their living, seems a lot of money to spend on them.

Advertising expenses—the second largest item—reach a total of $1,700 a day. The "paper," which means all advertising matter, from the wondrous lithographs that make the countryside brilliant, if not beautiful, to the handbills, costs $800 a day. The newspaper advertising averages $300 a day; and the balance is expended in operating the advance cars and in paying the charges of posting.

In the old days, circus-advertising campaigns, like political campaigns, were long drawn out. Nowadays both are shortened and kept at a high tension. The circus advertising begins just three weeks in advance of the circus. The whole countryside within

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3,000 TICKETS IN AN HOUR.

a radius of twenty miles—that is about the maximum distance people will drive—and the railroad points within a radius of fifty miles, are plastered with lithographs. The general idea is to arrange the route of a circus so that its average jump will be about a hundred miles.

Transportation charges vary from $300 to $1,500 a day, but the average is little above the minimum, because of the long stops in cities. Two weeks in Chicago, a week in Philadelphia, and a week in Boston keep the average down. In a whole season, by the way, the show will lose not more than one day in traveling, Sundays excepted.

There are many small expenses connected with a circus that the outside world never hears about. For instance, the legal charges amount to seventy-five dollars a day on the road. This includes the salary of a high-priced lawyer, who always travels with the circus and is the hardest worked man with it, next to the bandsmen and the ticket sellers. If a small boy is kicked by a horse; if there is a dispute over a feed bill; if grafting officials try to cause trouble, the lawyer is called upon to make settlement.

Then there is a physician to look after the employees and to see that the strictest sanitary laws are obeyed. A drug wagon and a chemist supplement him. The work people pay nothing, but the performers must pay for the physician themselves. You see, the hazard of the act is a factor in determining the salary, and the performer takes all the risks. There is a veterinary, with two assistants, who has a pretty big drug store of his own. It takes a lot of work to look after all the many kinds of animals, and the "vets" don't loaf much. Law and medicine together cost the circus a deal more than $100 a day.

License and ground rent are varying quantities. Some wise communities provide both for nothing. Others, especially in the South, demand as much as $1,500 a day for the license alone, upon the theory that the circus takes a great deal of money away from the community. This is one of the most firmly established of fallacies. Instead of being a drain, a circus is, as a matter

DICK FORD, WHO HAS BEEN A CIRCUS CLOWN FOR FORTY YEARS. THERE ARE FIFTY CLOWNS WITH THE BARNUM AND BAILEY SHOW, AND THEIR COMBINED SALARIES AMOUNT TO $75,000 A YEAR.

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Photograph by F. F. Evans.

THE SIDE SHOW NETS A PROFIT OF FROM $400 TO $500 A DAY.

Photograph by Kepro Photo. Co.

NETTIE CARROLL ON JUPITER, THE BALLOON HORSE. JUPITER IS THIS YEAR'S FEATURE IN THE BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS.

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of fact, usually a distinct asset to a community where it exhibits. It not only leaves a very considerable part of its receipts behind, but it brings to the exhibition place thousands of people who spend money there, even if the stores on Main Street are deserted during the parade.

The circus begins to spend money in a town three weeks before it appears there. The advance men—125 of them, with the big shows—have to be boarded. There are livery bills and bill-posting privileges. The men make personal expenditures, and the newspaper advertising mounts up. Then, when the show arrives, there are the food supplies, the transportation charges, the license and ground rent. And the personal expenditures of the circus folk average nearly a thousand dollars a day, although, of course, the larger cities benefit most from these.

Also, it should be remembered that the circus is essentially the poor man's show, viewed from the standpoint of the cost to him. It is almost impossible for an individual to spend more than $1.50 on himself. The highest-priced seat costs a dollar. The concert and the side show each cost ten cents. It takes capacity, and greater courage, for one person to consume more than thirty cents' worth of peanuts and pink lemonade.

While the expenses of the circus are highly varied, it has but two sources of income—the sale of tickets and of refreshments. It is a curious fact that the side show and the refreshments, which cost very little to install and very little to operate—the total number of employees involved being not a tenth of the whole—yield nearly half of the net profits of the modern big circus. The side show, the first of the exhibition tents to go up and the last to come down, makes, net, from $400 to $500 a day under normal conditions, while the candy, peanuts, and lemonade yield a profit of about $300. When the circus management can make the main show equal the profit of these two "by-products," it is content, because its energy is directed toward insuring a certain ten per cent. on the investment, which places it on a par with most commercial enterprises. Some especially good years may show a profit of $500,000, but that is only sixteen per cent., a not unusual return upon far more conventional business enterprises in which there appears to be far less risk. But the truth is that the circus risk isn't so great as it seems.

Photograph by F. F. Evans.

THE MESS TENT WHERE ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE A DAY ARE FED AT A COST OF $750.

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Photograph by F. F. Evans.

WAITING THEIR TURNS. THE SALARY LIST OF THE 400 PERFORMERS IS $1,000 A DAY.

The big circus men know they have a show that people are eager to pay money to see, if they have the money and the time. And the latest, and perhaps the most effective, business development is the system by which the show is taken to places where there is money. This is called "routeing" the show.

In the old days it was decided in what territory the show should travel—east, west, north, south—and then it was booked straight through that region, with careful consideration for the jumps, that is, the distance between the towns where it exhibited. Then the route was blindly followed—very often until the show "went bust." Nowadays a big circus is never booked more than six weeks in advance, and so perfect is its organization that the route can be changed four weeks in advance without serious loss. Indeed, the secret of the financial success of the modern circus lies largely in its ability to move swiftly to the communities that have money.

Crops and the weather are the foremost factors in determining the route of the circus. And the enterprising gentleman bent upon cornering the products of the field studies crop and market conditions no more closely than does the "routeing" expert. He supplements government reports on crops with those made by his own special scouts; and he knows as much about weather as it is given to us poor mortals to know. By the way, the circus doesn't always object to rain—that is, a little of it. A nice, quiet, steady rain will often largely increase receipts, because the farmer can't work in the fields and he is glad of an excuse to go to the circus.

If crops are big everywhere, the problem of determining the route is easy. All that has to be considered is the time of showing. The circus that doesn't have regard for the farmer's busy season is courting disaster. It may do well one season, but the farmer never forgives a circus that shows in harvest time or when he needs his men most. Of course, the best season is after the harvest, and the big shows follow it from the south to the north. The next best time is before a harvest that promises bountifully.

This question of time is highly important. For years it was the custom of the circus to show in New England in the autumn, and then New England was a notoriously bad territory, no matter how prosperous the business conditions. And there didn't seem to be any good reason for it.

Finally an able circus psychologist tackled the problem, attacking it from many sides,

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only to be baffled. Like most problems that seem unsolvable, the difficulty was in its absurd simplicity. Thinking he had perhaps struck the solution, the circus expert advised a spring tour, but the suggestion met with small encouragement. The experiment was made, however, and the circus reaped large profits. Nowadays New England is fine circus territory, because it is always visited in the spring.

The explanation? It's very elementary: Factory employees who have exhausted their resources, which mean capacity for enjoyment as well as money, on the many summer parks with circus features, and other outdoor amusements, haven't much interest in a circus that comes along in the autumn. On the other hand, a circus that exhibits before the summer parks open finds the workers hungry for that form of amusement.

Of course, a circus has small use for a place where a strike is in progress; and a street-car strike is worst of all. For instance, this year the Barnum & Bailey show came near cutting out Philadelphia from its itinerary because of the street-car troubles there.

Always the rule with the circus is to follow prosperity, and that is why it always appears in communities in their prosperous years. Drouth or rust may keep the big show out of Minnesota and the Dakotas; a cyclone may make it skip Kansas; or the boll weevil may drive it away from Texas, which, despite the high license fee—$1,500 a day in Houston—is the richest territory of all in prosperous years, after the cotton is picked.

For the handling of all its money, the circus has, in the ticket wagon, a private traveling bank of its own. There are really two ticket wagons, one for reserved seats, and another—the main one—where the regular admissions are sold. Through this steel wagon, with its two big safes, passes all the money the circus takes in and all it pays out. It comes in very rapidly at times, for the modern ticket man is marvelously expert, making the old-time "lightning ticket sellers" look like amateurs. Bookkeeper DeWolfe, with the Barnum & Bailey show, has a record of selling 3,000 tickets in an hour—fifty tickets in sixty seconds. In the grafting days the ticket sellers' job was worth thousands of dollars a season. Nowadays there is no grafting at all, and so expert are the sellers that, in a whole season, the difference between money and tickets will be less

COSTUME AND TRAPPINGS FOR THE PARADE THAT COST $125.

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Flash-Light by F. F. Evans.

HOW THE CIRCUS IS MADE READY FOR THE WAGON AND CARS. PACKING THE "BIG TOP" FOR A MOVE.

than a hundred dollars, and that is as likely to be against the ticket sellers as in their favor.

Over each ticket window is a rack, divided into compartments holding a hundred tickets each. The seller takes about ten tickets at a time in one hand—the whole ones on one side, the half ones on the other—and makes change with his free hand. The silver that comes in he sweeps into a drawer, while the paper money—which the ticket man abominates—is swept into baskets or to the floor.

As soon as the rush is over, all the windows save one are closed, and the men begin to count the money, the small silver being sealed in rolls, the silver dollars placed in canvas bags containing five hundred each, and the bills arranged in packages.

Very soon after the sale is ended, the treasurer begins paying out money, all the local bills being settled in the afternoon, while the assistants continue counting not only their own receipts but the money taken in by the reserved-ticket wagon, the side show, and the privileges, if there is time. But usually there is not, and the final counting up and settling are not finished until the next morning. Then, unless salaries—which are paid weekly—are to be considered, the surplus is placed in a buggy and taken either to a bank or to an express office, according to the distance it has to go to the banking center. For instance, from all points east of Pittsburg it is cheaper to ship the actual cash by express than it is to buy exchange on New York, which costs about a dollar a thousand, on an average.

In the ticket wagon, as in every other department of the circus, it is perfect system that enables the force to get through the day's business. The organization of these huge amusement enterprises has, indeed, become so highly perfected that it is practically automatic.

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PA, THE DIPLOMAT

By BESSIE R. HOOVER

Author of "Pa Flickinger's Folks," etc.

Illustrations by John Conacher

THOUGH Pa Flickinger was superintendent of his part of the factory and might go home early any time, he was often the last man out of the building. But to-night he was leaving before the closing hour, and Mr. Peyton, his employer, was so surprised that he inquired if anybody was sick.

"Nope," returned Pa; "but there's a screw loose up at the house; and I'd ruther take a whalin' than to undertake the work that I've cut out for myself."

"Need help?" asked Mr. Peyton, with ready sympathy.

"No, thankee, Mr. Peyton; it's nothin' that money can do. It's a kinder ticklish, disagreeable business connected with the women folks. Probably you don't never have no such——"

"Don't I?" grinned Mr. Peyton, ruefully. "But you've heard of the worm, ain't you, Flickinger?"

"The worm ain't in it with me when it comes to turnin'," declared Pa. "And the time's ripe now."

"Go ahead and win," encouraged Mr. Peyton.

Pa made several calls on his married children, but so expeditious was he for fear of awakening his wife's suspicions by coming home later than usual, that he entered the house a whole half hour early.

"Heavens and earth! What're you doin' home at this time of day? Supper's scurcely thought of yit. Did Mr. Peyton give you the bounce?"

"Nobody's bounced," returned Pa.

"Then where's your pain?"

"I ain't sick," denied Pa, and hurried guiltily to the barn.

The next Sunday afternoon, Pa sat reading his paper in the sitting-room and secretly listening for the arrival of company.

"I dunno whatever I bought that there great watermelon for," worried his wife.

"Probably you bought it to eat—folks generally does," observed her husband.

"But it's too big for our family; it'll spile afore it's all et. Sometimes I think I ain't got no forethought at all," she blamed herself.

An energetic step pounded on the porch. "Well, Ma and Pa, how's everything?" was the abrupt greeting of Jule Peebles, a married daughter, as she burst in at the side door.

"All right, so fur as I know, only I've bought a melon twice as big as all outdoors."

"How much did it cost?" demanded Jule, throwing herself on the lounge and fanning her heated face with an old newspaper.

"Seventeen cents!"

"Aw, listen to that! You was cheated, Ma."

"I guess I know it," admitted her mother grimly.

"William and me was out walkin' and thought we'd jest drop in," panted a voice that belonged to Mandy Panner, another married daughter, as she opened the screen to admit her huge form.

"Shut that screen door, Mandy," yelled Ma. "Don't you know that flies act like all possessed this weather?"

"Well, sakes alive, Ma, can't I hold it open for William?" asked Mandy plaintively. "He's jest behind me, and I don't feel to shut the door right smack in his face," and Mandy came ponderously in, with her husband toeing carefully after her. At the same minute, Billie Flickinger, the married son of the family, and his wife, Sophie, who was carrying their baby, Ashabel Ludwig, entered the kitchen.

"This looks like a surprise," grumbled their mother. "Everybody find chairs. Billie, leave Sophie have that there cushioned rocker."

"No, sir," refused Billie; "I'm goin' to set in it myself and rock the kid. Pa, ain't Louie a big boy?"

Billie manifested so much pride in his son

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that Pa Flickinger, moved purely by the spirit of contradiction—for he was still in his turned-worm attitude—replied: "Naw, I think he's a kinder undersized little rat, Bill."

Billie's face blazed red at this unjust remark.

"Papa Flickinger makes his joke," laughed Sophie.

"I don't see no joke to it," growled Billie.

"For my part, I'm glad that Opal didn't git Mis' Hi Lundy's school," boldly and unexpectedly asserted Jule, referring to her youngest sister, the only unmarried daughter of the Flickingers.

"There are other schools. Opal may git one in the country yit," declared her mother. "I'm goin' to send her over to the school commissioner's to-morrow. We've tugged to give Opal a high-school education, and now I want her to use it."

"How about Opal's marryin' Seftie Woods?" spoke up Ma's favorite son, Billie Flickinger.

"I don't doubt Opal's findin' another school," said Ma, entirely ignoring Billie, who stared at her, too surprised, for once, to retort.

"Where is Opal?" demanded Jule.

"She's upstairs restin'," returned her mother.

"Did Opal tell you, Ma, that Seftie Woods stopped comin' to see her because he was lied to by Little Butch and Fernie Bistle?" asked Jule.

"No, she didn't; but I heard it to the grocery store. Mandy, are you cannin' many grapes this fall?"

"And I'll betche, folks, that Opal is a-doin' more than a-restin' upstairs; I'll betche she's a-mournin' for Seftie Woods," cut in Jule. "She don't complain, 'cause she's a quiet little thing, and when I says to her——"

"How many did you say you canned, Mandy?" interrupted Ma.

But before Mandy could reply, Jule continued: "And I says to her t'other day, 'I suppose you're cryin' your eyes out, Miss Smartie, 'cause Ma won't leave you marry Seftie.' I know it was a mean thing to say; but Opal she only answers, 'No, Jule, it's all right some way; I want to do what Ma thinks is best.' Not smartie-like, you know, but kinder good and sad, jest as she useter be when she was a young one. And I've felt streaked ever since. Ma, what ails her?"

"She's comin' to her senses," informed Ma. "She ain't so anxious to marry as she was."

"Opal seemed a leetle blue t'other day when she was to our house," put in Panner; "and I reckoned it might be on account of her and Seftie."

"Shucks!" struck in Ma hastily, "Opal's as chipper as a trig."

"I dunno what a trig is," observed Jule gloomily; "but I'll betche if Opal's like one that it ain't a very jolly-actin' bug."

"It looks to me as if things might be patched up for Opal as long as Seftie wa'n't to blame for stayin' away—" began Billie Flickinger.

"I'm sick and tired of hearin' about Seftie Woods," scolded Ma, "so everybody shut right up about him."

"Let Opal come down and talk for herself," suggested Bill.

"Yes, Opal ought to be down here, seein' that we've got company," said Pa.

"Opal," yelled her mother at the stair door, "if you ain't asleep, come down."

Opal came into the room so softly that they scarcely knew she was there till she was seated among them. She wore her old white dress, and her brown hair was loose about her face. A string of coral beads made her cheeks seem by contrast even whiter than they really were.

"Opal looks pale, Ma," volunteered Mandy.

"She never was so red-complected as some," returned her mother shortly.

"How many studies do you have to pass in to git a stiffcut?" inquired Jule.

"Thirteen," Opal told her.

"Shoo!" ejaculated Panner, and shook his head gravely.

"And it's been a long time since you had 'em in school," reminded Jule. "And then if you do git a stiffcut, and a school, you ain't got no natural teachin' ability."

"That's flatterin'," growled Bill, who was at outs with Jule.

"And the thought of teachin' goes ag'in' you every time you think of it, don't it?" asked Mandy solicitously.

"Oh, I don't know," hesitated Opal; "I try to like it."

"It ain't natural for Opal to take to book learnin', 'cause Pa and Ma ain't got no education, and she can't inherit nothin'," persisted Jule. "And if it ain't born into you, you have to have it knocked into you."

"And that ain't a very pretty way to learn anything," qualified her father pleasantly.

"But she's graduated," persisted Ma, "and 'pears like she ought to make use of what

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she's got. It's a big thing to be a teacher; and none of us Flickingers has ever had a chanct to be one afore."

"Still, Opal didn't learn much, when she was drug through high school, that will help her to teach in a district school," asserted Jule. "And Opal was always a great gump in arithmetic and grammar, or anything else that took any brains," she added frankly.

"Opal was always high in joggerfy, though," claimed Ma.

"Joggerfy ain't the hull show," maintained Jule.

"And Opal might make a fizzle of teachin' if she did try," observed Pa unexpectedly.

"Then how'd you feel, Ma?" demanded Jule.

"She wouldn't neither make a fizzle," denied Ma indignantly. "Whatever makes all you folks so contrary?"

"But Opal ain't cut out for a teacher, and it ain't right to force her into it," stoutly asserted Jule.

"Opal's a dandy at housework," said Pa quickly. "Show me a young one of Opal's age that can lay out a rice puddin' to better advantage!"

"And look how that girl sews," praised Mandy.

"Yes, think of my twinses! Every stitch on their backs was sewed by no other than our Opal," testified Jule oratorically.

"And not a thing that Opal can't cook," declared Sophie.

"I ain't forgettin' that cherry pie that Opal sampled me a piece of last week," remembered Billie.

"Bill never could forgit anything connected with his victuals," sneered Jule.

"And to think," cried Pa, "of a girl that's as handy about the house as our Opal a-rammin' round the country a-teachin' a passel of feather-heads somethin' they don't want to know!"

"And you need Opal yourself to help with the housework, Mamma Flickinger," said Sophie.

"Well, heavens to Betsy!" exclaimed Ma angrily. "How you all talk! Of course Opal can do housework; she was fetched up to do housework."

"That's jest it," responded Jule triumphantly, "and she was also fetched up to tendin' babies; but she wa'n't never fetched up to teachin' school, so there!"

"But she could learn to teach in a few months, if it did come hard at first," claimed Ma stubbornly.

"Grandpaw Peebles says," quoted Jule importantly, "that nobody ain't got a right to put their young ones' lives into a jar and make 'em grow their own way jest like a house plant."

"That ain't no argument," disagreed Ma.

"THE WORM AIN'T IN IT WITH ME WHEN IT COMES TO TURNIN'," DECLARED PA. "AND THE TIME'S RIPE NOW."

"If Opal was wild or silly and always wanted her own way, it would be different, already," said Sophie. "But as Opal and Seftie are both such sensible persons, and can't help carin' for each other; you know—sometimes," hesitated Billie's wife, "folks—do really—care——"

"Sure," encouraged Pa; "go on, Sophie."

"Why, then they should settle it between themselves," concluded Sophie quietly.

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"How can two such feather-heads as Seftie and Opal know whether they care for each other or not?" demanded Ma crossly.

"That's the p'int to consider: do they?" asked Pa.

"It begins to look to me," glared Ma," as if you folks had dropped in here careless-like —*on purpose* to talk over Opal and her affairs."

Everybody maintained a discreet silence, till Pa Flickinger spoke up blandly: "If Opal's a-goin' to teach—or ain't, it's well to hear what's to be said on both sides. And nobody is more anxious to do things right for her family than your ma is."

"That's right," agreed Ma, a trifle mollified.

"And Seftie Woods, so fur as I can find out, is good enough for anybody to marry," said Panner boldly.

"Seftie ain't never done nothin' but be fed and clothed and sent around to school," disapproved Ma.

"But he can farm. He learned it at college, and then he was brought up on one. And he owns a farm of his own," said Sophie.

"But he never earned the land hisself—his pa give it to him. Easy come, easy go," quoted Ma gloomily. "And he's an only son and he's been pampered."

"Well, ain't there one pampered specimen in our own family?" questioned Jule, sharply, meaning her brother Billie.

"But Billie ain't a patchin' to Seftie Woods, I'll betche," cried Ma. "And such turrible pleasant fellers don't generally have nothin' back of their smile."

"Seftie's got a forty-acre farm back of hisn," remarked Pa.

"Well, land sakes! Pa and everybody, you act as if I was doin' somethin' criminal in not lettin' Opal and Seftie make fools of themselves. Here's Opal—she ain't complainin' none. She's seein' things now in a sensible way. She's give up Seftie and is goin' to teach jest like her ma wants her to. Ain't you, Opal?" appealed her mother.

But Opal could not speak, and the tears that had been gathering while her father and the others were championing her cause now fell helplessly down her white cheeks. And Ma Flickinger, domineering and prejudiced as she had always been, shrank from her youngest daughter's hopeless face.

Then Jule, with sympathy for her sister swelling high in her undisciplined young soul, burst out: "Ma, look at poor Opal. White as a ghost and worryin' away to a shadder for wantin' only her rights, and tryin' to do what she ain't fitted for. Everybody sees it but you. Why, Ma, you know that there's no earthly, livin' reason why Opal shouldn't marry to-morrow if she wanted to. But she's too good to go ag'in' you. And, Ma, you ought to be as proud as cuffy that Opal's got such a chanct to marry. You was never fair to Seftie Woods, 'cause you thought beaux would interfere with her teachin'. And you know Seftie is a good boy—and a well-fetched-up boy. And 'cause there wa'n't nothin' really mean that you could say about Seftie, you found fault 'cause he was good-lookin' and pleasant-spoken, and wore swell clothes, and had a red-wheeled horse and buggy——"

"I never said aught ag'in' his buggy," flared Ma, hoarse with anger.

"And you said he was shaller and two-faced. But look what he done for our Jed—got him to go to school and educate hisself. If it hadn't been for Seftie Woods, Jed'd 'a' been as big a gump to-day as Billie is."

"But Seftie worked me in the first place by the gift of a hull case of fresh strawberries—for nothin'," complained Ma. "How do you explain that?"

"I don't need to explain it; it jest shows that he wa'n't quite *all* words. And now, Ma, you know you oughter give Opal leave to marry Seftie," announced Jule boldly, glaring aggressively at her mother.

Bewildered by Jule's tirade and influenced by the family's sympathy for Opal, Ma Flickinger turned a dazed, anxious face upon her husband, inquiring meekly, "What say, Pa?"

"I say jest what you'll say, Ma, when you've had time to think it over—that Opal's the one to decide what she's goin' to do. And Opal won't want to do nothin' that you stand out ag'in', neither. But I'd like to hear what William Panner has to say; he's had considerable experience trompin' clean home from Klondike."

"I know that Mrs. Flickinger wants to do jest right by Opal; and she won't be ag'in' the marriage if she thinks it over," struck in Panner quickly, as if he had learned a part in a dialogue.

"That's what I say, Panner. We stick by what Ma wants—she'll see it through all right —leave it all to Ma," cried Opal's father with elaborate heartiness.

"Yes," struck in Jule boldly, "after you and Panner have soft-soaped Ma into thinkin'

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she's willin' for Opal to marry Seftie, then Ma'll change her mind, and Opal'll be no better off than afore."

"Jule," spoke up Ma with frigid dignity, "your pa, let alone William Panner, never soft-soaped nobody. I've been considerin' for some time whether it might not be better for Opal to choose for herself, though I dunno as she's got sense enough to do it——"

"Then we'll all formally agree," broke in Pa hastily, "that Opal and Seftie is engaged; and we'll tell Fairy Jones, and then the hull county'll know it."

"STORY-BOOK ENDIN'!" SHOUTED PA.

"Well, if this don't beat everything, Ma! Here's Opal a-cryin'! Opal, what ails you?"

"I'm so happy," answered Opal.

"Nothin' to bawl about," declared Jule, heroically winking her own eyes to keep the tears back. "Land, here's company comin'! I wonder who it is?"

Pa bounded to the side door and half-pulled Sefton Woods into the room. "Story-book endin'!" shouted Pa, with a beaming face, while the Flickingers looked at Sefton in astonishment.

Into this emotional confusion walked Opal's brother, Jed, and started at the sight of his old friend, Sefton Woods, from whom he had been long estranged.

Then Sefton went straight to Jed as if there had never been the shadow of a misunderstanding between them, and said: "Jed, what's the matter here?"

At the familiar sound of Sefton's voice, a wave of feeling for his old friend surged up in Jed's faithful heart, wiping away every vestige of rankling smart because of Sefton's neglect, and Jed answered, "I don't know, Seftie, but we'll find out." And the family looked on with varying emotions at this commonplace reconciliation of plain, homely Jed and his Jonathan.

"Ma's jest give her consent for Opal to marry Seftie," Jule triumphantly informed them.

At this unexpected good news, Sefton took both Jed's hands in his old impetuous way, crying, "Say you're glad, Jed; say you're glad!"

"You know—Seftie," was all that Jed could answer, and led him to Opal.

But before Sefton could speak to Opal, Pa Flickinger broke in: "Here's our ma, Seftie; she wants to be the first to welcome you into the Flickinger family."

"Why, er—I dunno," gasped Ma, apparently not so anxious as Pa had assumed. "Your comin' in so sudden-like, Seftie, has give me a turn. But as long as Opal's lost her school at Twelve Corners, and hates to teach so, anyway, I suppose you'd better be engaged and be done with it. And the rest of the family agree, too, so there won't be any opposition left now. And so, Seftie, won't you stay to supper? I'd dearly love to have you," invited Ma, warming to Sefton more and more, and determined to do her whole

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duty, now that it had been thrust upon her. "I ain't jest used to the idee of Opal's gettin' married yit," she frankly admitted; "but I will be later. And, Seftie, them strawberries of yourn done up beautiful."

And when Sefton assured Mrs. Flickinger of his joy at her consent, and would have turned to Opal, Pa took him by the hand, and then William Panner, and Mandy, and Jule, and Sophie, and Billie welcomed him into the Flickinger family.

"Seftie, I've discovered that my creek bottom'll raise celery," Jed informed his friend, shouting above the babble.

"Every last one of you come out into the kitchen but Opal and Seftie," ordered Ma. "They won't have a chanct to say boo to each other if all the rest of you folks stand jabberin' and gawpin' round. Come out and shut the door."

"But I don't want you to go, Sophie and Jule and Mandy and the rest; please stay," entreated Opal.

"Of course we don't want them to go," agreed Sefton Woods, and then he kissed Opal before them all; and nobody but Ma, whose mind was already on the supper, thought of going into the kitchen.

"Why, Seftie, I can double my income by puttin' that creek bottom into celery," broke out Jed, oblivious of the fact that Sefton was talking eagerly to Opal.

"Anybody would think that Jed was goin' to marry Seftie, instead of Opal, the way he acts," said Jule pointedly.

"Land, here's that melon I worried over for fear it wouldn't git et, and here's company for supper," said Ma cheerfully to herself. "No, you ain't neither goin' home, Mandy," she cried, coming to the sitting-room door. "William, set right down ag'in till supper's ready. Here's a Chicago paper. Pa gits one occasionally; he thinks it keeps him from gittin' too woodsy. Seftie, I wisht your pa and ma—and the hired man, too," she added generously, "was here for supper, on account of that melon.

"And, Sophie, if you're bound to help me, count the folks and calculate the spoons. And then run over to your house for more spoons," continued Ma. "I'd kinder like to have enough spoons to go round—seein' Seftie's here. Opal's such a hand to have things stylish," confided Ma, "that, Sophie, I guess you might as well bring over some napkins, too. I ain't got but six decent ones myself. But I don't suppose I'll ever think it's right to use napkins when there *ain't* no company —like Opal wants to.

"Now, folks," called Ma heartily, when supper was ready, "all come right out. Pa, set at this end of the table, Seftie in the middle between Opal and Jed. Mandy and Panner on t'other side with Jule. Billie and Sophie by me. My stars! here's Little Butch a-comin' in. I thought he'd turn up when the victuals was ready!"

"Aw, Gramma, leave me set by Seftie," teased Butch.

"No, Butchie, you'll set between your pa and ma, where you belong; Opal, fetch another plate. Pa, kick along that extra chair."

"I won't neither set there," denied Butch rudely, and, bunting Jed away, he dropped with a thud into a chair beside Sefton.

"Butch!" roared his father, "hike out'n that chair!" But Butch only grinned and reached for a pickle. Then Panner, rising wrathfully in his chair, grabbed unsuccessfully across the table at his son.

"Be careful, William; remember the butter's right in your track," warned Ma shrilly, as if Panner were a cyclone.

"Then let that kid move!" thundered his father.

Butch got sheepishly up, and peace was restored.

Pa dished out an ample plate of potatoes and cabbage and turnips and ham and gravy for Sefton Woods; then spread his napkin elaborately across his chest, tucked it under his chin, filled his own plate, and began to eat, keeping, however, an eagle eye out for Sefton's needs, but completely ignoring the others.

"Pa acts like nobody else wants to eat but Seftie," Jule found fault.

"Folks that have knowed me as long as you have, Jule, ought to feel free to help themselves, and to holler if any victuals they want ain't in reachin' distance," returned her father.

"Sure," added Ma hospitably. "Sefton, sample yourself a pickle, and then pass 'em on."

"Reach me the turnips," ordered Jule.

"That's right—holler, holler," encouraged Pa genially.

"'You certainly made good concernin' Seftie and Opal," Panner complimented Pa during the general hubbub of talk that followed.

"It's a pretty flabby worm that has no turnin'," grinned Pa, referring modestly to his own diplomacy.

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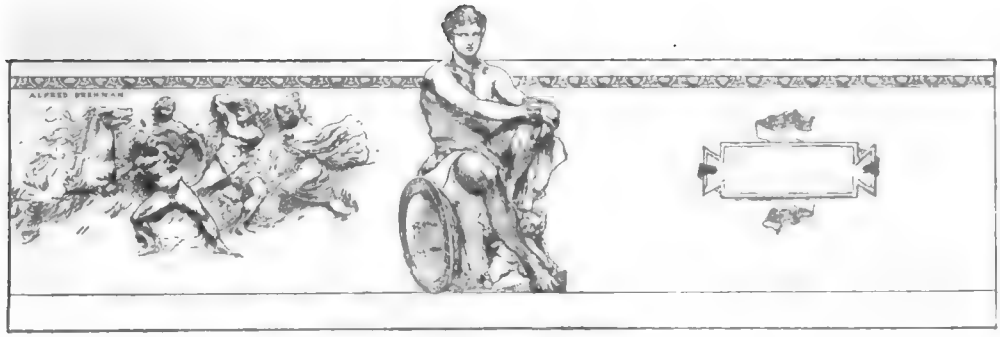

STRAIGHT TALK

"GOOD PEOPLE ARE MORE CHEERFUL"

Last month I went out to Colorado, in four jumps, and am just back in three, and, after staggering through some thousand items of mail, I seize a minute to do an act of justice to EVERYBODY'S. By publishing Lindsey's story you have shifted the center of gravity in Colorado politics from those who make politics a business to honest business men and to the women. Good people are more cheerful. There is a new air of confidence in the worth-whileness of effort. It is the complete half circle of revolution. There are, of course, lots of things yet to be done; but there are now many persons—persons who would do them right—willing to undertake them. There is a new confidence in the future. Said one woman leader at a conference of federated women's committees: "We are going to keep business and politics divorced hereafter." Said a large real-estate owner and operator: "We have the same old mountains and mesa, but there is a new Colorado all the same."

It is, you see, a fine example of the supremacy of courageous morals. It is a thing for which Colorado and Judge Lindsey cannot repay EVERYBODY'S, for money and morality are incommensurate, but for which I, as an American, owe you gratitude and thanks. W. E. C.

South Norwalk, Conn.

"INJURED IN THE COURSE OF DUTY"—A REPRINT

HELPING OUR COUNTRY'S TOILERS

Permit me to thank you for your courtesy in forwarding to this office a copy of your booklet entitled "Injured in the Course of Duty."

In this connection I deem it my duty, as Secretary of the California State Federation of Labor, to send onward to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, its editors and proprietors, a few words which, however carefully chosen, are totally inadequate to express our appreciation of your able, unselfish, and public-spirited work in exposing and thus bringing to public notice the truly deplorable condition of our country's toilers who are injured while earning a livelihood, as common soldiers of industry. It is almost needless to state that your proposed remedy has my unqualified indorsement. Your array of facts and conclusions is so clear and forcefully presented that I feel certain positive and substantial results will crown your efforts. PAUL SCHARRENBERG,

Secretary-Treasurer, California State Federation of Labor.

San Francisco, Cal.

HOW ABOUT FARM EMPLOYEES?

I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the little book entitled "Injured in the Course of Duty," by William Hard and others. Being a constant reader of EVERYBODY'S, I had read the contents of the book in the several issues of the magazine, but have reread it with renewed interest.

You will find enclosed a copy of an act creating an Employers' Liability Commission, passed during the late special session of the Illinois Legislature. While this is a step in the right direction, it will come short of what is to be earnestly desired in the interest of the vast army of the employed. There is a large class of employees that it will be hard to include in any scheme. We will take farmers, for instance: Here the number of employers and of employed is about equal; an accident that would result in heavy damages would put the employer out of business in more than half the cases. Fortunately, while the opportunities for accidents are numerous, the laborers working singly are not exposed to the negligence of others, with the result that accidents are fewer than might be expected. But accidents do happen on the farm; farm laborers are liable to injuries that may result in long periods of idleness and perhaps death. The result would be just as disastrous to the farm laborer and his family as it would be to an employee of a large

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factory. Here is a case where justice to the employee would mean disaster to the employer, who would have no means of distributing the loss upon society. This is only one of the many cases that might be cited.

Any way would be better than the present system. In the end, society pays the bills with the added cost of senseless litigation.

W. H. WRIGHT.
Member of House of Representatives, Illinois.

FOR UNIVERSITY READING

I have to thank you for the copy of Hard's "Injured in the Course of Duty," which, at the request of the American Association for Labor Legislation, you have kindly sent me. I have looked through it with interest and find it an excellent presentation of its subject. I write to ask if a copy could be secured for our Department of Social Ethics.

I am at present concluding a series of lectures on Accident Compensation before an advanced class of nineteen students. While it is impossible for me now to *prescribe* additional reading on the question, I should like to invite my class to read through your book. As they are mature students, the invitation ought to be sufficient. As I should like to present the class with copies, will you let me know on what terms I could purchase twenty copies? ROBERT F. FOERSTER.
Harvard University, Department of Social Ethics.

PANAMA STREETS—A CORRECTION

I do not know whether the doctrine of editorial infallibility prevails in your office to the same extent as in some others, but I will take the chance that it does not and call your attention to an error in connection with an otherwise accurate and interesting article on the Panama Canal in your issue for March of this year.

On Page 317 there are two photographs which, with the captions under them, give, by inference, a false idea of conditions in the City of Panama.

I do not criticise the photographs in themselves; in fact, they were taken under my direction as progress views during the time I was Resident Engineer for the Isthmian Canal Commission, in charge of Municipal Improvements in the City of Panama. What I do criticise is their use to display contrasting conditions, and the crediting to the Sanitary Department of the improved appearance of the street in the second picture. The Sanitary Department under Colonel Gorgas has charge of all health conditions of the Isthmus, and has, from the beginning, combined the duties of a board of health with control of all hospitals and quarantines. The Municipal Improvements, however, in Panama and the smaller towns on the Isthmus were done by a division under the Chief Engineer, having no connection with Colonel Gorgas's department except that we were both working to produce improved conditions for living. The sewers, waterworks, and paving of the City of Panama were designed and constructed under my personal direction as Resident Engineer for the Commission at the same time that the employees of Colonel Gorgas had charge of the sanitary inspection of buildings, fumigation, garbage disposal, street cleaning, and similar work.

Your first view, showing East Twelfth Street and Northern Avenue before the canal was begun, is actually a view taken nearly two years after that time, or in 1906, subsequent to the completion of the water works and sewers in that street, but before the paving had been commenced. A careful inspection of the photograph will show pieces of sewer pipe lying along the gutter, and old cement barrels, and the general appearance of a street in which a construction gang has just completed back-filling its trench. The lower view shows the same street a few weeks after the Municipal Engineering Division, not the Sanitary Department, had concreted the pavement.

Thinking it a pity that an admirable article should be marked by inaccuracy in the illustrations, I take the liberty of writing you, and would say that my statements can be verified by reference to the annual reports of the Isthmian Canal Commission or by direct application to the present Chief Engineer, Colonel Goethals, or his predecessor, Mr. John F. Stevens.

HENRY WELLES DURHAM,
Resident Engineer, in charge of Cape Cod Canal.
Sandwich, Mass.

THE THREAT OF TOO MUCH GOLD

The poor investor! So his good old first-mortgage bonds, his backlog of investment, are all going to pot on account of the increase in the gold supply! Mr. Byron Holt has written it, and EVERYBODY'S has printed it; so sell your bonds, trusting people, and stand out from under. For the sturdier the security, the greater will be its fall when struck by the awful gathering avalanche of gold.

How the mind which has been wrestling with the ponderosity of the argument as made can give itself to levity it is hard to see; nor, indeed, is the matter a joke to the thousands of holders of bonds who find themselves in a very much disturbed state of mind on account of what they have read: Increased gold production is going to raise hob with the price of bonds—the best bonds; not any of your old convertibles or debentures, but the very best bonds you can name. So hurry up and sell 'em out and put the money into something *good*, something proof against this Sword of Damocles—common stocks of corporations having large natural resources, for instance.

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I haven't the time nor the space to present the "other side" of the gold question, but to those of EVERYBODY'S readers who may have been made uneasy by what they have read, I want to present just one common-sense view of the question:

Assume that the gold supply *is* increasing at the rate of four per cent. a year. If there exists an equivalent demand for gold on the part of the big foreign government banks which want to increase their gold holdings, will the amount in actual circulation be increased at all? Ask any banker familiar with foreign banking conditions whether the ever-increasing demand for gold reserves by the big banks of Russia, Germany, Argentina, and other countries can be satisfied by a paltry four per cent. increase in the annual production. Aside from that, there is the increasing demand from the arts, and aside from that, again, there is the fact that, on account of the increase in population and in general business, more and more gold is needed every year.

In my opinion—and in the opinion of those who know a whole lot more about it than I know or than Mr. Holt knows—this demand for gold is increasing a good deal faster than the supply is increasing. There isn't too much gold. There isn't enough. FRANKLIN ESCHER.

Financial Editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

SOME FIGURES ON WOOL—JUSTICE *VS.* WHITMAN

The author of the articles which pointed out, with detailed statement, in the June *Everybody's*, that Schedule K of our tariff is a brazen piece of "special privilege" is now amused. Mr. Whitman finds fault with the author's age and implies that he has not been writing "in the interests of the general public," but is actually advocating the views of a private association. This kind of an answer suggests the bird that limps away to distract attention from her eggs.

Let us get back to the nest. The original articles in EVERYBODY'S have not yet been successfully attacked as to their facts. It is the *facts* about which we are sensitive. We are willing to forego "important contributions to economics" if we can make people see the truth about what they are getting in their wool and woolen tariff and how our tariffs are made. Any suggestion that our *facts* are not sound must be met.

At this stage of the controversy one thing cited has been attacked and remains undefended. Mr. Whitman refers to a statement as to the duty on a piece of German cloth. He says:

"I do not believe Mr. Child would intentionally make any misrepresentations, but the fact remains that he does do so, and in no more striking way can this be shown than by his statement in regard to the percentage of duty on a pound of German cloth, which he himself uses as an illustration to show that the duties are too high. As a matter of fact, there is no German cloth or any other kind of cloth made from four pounds of Cape of Good Hope fine wool costing in Germany 44 cents per pound; somebody must have misinformed him. Cape of Good Hope wool ranges from 13 cents to 23 cents per pound, according to its condition. Cape of Good Hope wool of a shrinkage such as the tariff is based upon, would cost from 17 to 20 cents per pound in London. Four pounds of this wool would equal 68 to 80 cents. Therefore, the wool alone in the piece of cloth described by Mr. Child is worth at least fifty per cent. more than the entire cost of the cloth as given by him. Mr. Child's statement does not include the cost of manufacture—which approximates the value of the wool."

Let us see. Mr. Theodore Justice represented the Wool Growers' National Association at the tariff hearings. Mr. Whitman and Mr. Justice were working together. They row the same boat. Mr. Whitman thinks Mr. Justice a distinguished expert on the wool tariff. So Mr. Whitman can take his choice of these two sets of figures:

Figures given by Mr. Justice in testimony before the Ways and Means Committee Wool Tariff Hearings—1908-1909, page 5,329:

	Cents per pound.	Percentage of revenue taxation.
One pound of German cloth made from 4 pounds of Cape of Good Hope fine wool. Cost in Germany	$0.44	.....
Specific compensatory duty of four times the 11 cents duty on 1 pound	.44	100
The ad valorem duty of 50 per cent.	.22	50
Total cost, duty paid in the United States in custom house	$1.10	150

The figures given in EVERYBODY'S for May, which Mr. Whitman criticises:

	Cents per pound.	Percentage of revenue taxation.
One pound of German cloth made from 4 pounds of Cape of Good Hope fine wool. Cost in Germany	$0.44	.....
Specific compensatory duty of four times the 11 cents duty on 1 pound	.44	100
The ad valorem duty of 50 per cent.	.22	50
Total cost, duty paid in the United States in custom house	$1.10	150

Well—so moves the world. . . .

The reader is urged to look into the question of Schedule K for himself. He will learn much about his national tariff legislation, about jokers, the effect of campaign contributions, the stage management of tariff hearings, the methods of the lobby, and the results of the tariff upon the quality or cost of the things he wears. Let him not be afraid of losing his faith in Protection. Let him rather fear that, having found his wrath at the abuse of it, he may slight his duty as a citizen in upholding those who wish to make Protection honest. RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD.

Boston, Mass.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

One is sometimes impelled to wish that Professor Münsterberg, or some other expert practitioner of applied psychology, would conduct a series of tests arranged to disclose the source and trend of popular prejudices and predilections in the matter of fiction. One imagines, for instance, that such an investigator would discover that the descriptive sub-title, "A Novel of New York Life," given to a recent story, would evoke in the minds of the great majority of American readers an instant impression of a "society" novel of some sort. And this isolated fact, if statistically established, would, even in its isolation, throw a not uninteresting side light upon the traditional attitude of English fiction toward life, and the resulting assumptions of English readers in regard to fiction. The illuminative value of a hundred or two of such experiments, properly carried on and intelligently analyzed and correlated, would be astonishing.

For the moment, however, this particular experiment, the outcome of which we have taken for granted, may serve to emphasize the fact that Stephen French Whitman's "Predestined" (Scribner), which convincingly justifies its subtitle while proving to be anything but a society novel in the idiomatic sense, derives both its interpretative impulse and its technical method from the Continent. Indeed, if one wished to indulge in the tempting but generally misleading pastime of tracing literary genealogies, one might hazard the guess that Mr. Whitman was a disciple of Sudermann's and a pupil of de Maupassant's. But it would be utterly unfair to say either without adding that if, in a sense, he has sat at the feet of the one and hung upon the words of the other, it has been as a student, not as an imitator; as an artist with his own message, preparing himself for its delivery. "Predestined" is the story of a young American with literary ambitions and an unsuspected heritage of weak will and moral instability; a graphic and unflinching delineation of a losing game against unrealized odds; a picture at once realistic and restrained of the shabby purlieus of Bohemia and the garish precincts of self-indulgence that lie so near the visible surface of city life. Its author has not yet completely found himself nor freed his pen from the influence and mannerisms of his masters; but he is an American and an artist, passionately interested in the life around him, and his book (which is neither thoughtlessly undertaken nor addressed to the unthinking optimist) is one of the first to deal with that life at once realistically and imaginatively, and to deal with it without either salaciousness or sentimentality.

The appearance of such an American novel by an American is, begging the pardon of the literary Protectionists, a hopeful sign and one not unsupported. Witness the growing frequency of American editions of translations from contemporary foreign fiction of note. And witness a modest-appearing but none the less revolutionary volume of "Essays on Modern Novelists" (Macmillan) by William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature at Yale University. The revolutionary element in these papers does not lie in the opinions of their author, interesting and clarifying as these are, but in the fact that he deigns to hold, and dares to express, opinions on so unacademic a subject as the work of writers who are not yet, and perhaps are never to be, admitted to the classic fellowship, and at least three of whom are not only contemporaries but foreigners, and there-

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fore, by Anglo-Saxon tradition, doubly suspect. For my own part—and I do not for a moment imagine that I am singular in this regard—I would sooner have Professor Phelps's opinion of De Morgan than of Dickens, of Rudyard Kipling than of Richardson, of Sienkiewicz and Sudermann than of Shakespeare and Shelley. For why? as the children say. Quite simply (and here again I do not imagine myself to lack company), because I am more interested in them. Moreover, whereas my shelves are full of retrospective judgments upon dead literary lions, they are deplorably bare of informed and informing criticism upon live literary dogs.

In the quaint and almost forgotten days of, say, a couple of decades ago, when the obsolescent niceties of social intercourse were still occasionally observed, it was considered proper by old-fashioned people, after returning from a more or less protracted stay at the house of a friend, to acknowledge the hospitality of their hosts and testify to their own enjoyment thereof by writing what was technically known as a "bread-and-butter letter." Last summer Mrs. Humphry Ward paid a visit to the Dominion of Canada, and her recent book, "Lady Merton, Colonist" (Doubleday, Page), is her bread-and-butter novel of acknowledgment.

This fact, sufficiently obvious and yet capable of being missed, is here made the chief stone in the descriptive corner because its recognition does away with the discourteous necessity of saying what would otherwise have to be said of "Lady Merton, Colonist," as a work of fiction; the truth being that the book, like many of its prototypes, the letters in question, is a mixture of genuinely spontaneous enthusiasm and labored artificial construction. Lady Merton herself is interesting. Not so much because she is a typical Mrs. Humphry Ward heroine as because, in a way of speaking, she is a non-specialized embodiment of the type itself—the type of which all but one of Mrs. Ward's heroines in recent years have been variants, or to which they have been aspirants—the socially secure, daintily fastidious, intellectually alert, politically *au fait* dilettante and blue-stocking. Lady Merton represents, as it were, the hulled kernel of Mrs. Ward's later fiction.

As for the story itself, that is another matter. Lady Merton is making a transcontinental tour of Canada, and we are, on the one hand, privileged to see the Rocky Mountains and the poetic aspects of modern empire building from the rear platform of her private car and, on the other hand, are asked to accept as at once a romantic and a meaningful dénouement to her frontier love story the final picture of her as the hard-working chatelaine of a Saskatchewan ranch. Canada has never had so glowingly worded a prospectus; and fiction contains few more convincing demonstrations of the futility of trying to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse.

There may be some readers of this column who will recall a story by Mary S. Watts that appeared two years ago and that was called "The Tenants: an Episode of the Eighties"—an unorthodox but delightful story whose author professed to have been inspired to its writing by seeing workmen tearing down one of the landmarks of her home town, and proceeded, with this old mansion as a *mise-en-scene*, to recapture and record the social consciousness of the '80's in the Middle West; a story whose literary poise and apparent spontaneity of reminiscence managed to endow a period with a personality.

If so, the following incident may serve to focus their attention upon this writer's new book, "Nathan Burke" (Macmillan): It happened that, by one of those freaks of memory that even book reviewers (the statement is perhaps an indiscretion) are subject to, the quality and subject matter of "The Tenants" had remained somewhere hidden in my mind, while its title and the name of its author had been forgotten. I was therefore considerably puzzled, when I had penetrated some distance into the present volume, to find myself suddenly faced by an unexplained but vivid recollection of happenings in an old house in a city of the Middle West once read about. And, being sufficiently interested to follow the matter up, I found that the apparently irrelevant mental picture was an associational memory called up by the literary personality of an unrecognized author.

"Nathan Burke" purports to be the autobiography of a resident of Columbus, Ohio, born near there of pioneer parents in the late '20's and thereafter successively a chore-boy in a city family, a clerk in a wholesale store, a lawyer, an officer in the Mexican War, and a public figure of some prominence and popularity. It is informal, intimate, discursive, loquacious, divagational—anything, in short, that one chooses to call it except businesslike and direct. But it is never tiresome and never uninteresting, and it does for the '40's and '50's in the Middle West what its author's "Episode of the Eighties" did for a later period in the same region. It captures and records the social consciousness of the time. And if it presupposes a sense of leisure in its readers, it also tends to produce it.

On the guard-cover of George Cary Eggleston's "Recollections of a Varied Life" (Holt), the publishers state that "reminiscences seem to be, next to fiction, the leading literary attraction of the time." The statement might well have been

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made more sweeping in its application. For the man with something to remember and the gift of creatively vivifying his recollections has always gathered about him, and must always gather, an audience second, indeed, but second only to that of the man with something to imagine and the gift of creatively vivifying his imaginings. Both free men's minds from the tyranny of the actual. But while the one, within the limits of his experience, makes us participants in the past, the other, to the extent of his genius, makes us partakers of the possible. Two recent publications, Mr. Eggleston's "Recollections" and Mr. James McLaughlin's "My Friend the Indian" (Houghton, Mifflin), manage by diametrically opposite methods to offer us the lesser of these opportunities. The first is by a man of varied experience, of wide acquaintance, and of literary training. The other is by a man of concentrated endeavor, of specialized performance, and with the sole but sufficient literary qualification of trying to tell a straight story straight. Mr. Eggleston was born in Indiana in 1839. He shared in the ante-bellum life of Virginia and fought out the war on the Confederate side. He has now been an editor, an author, and an active figure in the literary life of New York for forty years. His recollections are never less than entertaining; his kindly yet trenchant estimates of men are frequently more than that; and his mastery of a scholarly but never scholastic, a sound yet always supple, English is sauce to both.

For nearly forty years Mr. James McLaughlin has been in the Indian Service of the United States Government; first as assistant agent at Devil's Lake, Dakota Territory, from 1871 to 1876; then as agent at that station till 1881; then in charge of the Standing Rock reservation of the Sioux till 1895, and since then as an inspector in the Service and the negotiator of most of the treaties and agreements concluded with the scattered tribes throughout the West. During this much-embracing period Mr. McLaughlin has, in his own words, been saying "How" to the red man much more frequently than "Howdy-do" to the white; and the volume in which he has outlined his experiences, set down something of his estimates of Indian character, and given the Indian version of some of the more stirring events of those days, contains both a valuable first-hand contribution to history and an intensely interesting narrative. Evidently neither of these qualifications need be lacking in the story of Sitting Bull, told by one who knew him for nine years, in whose official bailiwick he plotted mischief, and by the firearms of whose subordinates he met his end. Nor yet in the story of Custer's fight on the Little Big Horn as told by the war chiefs of the Sioux to the man whom they called friend as well as "Father." For the rest, it will be found not without significance to his readers that Mr. McLaughlin is able to pride himself upon the fact that, while serving his government to its profit and satisfaction, he has both gained and reciprocated the confidence of his alien charges.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Taming of Red Butte Western" (Scribner). A crisply told story of railroading in Nevada, by Francis Lynde. How a new superintendent who believes himself to be a physical coward handles the unwelcome job of establishing a reform administration on a go-as-you-please railroad in the land of red-eye and six-shooters.

"The Duke's Price" (Houghton, Mifflin). An international romance by Demetra and Kenneth Brown. Mrs. Brown (Demetra Vaka) is the author of "Haremlik," a description of the domestic life of Turkish women that won wide popularity a year ago. The present tale is scarcely likely to follow suit.

"A Group of English Essayists" (Macmillan), by C. T. Winchester. Papers upon the early nineteenth century essay and upon Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincey, John Wilson, and Leigh Hunt. Familiar subjects and twice-told tales pleasantly rehearsed.

"The Isle of Whispers" (Holt), by E. Lawrence Dudley. A story—or, to be more exact, a yarn—or, to be perfectly exact, a pipe-dream—of rapid fire but apparently inconsequent adventure upon an alleged island off Nantucket. An example of short-circuited ingenuity.

"Promenades of an Impressionist" (Scribner). Characteristically colorful essays by James Huneker upon art and artists old and new; defining critical and commentative points of view that are unfamiliar to many American readers, and containing biographical and descriptive information not easily obtainable by them.

"The Fascinating Mrs. Halton" (Doubleday, Page), by E. F. Benson. How an irresistible aunt rescued an immovable niece from an ineligible fiancé and left every one concerned happy ever after. A weak decoction of pure fiction in which float occasional passages reminiscent of the witty author of "Dodo."

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

IN a great deal of trepidation a diffident young man called at the office of the father of the girl he was smitten with, and stammered:

"Sir, I—I—pardon me, but I want to marry your daughter."

"I'm busy; go and see her mother, young man," said the father.

"I have already seen her mother, and I still wish to marry your daughter."

A disembodied soul that during its earthly incarnation had had troubles of its own descended into Hades. In its new embodiment it was strolling along with a rather pompous air, when it met His Satanic Majesty.

"You act as if you were the owner of this place," observed the sovereign.

"I ought to be," replied the new arrival, airily; "my wife was giving it to me right along."

A California story about Mark Twain in the days when he was not overburdened with profitable employment has it that a woman of his acquaintance met him one day on the sidewalk with a cigar-box under his arm.

"Mr. Clemens," she said, "whenever I see you, you're carrying a cigar-box. Aren't you smoking too much?"

"It isn't that," replied Mark; "I'm moving again."

Wishing to interest in home affairs his son who had come from college on a vacation, a farmer told him that Mother had fourteen hens "a-settin'."

"But you shouldn't say 'hens a-settin'; say hens sitting," admonished the youngster.

"Maybe so, maybe so," retorted the old man; "but what consarns me more is whether when a hen cackles she lays or lies."

"What member of the class can mention one memorable date in Roman history?" the teacher asked.

"Antony's with Cleopatra," ventured one of the boys.

A young lady who taught a class of small boys in the Sunday-school desired to impress on them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:

"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"

"He says, 'Go slow with the butter, kids; it's forty cents a pound'," replied the youngster.

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A Canadian lawyer tells this story:

A bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining-room was reached, the tally of furniture ran thus:

"One dining-room table, oak
"One set chairs, (6), oak
"One sideboard, oak
"Two bottles whisky, full"

Then the word "full" was stricken out and replaced by "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lurched diagonally across the page until it closed with:

"One revolving doormat."

An automobile came whizzing through a small town and bowled over a prominent resident. Among those who saw the accident and were excited by it was a young physician just beginning to practice.

"A doctor! a doctor!" he cried. "Somebody run for a physician!"

"How about yourself?" suggested an acquaintance who happened to be at the scene.

"Sure enough," said the young practitioner; "I never thought of that."

"For masterly retreats," explained a British officer to an American, "we have had few generals equal to Buller. On several occasions he has made a retreat without losing an officer, a man, a gun, or a flag."

"Or a minute," added the American.

An official of one of the big telegraph companies had taken his seat after making an after-dinner speech, when one of the diners said to his neighbor at the table:

"Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Rather; but I can't say I like his delivery; it's too slow."

"But we must remember that he began with the company as a messenger boy."

A night clerk in a hotel sat dozing at his desk at about one A. M., when a man in evening clothes came in as if laboriously trying to walk a crack, and said:

"I'm Ferguson; key to Room 44."

The guest disappeared in the direction of his room, one flight up. In a few minutes a man in his shirt sleeves, with a flattened silk hat on the side of his head, and with one shoe on a foot and the other in his hand, came in and said to the clerk:

"I'm Fershon; key to for-for."

"Mr. Ferguson just took his key and went up."

"Mr. Fershun just fell out window 'n' left key inside. Kindly lemme have 'nother."

"Here's a nickel," said a thrifty housewife to a tramp at her door. "Now, what are you going to do with it?"

"Well, mum," replied the hungry man, "if I buy a touring car, I sha'n't have enough left to pay my chauffeur; if I purchase a steam yacht, there won't be enough left to defray the cost of manning her; so I guess, mum, I'll get a schooner and handle it myself."

After spending an evening with convivial friends, the head of the family entered the house as quietly as he could, turned up the reading-light in the library, and settled himself as if perusing a massive, leather-bound volume. Presently his wife entered the room, as he knew she would, and asked what he was doing.

"Oh," he replied, "I didn't feel like turning in when I first came home, and I've been reading some favorite passages from this sterling old work."

"Well," said his wife, "it's getting late now. Shut up the valise and come to bed."

Two young lovers in a good-night embrace in the entrance hall were surprised by the girl's elder sister coming in.

"We were seeing which is the taller," the young man explained in some confusion.

"You are about ten inches taller than Edith," said the sister, "and she is at least ten shades redder than you."

"We were waiting for the elevator to come down," said a commercial traveler, "after discussing the probability of an aeroplane's crossing the Atlantic within a year, when, just as the cage was about to ascend, one of the party said: 'I'll bet ten thousand dollars that it won't be done'—and the elevator boy took him up."

A tramp who seemed to be in a starving condition asked for food at the kitchen of a home in California.

"You likee fish?" asked the Chinese cook.

"Sure," replied the tramp eagerly.

"All lite; come alound Fliday."

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Everybody's Magazine

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ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
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SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

HAVE you heard the great news from Denver? The Beast has been driven from the Jungle; the citizens of that long-corrupted city have asserted their manhood and womanhood, have thrown off the yoke of the bosses, and have seized the reins and tools of government. Denver has triumphantly vindicated herself; Judge Lindsey has been justified. The causes of good government, of virtue, of civic honesty, aye, of "muckraking" have been gloriously upheld.

This victory constitutes the most encouraging, the most splendid event in the history of the great movement to restore democracy in the United States. Before the people of Denver there was a moral issue; it had been clearly defined; there was no possibility of misconstruction. The people decided right, as they will always decide right if only they are honestly convinced where the right lies.

What Denver has done other cities can do. Lindsey's noble work and his ultimate success must encourage other men to emulate his service. This was our belief and our hope when we agreed to publish "The Beast and the Jungle." We are proud to have borne a part in the awakening of Denver, proud to have published Lindsey's story, and proud to be able to congratulate him and his fellow-citizens on the ending of the Beast's reign.

Here is a letter from Harvey J. O'Higgins —who has been at the Judge's shoulder throughout the fight—explaining the contest and the result in detail.

The regular city elections in Denver for aldermen, part of the board of supervisors (who are the upper board of the city council), and election commissioners were held on May 17. At the same election the Denver Union Water Company applied for a new twenty-year franchise; the Anti-Saloon League campaigned to make the town "dry"; the reform element organized a non-partisan "Citizen's Party," nominated independent candidates for the city offices, and (by petition) placed on the ballot a "charter amendment" that should empower a non-partisan water commission to municipalize the water system, and added three other "charter amendments" to give the citizens the initiative, referendum, and recall.

The Democratic corporation machine, in order to confuse the ballot, placed upon it (by petition) "fake" charter amendments for a "fake" initiative, referendum, and recall, a fake "business men's" proposal to buy the water plant for $14,400,000, and a "high license" amendment. A fake water-consumers' league, financed by the water company, backed another fraudulent amendment for a fraudulent water commission. The Republican and Democratic corporation machines nominated tickets of machine candidates. And, to make the confusion more forbidding, the corporation tools on the election commission ordered several of the charter amendments printed in full on the ballot.

THE FIGHT

The campaign divided the city into two parties: the corporationists and the reform element. The former had both the Democratic and the Republican machines, aided by a water-company "slush fund" estimated at from $750,000 to a million dollars, distributed among the election judges, watchers, and ward workers of both parties. They had the mayor and the police force, backed by an alliance with the gamblers and the "dive element."

The Citizen's Party was without funds, but it was aided by the anti-corporation forces in the "dry" organization (particularly by the Christian Citizenship Union and the W. C. T. U.), by the women's "Public Service League," and all the woman's suffrage leaders, by Senator Patterson's newspapers—the *News* and the *Times*—by the independent Denver *Express*, and by Judge Lindsey, who campaigned for the re-

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form ticket as effectively as he campaigned two years ago for himself. He made "the Beast" the issue, and the corporation organs—like the Denver *Republican*—called upon the people to vote for the franchise as a rebuke to "Lindsey and his muckraking crew."

At first there was the usual feeling of hopelessness among the reform supporters and of assurance among the corporationists. For twenty years Denver had been watching the Beast win in just such contests, stealing the elections when it could not buy them. The water company had a staff of seventy-five clerks at work in a suite of rooms in the Savoy Hotel checking over the registration lists and tabulating the results of a house-to-house canvass carried on by several hundred Democratic and Republican party workers who had headquarters in separate rooms in the Savoy, paid for by the water company. They used money freely to buy votes on the pretense of hiring canvassers, and used every sort of business and political influence upon those in opposition to the franchise.

The first news of hope came from one of EVERYBODY'S detectives, who discovered that the water company's canvass showed so large an opposition to the franchise that the men in charge of the slush fund despaired of carrying the election. As the campaign developed, the sentiment of the people became more and more unmistakable. The Citizen's Party rallies showed an enthusiasm that was new in Denver. Judge Lindsey received scores of assurances, from men and women who had read "The Beast and the Jungle," that they had forsaken their party alliances and were going to vote against the Beast; and the enthusiasm at his meetings approved of his attacks on the Beast. The franchise offered by the water company—described by ex-Governor Thomas as "a license to commit larceny"—proved itself indefensible. But the confusion of the ballot was so bewildering, the number and activity of the corporation machine men so appalling, and their power so great, that it seemed impossible the people could win.

A DEATH-THRUST TO THE BEAST

And they could not have won if they had been less unanimous and less determined. The polls were crowded with water-company watchers and workers, and in many of the precincts the Citizen's Party had not a single agent. It had no money to hire carriages, to pay workers. It had no means of "focusing" into the ballot boxes the sentiment that it had aroused.

Yet the result was a landslide. The water company's franchise was defeated by a majority of 3,200. The Citizen's Party's charter amendment establishing a non-partisan water commission was carried by 1,500, and the two corporation "fake" amendments were voted down, one by a majority of 7,000, the other by 14,500. The Citizen's charter amendments establishing the initiative, referendum, and recall were carried by majorities of 2,700, 2,500, and 2,700; and the "fake" amendments defeated by majorities of 19,000, 11,000, and 11,000. The two Citizen's candidates for election commissioners were elected over the candidates of both the corporation machines, Miss Ellis Meredith leading with nearly 21,000 votes—the largest vote cast for any candidate in the whole election. Indeed, the Democratic corporation machine got nothing but its aldermen, and the Republican corporationists three aldermen only.

The election was a straight triumph for the anti-corporationists. It was a death-thrust to the Beast. The Denver Union Water Company must now either sell its plant to the municipal water commission at a fair price, or see the city build its own plant; and the water company is forever driven out of Denver politics. With the initiative, referendum, and recall, the Denver citizens are now able to drive and turn and check all their elected officers, to make these public servants serve the public interests, and to eject from public office any man who attempts to sell out to the corporations. Honest city elections have been assured for the future, by the election of an honest election commission. The upper body of the City Council is in the hands of reformers.

It is a revolution. Within twenty-four hours Denver has changed from "one of the worst corporation-ridden communities in the United States" to one of the freest. Reforms for which the citizens have fought for twenty years have been obtained by one blow. The campaign in which Judge Lindsey has been a leader for so long has ended in a victory so complete and unexpected that even Denver can scarcely yet believe it. And the result has been achieved because of the public indignation, the education of the citizen, the revulsion of popular feeling that followed the publication of "The Beast and the Jungle."

The campaign to free the state has already been begun. The insurgents of both the old parties are organizing to throw off the control of the corporation machines. A special session of the Colorado legislature has been called to pass the reform election laws which Judge Lindsey's exposure was written to support. They will be passed. Constitutional amendments are being prepared giving the citizens of the state the powers of direct legislation now possessed by the citizens of Denver. The corporation control of politics in Colorado is coming to an end.

Colorado is cutting down its Jungle. Its Beast, driven from its lair in Denver, is being pursued by a determined body of citizens. Judge Lindsey's prediction made in the conclusion of his articles is already as good as fulfilled. He is no longer in danger in Denver. He is no longer "alone on the firing line." He is no longer the victim of the lies and persecutions of the allied "plunderbund." Denver has saved him and saved itself. He *has* won.

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